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NEWS TO 7 DECEMBER.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—If the friends of the Church of England desire to remove much present scandal, ominous of future disaster, they will resort to some plan for invoking a high influence, such as that of an efficient convocation, to settle the differences that now tear the bosom of the church and baffle not only the authority but the intent of the prelates. The newspapers of this single week furnish ample proof of such necessity ; for they expose four notable instances of divided councils and feeble authority, in as many different kinds.

In East Farleigh, the vicar is at issue with his parishioners on points of doctrine and discipline, that neither party has authority to settle; and from the event it appears that there is virtually no competent court of appeal to which the disputants can resort. The vicar, the reverend Henry Wilberforce, a person of influential connexions, displays strong "Anglo-Catholic" tendencies; he is accused of several little practices in public worship that savor of Romish leanings; they say that he preaches the doctrine of transubstantiation; and he uses "the material cross" in his private devotions. His parishioners are scan-

dalized, and they appeal, as they have appealed before, to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The good archbishop has made some inquiry into some of the charges against Mr. Wilberforce; and he seems to think that once is too often for so disagreeable a duty, for never did appellate judge more obviously shrink from entertaining a charge. *He* obviously constitutes no effective appeal; and if Mr. Wilberforce and his flock only keep their bickerings within certain bounds of moderation, they may go on to the end of their mortal life.

On a cognate subject is the Bishop of Exeter's pastoral letter to the clergy of his diocese. The clergy are divided on the strict observance of the Rubric; which is favored by a majority of them, but still there is much opposition among the clergy, and yet more widely among the laity. It is very probable that the whole lay population of England has been so far imbued with dissenting and Calvinistic principles as to have really gone further from the principles of a church only reformed from that of Rome than any Episcopal clergy could well follow, and that an adherence to forms not unsuited to a Protestant Church may startle those *quasi* Dissenters with a semblance of making lee-way back to Rome. But that question is the very one to be solved, and no one solves

it. Certainly not Dr. Phillpotts; who, deprecating rashness and preaching moderation with all the calmness that distinguishes his outward manner, urges an implicit obedience to the Rubric with all that peremptory haughtiness that distinguishes the spirit of his demeanor. He says to his clergy, be cautious, be considerate; do not startle and alarm your flock; but the flock must obey. He recommends soothing first, and a tight curb afterwards, just as a groom would for a skittish horse: the counsel of the subject flock is clean left out of consideration.

The chapter of Exeter Cathedral have petitioned the Archbishop of Canterbury to ascertain the views of the whole clergy of the kingdom on the matter; and we learn this week that Dr. Howley has politely acknowledged the receipt of the petition: but will anything be done upon it?

Oxford University has been busied with a still more startling case—a flagrant instance of the Tractarian schism. The Reverend Mr. Ward boasted, in a book called *The Ideal of a Christian Church*, remarkable for extreme Tractarianism, that he had abandoned no doctrine of the Church of Rome, and yet he had not been called to account. He has been called to account before the Hebdomadal Board, and the investigation into his conduct proceeds. Mr. Ward appears virtually to be a priest of the Church of Rome stationed in the English Church, and boasting not only of his alien condition but of his impunity. There is perhaps more levity than dishonesty in that bearing; but it is nevertheless a scandal; and it grows out of the standing scandal of a dispute on doctrine and discipline that rends one of our ecclesiastical seminaries without hope of settlement, for want of an authority to interpose.

A different, but not less remarkable, illustration of the perilous and equivocal position of the church offers itself in a proceeding hazarded by some of the church's sincere and solicitous friends. Several laymen, of high rank and influence, comprising men of great intelligence among several parties, have become alarmed at the enfeebled attitude of the church, and call upon the Primate of all England to take measures for increasing its efficiency in two ways—by enlarging the number of clergy, especially in the inferior order of deacons, and by the employment of laymen as catechists and readers. The motive of the petitioners is unquestionable; but not so the value of their proposal. Some are startled by it, as suggesting the spread of a kind of monkery among us. A more pregnant and forcible objection appears to be, that to intrust the offices of the church to persons of inferior social position, abilities and education, cannot truly tend to exalt or extend her influence. At present, the inferior orders of church-officials are, so to speak, menial servants of the clergy; and the lowest holding direct authority, the curates, are presumably men of high feeling and attainments: introduce a class holding something like coördinate authority, but occupying in society the position of small tradesmen or clerks, and you introduce into the establishment some of the most questionable elements of unestablished churches. The sacred offices are ill-assorted with vulgarity and ignorance, or with that dictatorial presumption which would instigate many a candidate for the lay brotherhood now proposed. The proposition shows how desperately weak and inefficient the friends of the

church must think it, when they recommend such a recruiting, in these times. It demonstrates, too, the absolute necessity for some legislative tribunal in ecclesiastical affairs.—*Spectator*, 7 Dec.

INDIA.—One of the Native "protected" states of India, Kolapore, has been taking the trouble to illustrate the bad working of the treaty system, which keeps native governments with just enough independence to be perverse and obstructive in the midst of the great empire that it is our task to keep in order; admirably rendering the "integrity of our dominions" impossible so long as such states are suffered to continue what Indian politicians call "independent." The rajah of Kolapore is a boy; his ministers have provoked the people to rebellion, by attempting to exact some taxes under an innovation; and British armies are called in to maintain the authority of the local potentate. The British troops do not find it difficult to thrash the Mahratta rebels; but they will probably find it not so easy to make the pageant government respected. However, the attempt is to be made; for there is a kind of punctilio in these matters: England exercises an iron rule over these "independent" states, through the bad medium of a pretended native ruler, until the evil grows intolerable; and then, the territory, after being scourged by war, is formally annexed to the British empire. As the ultimate annexation is inevitable, and as the real authority of Britain would be exercised much more honestly, generously and beneficially through proper English officials, instead of ignorant barbarians, the question occurs, whether it would not be better to waive the punctilio, and not to require some years of chronic anarchy before openly and completely establishing British authority?—*Spectator*, 7 Dec.

SPAIN.—The dark age of Spain waxes yet more gloomy. Weakness claims the aid of cruelty, and the power of law is asserted by favor of lawless despotism. Spain's most remarkable men are banished by tens, because the government is of a kind that cannot brook their presence. The rebel Zurbano has been routed, but the man himself has disappeared from sight; and so timorous is guilty conscience, so eager are ministers to clutch that able and unscrupulous foe, that there seems a real probability of Europe's witnessing a most extraordinary sight—the whole armies of Spain hunting down one man, who may escape them after all! Meanwhile, his son and some other friends have been executed. The rebels were ordered to be shot, as bills of exchange are paid, at sight, but without any days' grace. The captain-general of the district hesitated to put that murderous decree into execution, and suffered a party, including the wife and mother of the victim, to go to Madrid to crave mercy: the women saw the queen, and knelt at her feet, one fainting with grief, and even Queen Christina melting to tears: young Queen Isabella, more like the bitter-melancholy Ferdinand than the too genial Italian princess, shed no tear, but said that she would consult her council: the young man was executed; and the Captain-General Oribe was dismissed for not playing provost-marshal. It is a strange problem working before our very eyes, to see whether a European country in the nineteenth century can completely sink into a mediæval barbarism, or, whether the wrong will provoke a sudden remedy.—*Spectator*, 7 Dec.

From the Christian Observer.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S ALLEGED INSANITY.

THE story of Sir Isaac Newton's dog Diamond's upsetting a taper, and causing the destruction of some valuable papers, and of Newton's placid remark on the occasion, is well known; but the serious effects of the occurrence upon his mind were not mentioned by his biographers previously to the narrative of Biot. This narrator endeavored to prove, on the testimony of a manuscript note of Huygens, buttressed by various collateral facts, that Sir Isaac Newton became deranged in mind in consequence of the destruction of his manuscripts; and that he never recovered his mental powers sufficiently to produce any great work after this epoch, though he was only forty years old at the time. M. de la Place exultingly added, that this accounts for the author of the *Principia* turning his thoughts to theology, and writing on prophecy and biblical criticism, which Voltaire sneeringly urged as a proof that the most exalted mind is not always free from superstitious credulity. These alleged facts were circulated in this country, in the *Life of Newton* by "the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge;" who adopted M. Biot's statement, and his infidel sneers grounded upon it. Dr. Brewster, in his *Life of Newton*, collected a number of interesting facts, bearing upon the point, from which, though it appears that Newton labored under a temporary nervous irritability, caused by fever and want of rest, yet that it was *only* temporary; that his exertions, mathematical, theological, and critical, bear powerful testimony to his vigorous powers of mind at the very period of his alleged incompetency; and that all his theological publications were composed in the vigor of life, before the illness which is said to have affected his reason.

Sir David Brewster's account is so interesting, and also so important as respects the state of Newton's mind when he wrote his theological publications, that we have often intended to lay it before our readers; as it is less extensively known than it deserves to be. We have tried to abridge it; but cannot do so without injuring the argument. Though long, it is not tedious.

"An event however occurred, which will ever form an epoch in his history; and it is a singular circumstance that this incident has been for more than a century unknown to his own countrymen, and has been accidentally brought to light by the examination of the manuscripts of Huygens. This event has been magnified into a temporary aberration of mind, which is said to have arisen from a cause scarcely adequate to its production.

"While he was attending divine service in a winter morning, he had left in his study a favorite little dog called Diamond. Upon returning from chapel he found that it had overturned a lighted taper on his desk, which set fire to several papers on which he had recorded the results of some optical experiments. These papers are said to have contained the labors of many years, and it has been

stated that when Mr. Newton perceived the magnitude of his loss, he exclaimed, 'Oh Diamond, Diamond, little do you know the mischief you have done me!' It is a curious circumstance that Newton never refers to the experiments which he is said to have lost on this occasion, and his nephew, Mr. Conduit, makes no allusion to the event itself. The distress, however, which it occasioned is said to have been so deep as to affect even the powers of his understanding.

"This extraordinary effect was first communicated to the world in the *Life of Newton* by M. Biot, who received the following account of it from the celebrated M. Van Swinden.

"There is among the manuscripts of the celebrated Huygens, a small journal in folio, in which he used to note down different occurrences. It is side, t, No. 8, p. 112, in the catalogue of the library of Leyden. The following extract is written by Huygens himself, with whose handwriting I am well acquainted, having had occasion to peruse several of his manuscripts and autograph letters. 'On the 29th May, 1694, M. Colin, a Scotsman, informed me that, 18 months ago, the illustrious geometer, Isaac Newton, had become insane, either in consequence of his too intense application to his studies, or from excessive grief at having lost, by fire, his chemical laboratory, and several manuscripts. When he came to the Archbishop of Cambridge, he made some observations which indicated an alienation of mind. He was immediately taken care of by his friends, who confined him to his house, and applied remedies, by means of which he had now so far recovered his health, that he began to understand the *Principia*.' Huygens mentioned this circumstance to Leibnitz in a letter dated 8th June 1694, to which Leibnitz replies in a letter dated the 23d, 'I am very glad that I received information of the cure of Mr. Newton at the same time that I first heard of his illness, which doubtless must have been very alarming. It is to men like you and him, sir, that I wish a long life.'

"The first publication of the preceding statement produced a strong sensation among the friends and admirers of Newton. They could not easily believe in the prostration of that intellectual strength which had unbarred the strongholds of the universe. The unbroken equanimity of Newton's mind, the purity of his moral character, his temperate and abstemious life, his ardent and unaffected piety, and the weakness of his imaginative powers, all indicated a mind which was not likely to be upset by any affliction to which it could be exposed. The loss of a few experimental records could never have disturbed the equilibrium of a mind like his. If they were the records of discoveries, the discoveries, themselves indestructible, would have been afterwards given to the world. If they were merely the details of his experimental results, a little time could have easily re-produced them. Had these records contained the first fruits of early genius—of obscure talent, on which fame had not yet shed its rays, we might have supposed that the first blight of such early ambition would have unsettled the stability of an untried mind. But Newton was satiated with fame. His mightiest discoveries were completed, and diffused over all Europe, and he must have felt himself placed on the loftiest pinnacle of earthly ambition. The incredulity which such views could not fail to encourage, was increased by the novelty of the information. No English biographer had ever

alluded to such an event. History and tradition were equally silent, and it was not easy to believe that the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, a member of the English parliament, and the first philosopher in Europe, could have lost his reason, without the dreadful fact being known to his own countrymen.

"But if the friends of Newton were surprised by the nature of the intelligence, they were distressed at the view which was taken of it by foreign philosophers. While one maintained that the intellectual exertions of Newton had terminated with the publication of the *Principia*, and that the derangement of his mind was the cause of his abandoning the sciences, others indirectly questioned the sincerity of his religious views, and ascribed to the aberration of his mind those theological pursuits which gilded his declining age. 'But the fact,' says M. Biot, 'of the derangement of his intellect, whatever may have been the cause of it, will explain why, after the publication of the *Principia* in 1687, Newton, though only forty-five years old, never more published a new work on any branch of science, but contented himself with giving to the world those which he had composed long before that epoch, confining himself to the completion of those parts which might require development. We may also remark, that even these developments appear always to be derived from experiments and observations formerly made, such as the additions to the second edition of the *Principia*, published in 1713, the experiments on thick plates, those on diffraction, and the chemical queries placed at the end of the *Optics* in 1704; for in giving an account of these experiments Newton distinctly says, that they were taken from ancient manuscripts which he had formerly composed; and he adds that, though he felt the necessity of extending them, or rendering them more perfect, he was not able to resolve to do this, these matters being no longer in his way. Thus it appears that though he had recovered his health sufficiently to understand all his researches, and even in some cases to make additions to them, and useful alterations, as appears from the second edition of the *Principia*, for which he kept up a very active mathematical correspondence with Mr. Cotes, yet he did not wish to undertake new labors in those departments of science where he had done so much, and where he so distinctly saw what remained to be done.' Under the influence of the same opinion, M. Biot finds 'it extremely probable that his dissertation on the scale of heat was written before the fire in his laboratory; he describes Newton's conduct about the longitude bill as 'almost puerile on so solemn an occasion, and one which might lead to the strangest conclusions, particularly if we refer to the fatal accident which Newton had suffered in 1695.'

"The celebrated Marquis de la Place viewed the illness of Newton in a light still more painful to his friends. He maintained that he never recovered the vigor of his intellect, and he was persuaded that Newton's theological inquiries did not commence till after that afflicting epoch of his life. He even commissioned Professor Gautier of Geneva to make inquiries on this subject during his visit to England, as if it concerned the interests of truth and justice to show that Newton became a Christian and a theological writer, only after the decay of his strength and the eclipse of his reason.

"Such having been the consequences of the disclosure of Newton's illness by the manuscript of Huygens, I felt it to be a sacred duty to the memory of that great man, to the feelings of his countrymen, and to the interests of Christianity itself, to inquire into the nature and history of that indisposition which seems to have been so much misrepresented and misapplied. From the ignorance of so extraordinary an event which has prevailed for such a long period in England, it might have been urged with some plausibility, that Huygens had mistaken the real import of the information that was conveyed to him; or that the Scotchman from whom he received it had propagated an idle and a groundless rumor. But we are fortunately not confined to this very reasonable mode of defence. There exists at Cambridge a manuscript journal written by Mr. Abraham de la Pryme, who was a student in the university while Newton was a fellow of Trinity. This manuscript is entitled 'Ephemeris Vitæ, or Diary of my own Life, containing an account likewise of the most observable and remarkable things that I have taken notice of from my youth up hitherto.' Mr. de la Pryme was born in 1671, and begins the diary in 1685. This manuscript is in the possession of his collateral descendant, George Pryme, Esq., professor of political economy at Cambridge, to whom I have been indebted for the following extract.

"1692, February 3d.—What I heard to-day I must relate. There is one Mr. Newton, (whom I have very oft seen,) Fellow of Trinity College, that is mighty famous for his learning, being a most excellent mathematician, philosopher, divine, &c. He has been fellow of the Royal Society these many years; and amongst other very learned books and tracts he's written one upon the mathematical principles of philosophy, which has got him a mighty name, he having received, especially from Scotland, abundance of congratulatory letters for the same; but of all the books that he ever wrote, there was one of colors and light, established upon thousands of experiments which he had been twenty years of making, and which had cost him many hundred of pounds. This book, which he valued so much, and which was so much talked of, had the ill luck to perish, and be utterly lost just when the learned author was almost at putting a conclusion at the same, after this manner: in a winter's morning, leaving it amongst his other papers on his study table whilst he went to chapel, the candle, which he had unfortunately left burning there too, catching hold by some means of other papers, and they fired the aforesaid book, and utterly consumed it and several other valuable writings; and, which is most wonderful, did no further mischief. But when Mr. Newton came from chapel, and had seen what was done, every one thought he would have run mad, he was so troubled thereat, that he was not himself for a month after. A long account of this his system of light and colors you may find in the Transactions of the Royal Society, which he had sent up to them long before this sad mischance happened to him."

"From this extract we are enabled to fix the approximate date of the accident by which Newton lost his papers. It must have been previous to the 3d January, 1692, a month before the date of the extract; but if we fix it by the dates in Huygens' manuscript, we should place it about the 29th November, 1692, eighteen months pre-

vious to the conversation between Collins and Huygens. The manner in which Mr. Pryme refers to Newton's state of mind is that which is used every day when we speak of the loss of tranquillity which arises from the ordinary afflictions of life; and the meaning of the passage amounts to nothing more than that Newton was very much troubled by the destruction of his papers, and did not recover his serenity, and return to his usual occupations for a month. The very phrase, that every person thought he would have run mad, is in itself a proof that no such effect was produced; and, whatever degree of indisposition may be implied in the phrase, 'he was not himself for a month after,' we are entitled to infer that one month was the period of its duration, and that previous to the 3d February, 1692, the date of Mr. Pryme's memorandum, 'Newton was himself again.'

"These facts and dates cannot be reconciled with those in Huygens' manuscript. It appears from that document, that, so late as May, 1694, Newton had only so far recovered his health as to begin to again understand his *Principia*. His supposed malady, therefore, was in force from the 3d of January, 1692, till the month of May, 1694, — a period of more than two years. Now, it is a most important circumstance, which M. Biot ought to have known, that in the very middle of this period, Newton wrote his four celebrated letters to Dr. Bentley, on the Existence of a Deity—letters which evince a power of thought and a serenity of mind absolutely incompatible even with the slightest obscuration of his faculties. No man can peruse these letters without the conviction that their author then possessed the full vigor of his reason, and was capable of understanding the most profound parts of his writings. The first of these letters was written on the 10th December, 1692, the second on the 17th January, 1693, the third on the 25th February, and the fourth on the 11th February, 1693. His mind was, therefore, strong and vigorous on these four occasions; and as the letters were written at the express request of Dr. Bentley, who had been appointed to deliver the lecture founded by Mr. Boyle for vindicating the fundamental principles of natural and revealed religion, we must consider such a request as showing his opinion of the strength and freshness of his friend's mental powers.

"In 1692, Newton, at the request of Dr. Wallis, transmitted to him the first proposition of his book on quadratures, with examples of it in first, second, and third fluxions. These examples were written in consequence of an application from his friend; and the author of the review of the *Cummercium Epistolicum*, in which this fact is quoted, draws the conclusion, that he had not at that time forgotten his method of second fluxions. It appears, also, from the second book of the *Optics*, that in the month of June, 1692, he had been occupied with the subject of haloes, and had made accurate observations both on the colors and the diameters of the rings in a halo which he had then seen around the sun.

"But though these facts stand in direct contradiction to the statement recorded by Huygens, the reader will be naturally anxious to know the real nature and extent of the indisposition to which it refers. The following letters written by Newton himself, Mr. Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty, and Mr. Millington, of Magdalene College, Cambridge, will throw much light upon the subject.

"Newton, as will be presently seen, had fallen into a bad state of health, some time in 1692, in consequence of which both his sleep and his appetite were greatly affected. About the middle of September, 1693, he had been kept awake for five nights by this nervous disorder, and in this condition he wrote the following letter to Mr. Pepys:—

"Sept. 13, 1693.

"SIR,—Some time after Mr. Millington had delivered your message, he pressed me to see you the next time I went to London. I was averse; but upon his pressing consented, before I considered what I did, for I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor have my former consistency of mind. I never designed to get anything by your interest, nor by King James' favor, but am now sensible that I must withdraw from your acquaintance, and see neither you nor the rest of my friends any more, if I may but leave them quietly. I beg your pardon for saying I would see you again, and rest your most humble and obedient servant,

"ISAAC NEWTON."

"From this letter we learn, on his own authority, that his complaint had lasted for a twelvemonth, and that during that twelvemonth he neither ate nor slept well, nor enjoyed his former consistency of mind. It is not easy to understand exactly what is meant by not enjoying his former consistency of mind; but whatever be its import, it is obvious that he must have been in a state of mind so sound as to enable him to compose the four letters to Bentley, all of which were written during the twelvemonth here referred to.

"On the receipt of this letter his friend Mr. Pepys seems to have written to Mr. Millington of Magdalene College, to inquire after Mr. Newton's health; but the inquiry having been made in a vague manner, an answer equally vague was returned. Mr. Pepys, however, who seems to have been deeply anxious about Newton's health, addressed the following more explicit letter to his friend Mr. Millington:—

"Septemb. 26, 1693.

"SIR,—After acknowledging your many old favors, give me leave to do it a little more particularly upon occasion of the new one conveyed to me by my nephew Jackson. Though, at the same time, I must acknowledge myself not at the ease I would be glad to be at in reference to the excellent Mr. Newton; concerning whom, (methinks,) your answer labors under the same kind of restraint which, (to tell you the truth,) my asking did. For I was loth at first dash to tell you that I had lately received a letter from him so surprising to me for the inconsistency of every part of it, as to be put into great disorder by it, from the concernment I have for him, lest it should arise from that, which of all mankind I should least dread from him and most lament for—I mean a discomposure in head, or mind, or both. Let me therefore beg you, sir, having now told you the true ground of the trouble I lately gave you, to let me know the very truth of the matter, as far at least as comes within your knowledge. For I own too great an esteem for Mr. Newton, as for a public good, to be able to let any doubt in me of this kind concerning him lie a moment uncleared, where I can have any hopes of helping it. I am, with great truth and respect, Dear Sir, your most humble and most affectionate servant,

S. PEPYS."

"To this letter Mr. Millington made the following reply:—

"Coll. Magd. Camb. Sept. 30, 1693.

"HONOR'D SIR,—Coming home from a journey on the 28th instant at night, I met with your letter which you were pleased to honor me with of the 26th. I am much troubled I was not at home in time for the post, that I might as soon as possible put you out of your generous pain that you are in for the worthy Mr. Newton. I was, I must confess, very much surprised at the inquiry you were pleased to make by your nephew about the message that Mr. Newton made the ground of his letter to you, for I was very sure I never either received from you or delivered to him any such; and therefore I went immediately to wait upon him, with a design to discourse him about the matter, but he was out of town, and since I have not seen him, till upon the 28th I met him at Huntingdon, where, upon his own accord, and before I had time to ask him any question, he told me that he had writ to you a very odd letter, at which he was much concerned; added, that it was in a distemper that much seized his head, and that kept him awake for above five nights together, which upon occasion he desired I would represent to you, and beg your pardon, he being very much ashamed he should be so rude to a person for whom he hath so great an honor. He is now very well, and, though I fear he is under some small degree of melancholy, yet I think there is no reason to suspect it hath at all touched his understanding, and I hope never will; and so I am sure all ought to wish that love learning or the honor of our nation, *which it is a sign how much it is looked after, when such a person as Mr. Newton lies so neglected by those in power.* And thus, honored sir, I have made you acquainted with all I know of the cause of such inconsistencies in the letter of so excellent a person; and I hope it will remove the doubts and fears you are, with so much compassion and publicness of spirit, pleased to entertain about Mr. Newton; but if I should have been wanting in anything tending to the more full satisfaction, I shall, upon the least notice, endeavor to amend it with all gratitude and truth. Honored Sir, your most faithful and most obedient servant,
"JOH. MILLINGTON."

"Mr. Pepys was perfectly satisfied with this answer, as appears from the following letter:—

"October 3rd, 1693.

"SIR,—You have delivered me from a fear that indeed gave me much trouble, and from my very heart I thank you for it; an evil to Mr. Newton being what every good man must feel for his own sake as well as his. God grant it may stop here. And for the kind reflection he has since made upon his letter to me, I dare not take upon me to judge what answer I should make him to it, or whether any or no; and therefore pray that you will be pleased either to bestow on me what directions you see fit for my own guidance towards him in it, or to say to him in my name, but your own pleasure, whatever you think may be most welcome to him upon it, and most expressive of my regard and affectionate esteem of him, and concernment for him * * * * * Dear Sir, your most humble and most faithful servant,

"S. PEYS."

"It does not appear from the memoirs of Mr. Pepys, whether he ever returned any answer to

the letter of Mr. Newton, which occasioned this correspondence; but we find that in less than two months after the date of the preceding letter, an opportunity occurred of introducing to him a Mr. Smith, who wished to have his opinion on some problem in the doctrine of chances. This letter from Pepys is dated November 22d, 1693. Sir Isaac replied to it on the 26th November, and wrote to Pepys again on the 16th December, 1693; and in both these letters he enters fully into the discussion of the mathematical question which had been submitted to his judgment.

"It is obvious from Newton's letter to Mr. Pepys, that the subject of his receiving some favor from the government had been a matter of anxiety with himself, and of discussion among his friends. Mr. Millington was no doubt referring to this anxiety, when he represents Newton as an honor to the nation, and expresses his surprise 'that such a person should lie so neglected by those in power.' And we find the same subject distinctly referred to in two letters written to Mr. Locke during the preceding year. In one of these, dated January 26th, 1691-2, he says, 'Being fully convinced that Mr. Montague, upon an old grudge which I thought had been worn out, is false to me, I have done with him, and intend to sit still, unless my Lord Monmouth be still my friend.' Mr. Locke seems to have assured him of the continued friendship of this nobleman, and Mr. Newton, still referring to the same topic, in a letter dated February 16th, 1691-2, remarks, 'I am very glad Lord Monmouth is still my friend, but intend not to give his lordship and you any farther trouble. My inclinations are to sit still.' In a later letter to Mr. Locke, dated September, 1693, and given in the following page, he asks his pardon for saying or thinking that there was a design to sell him an office. In these letters Mr. Newton no doubt referred to some appointment in London which he was solicitous to obtain, and which Mr. Montague and his other friends may have failed in procuring. This opinion is confirmed by the letter of Mr. Montague, announcing to him his appointment to the wardenship of the Mint, in which he says that he is very glad he can *at last* give him good proof of his friendship.

"In the same month in which Newton wrote to Mr. Pepys, we find him in correspondence with Mr. Locke. Displeased with his opinions respecting innate ideas, he had rashly stated that they struck at the root of all morality; and that he regarded the author of such doctrines as a Hobbist. Upon reconsidering these opinions, he addressed the following remarkable letter to Locke, written three days after his letter to Mr. Pepys, and consequently during the illness under which he then labored.

"Sir,—Being of opinion that you endeavored to embroil me with women, and by other means, I was so much affected with it, as that when one told me you were sickly and would not live, I answered, 'I were better if you were dead. I desire you to forgive me this uncharitableness; for I am now satisfied that what you have done is just, and I beg your pardon for my having had thoughts of you for it, and for representing that you struck at the root of morality, in a principle you laid in your book of ideas, and designed to pursue in another book, and that I took you for a Hobbist. I beg your pardon also for saying or thinking that there was a design to sell me an office or to embroil me.

—I am your most humble and unfortunate servant.
Is. NEWTON.

“At the Bull, in Shoreditch, London, Sept. 16th, 1693.”

“To this letter Locke returned the following answer, so nobly distinguished by philosophical magnanimity and Christian charity:—

“Oates, Oct. 5th, 1693.

“SIR,—I have been, ever since I first knew you, so entirely and sincerely your friend, and thought you so much mine, that I could not have believed what you tell me of yourself, had I had it from anybody else. And, though I cannot but be mightily troubled that you should have had so many wrong and unjust thoughts of me, yet next to the return of good offices, such as from a sincere good will I have ever done you, I receive your acknowledgment of the contrary as the kindest thing you have done me, since it gives me hopes I have not lost a friend I so much valued. After what your letter expresses, I shall not need to say anything to justify myself to you. I shall always think your own reflection on my carriage, both to you and to all mankind, will sufficiently do that. Instead of that, give me leave to assure you, that I am more ready to forgive you than you can be to desire it; and I do it so freely and fully, that I wish for nothing more than the opportunity to convince you that I truly love and esteem you, and that I have the same good will for you as if nothing of this had happened. To confirm this to you more fully, I should be glad to meet you anywhere, and the rather, because the conclusion of your letter makes me apprehend it would not be wholly useless to you. But whether you think it fit or not, I leave wholly to you. I shall always be ready to serve you to my utmost, in any way you shall like, and shall only need your commands or permission to do it.

“My book is going to press for a second edition; and, though I can answer for the design with which I write it, yet, since you have so opportunely given me notice of what you have said of it, I should take it as a favor if you would point out to me the places that gave occasion to that censure, that, by explaining myself better, I may avoid being mistaken by others, or unawares doing the least prejudice to truth or virtue. I am sure you are so much a friend to them both, that, were you none to me, I could expect this from you. But I cannot doubt but you would do a great deal more than this for my sake, who, after all, have all the concern of a friend for you, wish you extremely well, and am, without compliment, &c.”

“To this letter Newton made the following reply:—

“SIR,—The last winter, by sleeping too often by my fire, I got an ill habit of sleeping; and a distemper, which this summer has been epidemical, put me farther out of order, so that when I wrote to you, I had not slept an hour a night for a fortnight together, and for five days together not a wink. I remember I wrote to you, but what I said of your book I remember not. If you please to send me a transcript of that passage, I will give you an account of it if I can.—I am your most humble servant,
Is. NEWTON.”

“Cambridge, Oct. 5th, 1693.”

“Although the first of these letters evinces the existence of a nervous irritability which could not fail to arise from want of appetite and of rest, yet it

is obvious that its author was in the full possession of his mental powers. The answer of Mr. Locke, indeed, is written upon that supposition; and it deserves to be remarked that Mr. Dugald Stewart, who first published a portion of these letters, never imagines for a moment that Newton was laboring under any mental alienation.

“The opinion entertained by La Place, that Newton devoted his attention to theology only in the latter part of his life, may be considered as deriving some countenance from the fact, that the celebrated general scholium, at the end of the second edition of the *Principia*, published in 1713, did not appear in the first edition of that work. This argument has been ably controverted by Dr. J. C. Gregory, of Edinburgh, on the authority of a manuscript of Newton, which seems to have been transmitted to his ancestor, Dr. David Gregory, between the years 1687 and 1698. This manuscript, which consists of twelve folio pages in Newton's handwriting, contains, in the form of additions, and scholia to some propositions in the third book of the *Principia*, an account of the opinions of the ancient philosophers on gravitation and motion, and on natural theology, with various quotations from their works. Attached to this manuscript are three very curious paragraphs. The two first appear to have been the original draught of the general scholium already referred to; and the third relates to the subject of an ethereal medium, respecting which he maintains an opinion diametrically opposite to that which he afterwards published at the end of his *Optics*. The first paragraph expresses nearly the same ideas as some sentences in the scholium beginning ‘Deus summus est ens æternum, infinitum, absolute perfectum;’ and it is remarkable that the second paragraph is found only in the third edition of the *Principia*, which appeared in 1726, the year before Newton's death.

“In the middle of the year 1694, about the time when our author is said to be beginning to understand the *Principia*, we find him occupied with the difficult and profound subject of the lunar theory. In order to procure observations for verifying the equations which he had deduced from the theory of gravity, he paid a visit to Flamsteed, at the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, on the 1st September 1694, when he received from him a series of lunar observations. On the 7th of October he wrote to Flamsteed that he had compared the observations with his theory, and had satisfied himself that by both together ‘the moon's theory may be reduced to a good degree of exactness, perhaps to the exactness of two or three minutes.’ He wrote him again on the 24th October, and the correspondence was continued till 1698, Newton making constant application for observations to compare with his theory of the planetary motions; while Flamsteed, not sufficiently aware of the importance of the inquiry, received his requests as if they were idle intrusions in which the interests of science were but slightly concerned.

“In reviewing the details which we have now given respecting the health and occupations of Newton from the beginning of 1692 till 1695, it is impossible to draw any other conclusion than that he possessed a sound mind, and was perfectly capable of carrying on his mathematical, his metaphysical, and his astronomical inquiries. His friend and admirer, Mr. Pepys, residing within fifty miles of Cambridge, had never heard of his being attacked with any illness till he inferred it from

the letter to himself written in September, 1693. Mr. Millington, who lived in the same University, had been equally unacquainted with any such attack, and, after a personal interview with Newton, for the express purpose of ascertaining the state of his health, he assures Mr. Pepys 'that he is very well—that he fears he is under some small degree of melancholy, but that there is no reason to suspect that it hath at all touched his understanding.'

"During this period of bodily indisposition, his mind, though in a state of nervous irritability, and disturbed by want of rest, was capable of putting forth its highest powers. At the request of Dr. Wallis he drew up an example of one of his propositions on the quadrature of curves in second fluxions. He composed, at the desire of Dr. Bentley, his profound and beautiful letters on the existence of the Deity. He was requested by Locke to reconsider his opinions on the subject of innate ideas, and we find him grappling with the difficulties of the lunar theory.

"But with all these proofs of a vigorous mind, a diminution of his mental powers has been rashly inferred from the cessation of his great discoveries, and from his unwillingness to enter upon new investigations. The facts, however, here assumed are as incorrect as the inference which is drawn from them. The ambition of fame is a youthful passion, which is softened, if not subdued, by age. Success diminishes its ardor, and early preëminence often extinguishes it. Before the middle period of his life, Newton was invested with all the insignia of immortality; but endowed with a native humility of mind, and animated with those hopes which teach us to form a humble estimate of human greatness, he was satisfied with the laurels which he had won, and he sought only to perfect and complete his labors. His mind was principally bent on the improvement of the *Principia*; but he occasionally diverged into new fields of scientific research—he solved problems of great difficulty which had been proposed to try his strength—and he devoted much of his time to profound inquiries in chronology and in theological literature.

"The powers of his mind were therefore in full requisition; and, when we consider that he was called to the discharge of high official functions which forced him into public life, and compelled him to direct his genius into new channels, we can scarcely be surprised that he ceased to produce any original works on abstract science. In the direction of the affairs of the Mint, and of the Royal Society, to which we shall now follow him, he found ample occupation for his time; while the leisure of his declining years was devoted to those exalted studies in which philosophy yields to the supremacy of faith, and hope administers to the aspirations of genius."

We are glad to have placed these facts on our pages for future reference. The question respecting Newton's state of mind is settled by them, and can never again be fairly set afloat. The study of prophecy neither found him mad, nor made him so, according to Voltaire's sarcasm. A person under morbid excitement of mind may seek for aliment to nourish his disease in any pursuit whatever; and it is no wonder if subjects so momentarily interesting as those connected with the eternal concerns of man's immortal spirit—subjects

upon which the wonder is that any thoughtful person can evince apathy—should be among those—not exclusively those, but among them—which may occupy the wanderings of a disordered mind as well as the serious cogitations of a sane one. Death! judgment! heaven! hell! are these words of no import? And if they be of import, is it a proof of insanity to account them so? Is it not rather insanity practically to regard them otherwise? Is there anything irrational in the supposition that the Creator may have disclosed his mind to his responsible creatures? May it not be consistent with his attributes, and for their benefit, that he should do so? And if a system professing to be divine comes before us supported by the proofs which cluster around the Bible, is it otherwise than rational to afford it a calm hearing? And if upon hearing we are firmly convinced, is it not reasonable that we should weigh the solemn truths which it unfolds? If we are convinced that we have souls; and that we have incurred the displeasure of our Creator; and that the Bible opens to us the way of pardon, reconciliation, and everlasting blessedness; the deepest absorption of our spirit, is not too much for the reception of such important truths. La Place might consider it a mark of mental weakness that Newton broke off his philosophical studies to attend divine worship; but if man be not like the beasts that perish, the irrationality is not in praying to God, but in neglecting to do so. And with regard to that particular portion of holy writ which La Place and his associates especially sneered at, Newton only followed up the orderly inductions of his wonderful mind in believing that all that God reveals, man ought to investigate; not excluding from the range of his researches those disclosures which relate to things to come.

True, many preposterous opinions have been held upon questions of prophecy; and several of our correspondents have warned our readers on this matter from time to time, by noticing some which are only not ludicrous because the subject is too serious for jesting; such as those which find the battle of Navarino and the death of the Duke of Orleans in the Apocalypse; and a minute description of rail-roads and steam-carriages in the book of Ezekiel. No doubt also that madmen and madwomen have raved upon prophecy, as Behmen, Swedenborg,* and Joanna Southcott; to whom we may add, as the latest example, some monomaniac, signing herself "Elizabeth," who has just issued a "Commentary on the seventh chapter of Daniel," in which, with a great deal of perverted historical reading, she tries to prove herself to be the subject of numerous predictions in holy

* [We have laid aside for the Living Age, a very curious and if true a very important account of the philosophical works of Baron Swedenborg—by a writer not his disciple. We take occasion to disclaim all responsibility, for the epithet of the Christian Observer. We are ignorant of the Baron's claims to authority, and of the grounds on which some very good people believe them.]

writ.* But such follies, and worse, do not derogate from the serious, well-advised consideration of sacred prophecy, whether fulfilled or unfulfilled. In our own pages, many well-read, sober-minded divines have expressed—variously, but with a common object—their opinions upon these difficult and mysterious subjects. At this moment two correspondents, fully answering to those epithets, and who have studied the divine word for half a century, are diversely interpreting “the sixth seal.” There is nothing contrary to soundness of mind in such considerations; though it is equally true that no department of investigation is more likely to be abused by a rash and fanciful spirit.

* We may be thought to exaggerate, but if any of our readers have seen the publication referred to, they will know that we speak literally. Who “Elizabeth” is, we know not; nor do we profess to understand her notions—if she has any—except that she dreams she is destined to set up a new, pure, Scriptural church of Deism, or something of that kind, under the name of Unitarianism. It would be a prostitution of time and print to reply to such a pamphlet; but it may justify our severe words, and save some reader the expense and vexation of buying trash—and we fear blasphemy—upon the strength of a title-page, if we quote a few lines. Should any person after perusing them wish to read further, “Elizabeth” may console herself that there is more than one monomaniac in the world. The following is part of a comment on Ephesians ii. 14—15.

*“For he is our peace who hath made both (Jew and Gentile) one (kingdom) of the one God in Elizabeth’s body of the communion of the Holy Ghost, and hath broken down the (Trinitarian) middle wall of partition between us (Trinitarians and Unitarians,) having abolished in his flesh (Jewish body) the enmity (of the pagan body,) even the (canon) law of (the creeds and) commandments (of men) contained in (Trinitarian) ordinances (which all are to perish with the using after the commandments and doctrines of men) for to make in himself (as King David) of twain (of two Jewish and Christian bodies) one new man (one new Christ of the new name of the C***** church, Rev. iii. 9, 12,) so making peace (in Elizabeth’s body of the communion of the Holy Ghost between all the rival sects in the whole world, John xvii. 7, 13, 22; Matt. xxvi. 13, 29,) that he might reconcile both (Jew and Gentile) unto (the one) God in one body by the cross of Jesus, of Nazareth, the King of the Jews) having slain the enmity (of the Greek and Latin church to the Jew) thereby.”*

Those readers who can decipher this, may also master the following from the next page. Has this lady, whoever she may be, no friend to petition the Lord Chancellor to be her guardian, and prevent her wasting her property in handsome print and paper for such—we know not what to call it—as the annexed?—and the whole publication is in the same style.

*“They could not cure him (the heir apparent’s body) of the devil (of Paganism in their cure of souls.) Elizabeth is the deliverer from Paganism out of Zion, (Chapel B*****.) Rom. xi. 26, 27. She is sent with a perpetual covenant to the perpetual Curate of P*****, near London. Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Ex. xx. 3. A God to Abraham. Gen. xvii. 7. A God to Jesus. A God to Elizabeth. My God and your God. Given him, i. e. Christ. God gave the revelation (of Elizabeth’s kingdom and John’s baptism of the Holy Ghost) to Christ. Rev. i. 1; xxii. 8, 10, 14, 16. Cleopas, or C*****, has the whole glory and the glory altogether of Elizabeth’s kingdom of the one God of the whole earth. Luke xxiv. 18, 49, 50. Jesus in heaven above rules his kingdom on earth as God’s anointed king. Rev. xxii. 4, 16. The Pagan monarchies, from the Babylonish captivity of the King of the Jews to the coming of the bridegroom of Queen Victoria, have had seven Pagan church and king marriages. The union of church and state to the moral law of the Most High God is honorable in all nations (Matt. v. 17, 18, 19,) and is that kingdom of Elizabeth which shall not pass away. Rev. xxi. i. 27. The new heaven and new earth of the new name (of C*****, Rev. iii. 12; Isa. lxxvi. 22, 23) shall remain forever for an everlasting name.”*

MORE PUNCH.

ASKING LEAVE TO TOLL.

HONORED SIR—Hoping that you will be pleased to pardon the boldness of a poor man who wants to keep his wife and children, I take up my pen to write. And, honored sir, I hope you will forgive me, if I say I feel a little happy that I am able to put a few words to paper,—it being a sort of comfort to a man, howsoever poor he may be.

My boldness, honored sir, is this. It is, under your favor and consideration, to ask of your kindness, to let me have an acre of land: or if I am too bold in asking a whole acre, half or a quarter of the same. I know that it may be thought a little high and daring in me, to ask for such a favor, seeing that your estates are let out in large farms. It is, perhaps, a presumption, and—as I’ve been told—a sort of flying in the face of property, for a man who is n’t rich enough to farm a thousand acres; who has n’t money for cattle and bone-dust, and all that—to think of having a little slice of land, just to grow a few things on for himself and children, land only being for them who can have a lot of it, or none. Nevertheless, sir, I hope for your kindness. I’ve been all along used to go to church, though I hope I may be forgiven for it, I have n’t been these two months, seeing that my clothes are all in such rags that, as one of the churchwardens told me, they were quite a disgrace to a respectable congregation. Well, sir, I say I used to go to church, but I never heard there whether the Garden of Eden was twenty thousand acres or not—perhaps the gentlemen who set their faces against small allotments, know it to have been a very large farm indeed, and so think they have religion upon their side, when they refuse a poor man a little patch for his own spade. I know that it was made a part of the punishment of sin—a part of the curse of heaven—that man should eat his bread in the sweat of his face. That, however wicked he may have been, he should not on his own account be suffered to eat his bread at all, does seem to me—and my heart is so full, I can’t help saying it—very like a curse coming from the other place. I suppose, too, they who eat their bread from the sweat of other people, have never sinned at all. I hope, honored sir, you will forgive these words; but my pen runs away with me like.

When I ask, honored sir, for this bit of land, I mean, of course, to pay the very highest price you can get for it. I know that land let out in little bits is always made to fetch more than when let by the lump. This, of course, the poor must expect. It is so in all things. My wife gives more for her bit of soap and candle, (when she can buy it,) more for my bit of ‘bacco, than if we could buy such things by the pound, like respectable people. And it isn’t to be expected that a great landlord, even though he may be a duke to boot, will do otherwise than the keeper of a chandler’s shop. No, sir, though my neighbors say I’m a bold fellow, and have strange nonsense running in my head, I don’t expect that.

If people weren’t so foolish as to think otherwise, there would never have been such a noise about a gentleman who said, “If he let a lug of land for fivepence when he could get eightpence for it, he should be giving away threepence to the tenant.” The gentleman only said what was true: the gentleman only said what nearly all the world do with one another every day of their

lives. I was reading in a London newspaper that was lent me a day or two ago, where all sorts of things were advertised to be sold one under the other; coats and waistcoats, and trousers for almost no money at all. Well, the people who buy 'em say it's no business of theirs how the things are made; that's not their concern—all they want, as a duty to themselves and families, is to get a cheap penn'orth; as it were to wrap themselves comfortably up in a bargain and then go with their prayer-books to church to show it. If we could ever think that the time would come when folks would n't bargain with folks, as though because they'd money to buy, they'd eat their fellow-creatures up—if it is n't, indeed, bold in me to say fellow-creatures—if we could ever hope for such a time, why, sir, then this world would be indeed much nearer heaven than, perhaps, poor men have any right to expect. And yet, sir, church has puzzled me now and then. When the parson has told us that we are all made of earth, I have, I own it, new and then looked into a fine pew or two, and—if it's a sin, I hope I may be pardoned for it—and I have sometimes doubted it. To be sure, soil is so different; the better sort of folks may be the rich and loamy; and the poor, the cold stiff clay, only fit for draining.

Still, sir, folks say that things are brightening up for the poor. There are a good many signs of it. Only last autumn, I'm told, three real lords played at cricket somewhere with some shopkeepers. A man in our village—who's reckoned to know something—has said it is n't unlikely that in less than twenty years a squire may now and then join in quoits or foot-ball with day-laborers. If ever this should come to pass, it must lead to good things. For of course the matter won't stop there. The squire, after making so familiar, will look in at the men's houses; will talk with their wives and little ones about their food, and their clothes, and such like—giving them a kind word and a helping hand when they want it. This, of course, will come of the matter; otherwise, for my part, I can't see such very great good is it. Politeness is a nice thing, and sometimes warms a poor man's heart more than he can tell it: but politeness itself won't put a 'tato on the plate when there is n't one. Folks can't eat quoits and foot-balls.

And now, sir, I hope you will be so good as to let me have this bit of land. It will, I feel, make quite a man of me. Yes, sir, I mean that word and no other. As it is, sir—I don't know how it can be—but somehow at times I don't feel a man at all. I seem as if I'd no business in the world; as if I was a sort of toad or slug upon the soil; an interloper on the land, having no right even to make a footmark in it. The sun does n't seem to shine for me—nor the wheat to shoot—nor the hedge-flowers to blow. I feel sometimes as if poverty in this world was made the mark of Cain, and was upon me; with this hard difference, too, that any man might smite me for it.

And then, sir, the temptations that fly and run about one! I mean the game, sir. Many a time, when I've heard the pheasant crow, it has somehow sounded—though not a bit like it—like one of my children crying for food, and then for a minute my brain has been in a blaze, and I'd have done anything. When things are at the worst, and starvation is for days in my cupboard, the devil—or something like him—has sent the hares running about me, as though on purpose to be

knocked down with a stick. It's a hard matter, sir, to keep one's hands off a dinner running at one's feet—a dinner that it's hard to think belongs to anybody in particular.

And therefore, honored sir, I do hope for a bit of land. If it's no bigger, one may say, than a lark's turf, like the lark I know I can whistle upon it and be happy. And so, honored sir, asking your pardon for my boldness, as a poor man, in thinking of such a thing.

I remain, yours humbly to command,

ABEL WEED.

THE LANDLORD'S ANSWER.

ABEL WEED,—Had you known anything of the true principles of political economy, you would never have written such a letter to me, a landowner. Know, that it is much better for you that you should not have even a quarter of an acre—that it is for the social good of all that you should remain as you are.

THEOPHILUS CANAAN, Bart.

HARMLESS ENTHUSIASM.—The *Globe* tells us that some ladies at Fonthill, Wilts, have been at work for two years on pieces of cushion lace which they intend as a present to the Queen. Our "own correspondent" from Fonthill gives us the further gratifying intelligence, that the over-hours of the same enlightened and benevolent women have been given to the making of gowns and petticoats for the necessitous in the neighborhood. This is, indeed, to combine the elegant with the useful.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. PUNCH,—I have heard on good authority the enclosed will be published on the date here given.

NOTICE.

Trin. Coll., April 1st, 1845.

Notice is hereby given, That any undergraduate, or person in *statu pupillari*, who shall be seen at any hour of the day in any of the courts of this college, whether it be the Great Court, Neville's Court, the New Court, or the Fourth Court, without his academical dress; whether he be seen or not seen by any porter, tutor, or master of the college; shall be fined the sum of two shillings and sixpence, which shall go to the benefit of sound learning and religion, by being applied to the college library.

And moreover, Let notice be taken, that any cap of which more than three of the four corners be broken, or otherwise dilapidated, or if more than two corners together with the tassel shall be wanting, it shall not be considered as academical, and shall be liable to the said fine of two shillings and sixpence.

Also, If any gown be worn, of which more than half the skirt together with one sleeve be torn off, or, if the skirt be whole and the two sleeves be gone, or the gown itself be in ribands, then shall it not be considered as academical; and any person, in *statu pupillari*, wearing such a cap or such a gown, shall be liable to the said fine of two shillings and sixpence.

Also, If any person, in *statu pupillari*, be known to sleep without his gown over his night-shirt, or at any rate, lying on the bed, or without his cap on, over or under his night-cap, as the case may be, contrary to the good order and discipline of the

University, he shall, for the first offence, be fined the sum of two shillings and sixpence; and if he persist, for the second time, he shall be fined the sum of five shillings; for the third seven shillings and six-pence, and so on. But if he persist obstinately, he shall then be brought before the master and senior, and shall suffer such punishment as they shall think fit to inflict.

(Signed) W. WHEWELL.

ALARMING FAILURE.—The eclipse of the moon, on Sunday week last, was, as the *Post* would say, a "*fiasco*." In London it was regularly hissed at an early part of the evening. In Liverpool, where it shone to a little better advantage, it was slightly applauded, but in no instance was it called before the curtain after the performance, though this might have been partly owing to a strong *cabal* formed against it by the fog. One thing is certain, that the eclipse must have been a failure, or else why was it withdrawn the following evening, and has not been announced for repetition again this year?

DO OBLIGE US FOR ONCE.—Parliament is announced to open on the 4th of February. Really, it would be a favor, Sir Robert, if you would put it off to the 29th.

APPLES—AND THEIR SINS.

BOTH apples and men have their good qualities; and apples, like men, are denounced as of questionable reputation, if found in bad company. Beautiful is the fruit piled in the centre walk of Covent Garden market; tempting the fairest and the richest daughters of Eve to touch, and then to make it their own. Very beautiful, too, are apples with their golden skins and rosy cheeks beaming through the plate-glass window of the West-end fruiterer. They are a wholesome luxury; by no means forbidden fruit to either dealer or purchaser. They have blossomed and ripened for worshipful society, and are pleasant to the eye, delicious to the taste of the delicate, the comfortable feeder. Yes; strange as it may seem to the sons of Adam, there is an Aristocracy of Apples!

Who shall deny it? Here is a basket of plebeian pippins: it may be, poor, crude wind-falls. It is not their fate to be ticketed in Covent Garden at eight a shilling. They are not to be gently handled by the kidded palm of lady huswives, afterwards to play their part in a dessert, and be ceremoniously cut in pieces with a silver blade. No: they are doomed to a wicker basket, to be exposed in the common highway for sale by creatures, who having scarcely a roof to cover them, do, nevertheless, assume to themselves the part of fruit-sellers, to the manifest scandal of the law, and the virtuous disgust of the shopkeeper.

Several criminals of this sort have lately been cited before Mr. Traill, of Union Hall, and their delinquencies proved by solemn testimony of policeman 178 P, who, it is doubtless a satisfaction to learn, "has been very active in looking after offenders of the above description." They had absolutely sold fruit in the Walworth-road! The iniquity was so glaring—was perpetrated in such noon-day light—that human patience, nay the very meekest and most tolerant Christian charity, could not wink at it; and thus we are told, in the police report, "some of the shopkeepers had

written to the station-house complaining of the nuisance!"

It is of course a nuisance to the sympathies of shopkeepers that people who have not the respectability of a shop, and the comforts of a back parlor, should, tempting the wrathful visitation of a wintry sky, stand with *their* shops about their necks, to waylay school-boys for the halfpence that, by every respectable rule of trade, ought to be paid over a counter. It is the misery, the pauperism of the traders, that makes the offence. Could they now and then sit themselves down in an arm-chair before a sea-coal fire—only to be thence disturbed by the advent of a customer, there would be no nuisance whatever in the traffic. But that the audacious vendors should in biting, frosty days, stand roofless upon the stones until their flesh is almost bloodless as the granite they tread upon,—it is this that stirs the sensibilities of shopkeepers: it is this that makes them write, with pens of flame, complaining missives to the station-house!

Many of these shopkeepers are, doubtless, admirable people: pattern husbands and wives, fathers and mothers. They make their very trading only subservient to their domestic affections—their household duties. And they are to be disturbed, ruffled past Christian patience, by people not at all respectable! To be sure, it might by special pleading be urged, that the offenders too have husbands and children, albeit—miserable wretches!—they have no shops. They stand wretchedly clad in the cold, dreary street, to earn uncertain bread for mouths at what they call a home. Nevertheless, they are a nuisance—poor people always are—and the abomination should be put down. And how? Great hope! we see a way.

Let vigilant policeman 178 P do his duty sternly as fate. Let the magistrate fine every offender—he can do so—forty shillings, or commit to gaol; and in a short time the law-breakers must inevitably be hunted to the Union. This step will, of course, add no trifle to the poor's rate of Walworth; but then, respectable shopkeepers will bear the extra burden resignedly, gaily, for a great "nuisance" will be abated. They, the shopkeepers, husbands and wives, will not be separated; they may hug their children still; and, like good Christians, teach their little ones the Lord's Prayer night and morning.

Still, the Walworth apple-sellers are not the worst of the wicked. However annoying and unlawful their vocation, they do not put a very brazen face upon the matter. No; they have a sort of latent respect for the shopkeeper, for on Mr. Traill asking, if they walked on the footpath "so as to prevent passengers from going along about their business," it was admitted by Policeman 178 P that "the defendants stationed themselves at the edge or curb of the footpath!"

There is, it must be confessed, a seeming modesty in this; though there is a sort of respectability that walks about the world with his arms so very much a-kimbo, that patient, striving poverty, at the very "edge" of his footpath, is an obstruction, a nuisance; a thing to be thrust into its kindred mud. What, indeed, to such respectability would be the possession of the Garden of the Hesperides, so long as paupers vended shrivelled apples at the "edge!"

However, there is no doubt that the audacious spirit of the times has manifested itself in even the

doings of street fruit-sellers. They no longer know their place, but by all sorts of blandishments tempt unwary children to lay out their holiday halfpence. It was only last summer that these offenders absolutely sold slices of melons and pine-apples! The exclusive luxuries of the rich and respectable were positively vulgarized, being bartered in the common street for copper penny-pieces. Melons and pine-apples made familiar as gooseberries to the palates of the mob! Alas, and alas! for the institutions of the country!

We really hope that the authorities will act with vigor in this apple question. Let them be assured of it, there is more in the matter than meets the eye. The apples may, indeed, look rosy and wholesome, but—unless strong measures be adopted—they may, like the Dead Sea apples, be nought but cinders to the public mouth. Walworth respectability already knows as much, and spits at them.

SONG OF THE CHEAP CUSTOMER.

HURRAH for cheap clothing! I want not to know
How the work or material was got;
If the article's good, and the figure is low,
For the *wherefore* I care not a jot.
Make me out to encourage oppression and vice,
On my beggarly meanness enlarge;—
Ha! I get a whole suit at one half of the price
A respectable tailor would charge.

Hurrah for the Saxony coat superfine,
Which I buy for about two pounds ten!
If Theft furnish the cloth, 't is no business of mine,
If Starvation the stitching,—what then?
Hurrah for the trousers of best kerseymere,
And the gay satin vest at thirteen!
To employ any tradesman, although he is dear,
All because he is honest,—how green!

And hurrah for the shirt for whose purchase I pay
From a couple of shillings to three,
Wrought by famishing Need at a farthing a day;
What on earth can that matter to me?
All I want is to dress at the smallest expense,
In as stylish a way as I can,
Like a practical, straightforward, plain, common
sense,
Economical, provident man.

That to clothe me the skinflint and swindler combine,
Is a fact I don't ponder about,
And that thousands in hunger and wretchedness pine,
I regard their employers' look-out.
To procure all my goods at the lowest of shops
Is the course that I mean to pursue;
Then hurrah for low tailors and sellers of slops!
Be they Heathen, or Christian, or Jew!

From the Christian Observer.

HAWKERS' AND PEDLARS' LICENCES.

I would respectfully submit to the consideration of those who are endeavoring to benefit the poor, the harshness, and, as it seems to me, the injustice and impolicy, of the heavy pedlars and hawkers' license. A poor child was lately brought before the magistrates, and fined £10, for carrying for sale a few sixpenny glass lamp-shades. The child said, and perhaps truly, that he was not aware that he was doing wrong; that he only

wished to earn an honest penny to buy bread; but the law was inexorable, and he must pay the pecuniary penalty, or go to prison. Whether, in this instance, the nature of the article offered for sale made any difference, I know not; perhaps it did, the official prosecutor fearing that glass not duly excised might thus steal into circulation; but the law, I am told, applies to all manufactured articles, except what the seller himself has manufactured. A gentleman some time ago proposed to supply several decent starving persons who were destitute of work, with baskets of cheap Bibles and Testaments, which they might carry to remote cottages, or to crowded lanes and alleys; where many a shilling Bible, or sixpenny Testament, might thus be sold, which would in no other way reach those inaccessible recesses; but he was told that the laws of England do not allow of unlicensed colporteurs, and that he must begin with taking out hawkers and pedlars' licenses for all his agents; and this amounted to a prohibition.

There may be reasons for the tax which I know not of. I can only conceive, benefit to the revenue, and protection to the settled tradesman against itinerant vendors. With regard to the first, it is harsh to inflict a heavy tax upon penury; for a man must be wretchedly poor to betake himself to the laborious and precarious business of a pedlar; and he may be starving, and have to labor for weeks or months, before he gets back the bare amount of the duty. With regard to the second, the settled tradesman may supply those who can and will resort to him; but if a man is too poor to open a shop, or could not obtain custom if he did, why may he not, without let or hindrance, put his commodities into a basket, and go where he can find purchasers, rather than starve; and why may not the poor have the benefit of competition, and of goods carried to their own door? If the man will become a beggar, and vend only a few threads, tapes, or matches, his violation of the law seems to be connived at; but let him aspire to sell anything worthy of a hawker's pack, and he is brought before a magistrate, and fined, or sent to prison. Is this kind, or just, or wise? It may be, for reasons which do not occur to me; and I should be satisfied if it were proved so upon the investigation of Lord Ashley, or some other honest but judicious friend to the poor.

From Hood's Magazine.

REAL RANDOM RECORDS.

SIR,—I do not know whether it has ever occurred to you, but it has struck me very forcibly, that the reminiscences of a bad memory might be quite as amusing, if not so instructive as those of a good one. Certainly, some of the things published under the titles of Recollections, Records, Reminiscences, Retrospectives, &c. &c., have been extremely dull and tame; so much so as to make one wish that the authors, like Peter Pindar's George the Third, had remembered to forget them. For my part, I confess I set very little value on the historical embalming of mere names and dates; regarding them like preserved mummies, as rather dry matters of fact. At any rate, I have Mrs. Malaprop on my side, who did not approve of violent memories any more than myself. The level railway progress of such a powerful faculty must surely be less interesting and romantic than the rambles of a weak one, straying unconsciously

from the path of reality into the great forest of fiction, and losing itself like a babe in the wood!

Now, my own memory was never a good one. Mnemosyne when I was born must have forgotten her invitation to the gossiping, or to bring me those organs with which she endows mankind in general, and the Poet of her Pleasures in particular, Mr. Thomas Campbell. Like him

"Wafted by her gentle flow,

Oft up the stream of time I try to row,"

but without his rudder and compass. My memory, as I think I said before, was never a good one, and from age and natural decay is not even what it was. It especially fails me as to names, dates, places, and persons; but as Pope says to Eloise, or to the New Heloise,

"Give all you can and we will give the rest."

I don't profess to be a regular Retrospective Reviewer like what's-his-name who used to edit it; but shall be guilty, I know, in my recollections of the past of a great many errors and anacronisms, or anachronisms—which is it? It is easy, as Curran said to Dean Swift, if it was n't Swift to Curran, it is easy for futurity to predict for posterity—I forget the exact words, but remember the sense; and on the same principle, when an octogenarian like myself is in the case—where was I! O! about Rogers' "Pleasures of Imagination." I remember Rogers well, though I forget where I met him, or on what occasion. But it was either at Lord Nelson's funeral in Westminster Abbey, or at George the Third's attempt, when he was out of his mind, on the life of Peg Nicholson. But I am sure it was Rogers; for he had just brought out either his "World before the Flood," or the World before that. There was to be a great party at Hannah Porter's, the authoress of "Evelina"—yes, "Evelina"—I believe I ought to have said Sir Charles Grandison; but at any rate the Bristol Milkwoman that Cowper patronized, was of the party. I recollect asking her what she thought of "Lallah Rookh." All the Johnsons were present. The great Doctor, Mrs. J., and all the little ones—they had just come up from Ludlow, or Lincoln, or Leicester, or Liverpool, or some place with an L, and had the provincial accent very strong. His patron was with him, Bubb Doddington, since Lord Melbourne Regis—of whom it was said he was a lord amongst lords, and a wit amongst wits. I quite forget what public service procured him his title. Horace Walpole was to have been there too, but could not come. I am not sure that he was not dead. But it was either Horace Walpole or Horace Mann, or Horace Smith, or Horace Twiss—I'm sure as to the Horace. We played at whist, and I remember having pam five times running—but the amount of my winnings has escaped me. What else passed is, alas! as obliterated from my mind as if I had been dipped in the Styx—no, the Lethe. Yet slight as they are, these memorials of such celebrated personages may do for a contribution to their memories *poor servir*—perhaps the last word but one ought to be spelt pour, or perhaps pore. But I forget my French. As such, if you think, sir, that a few Retrospective Sketches in the same style would suit your Metropolitan Magazine—I beg pardon, Blackwood's Miscellany—they are most heartily at your service; and, hoping for the favor of an early reply, &c.

From the London Record.

PERIODICAL THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

AMONG the various circumstances which tend to show that "religion," in its popular and extensive sense, occupies a much larger space in the public mind than formerly, we may name the change which has taken place, within the last sixteen or eighteen years, in our periodical literature.

Up to about that period two great quarterly journals, representing two leading opinions, the "Liberal" and the "Conservative," entirely monopolized the public attention. They enjoyed a sale of about 10,000 or 11,000 each, while various attempts to establish a similar work, of a theological character, successively failed.

But what do we now behold? The first of January, 1845, will witness *six* quarterly journals, all, more or less, of a theological cast, each representing, too, some distinct party in the church, and each obtaining a moderate sale;—while the old *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* have fallen to a circulation of some 7,000 or 8,000 each.

1. We have the *Church of England Quarterly*, whose character is not so easy to describe, inasmuch as Lord John Manners and Mr. Hartwell Horne have written in the same number.

2. There is Dr. Worthington's *Quarterly*, to which Mr. Gladstone is supposed to lend his aid.

3. The *British Critic* being suppressed, Mr. Palmer commenced the *English Review* in its room, which of course speaks the sentiments of the moderate Tractarians.

4. But the Oakley and Ward party being dissatisfied with this, have turned the *Remembrancer* into a quarterly, which of course gives us Tractarianism in full blossom.

5. The Congregationalists are about to start their own Quarterly in January, to be edited by Dr. Vaughan; and,

6. The *North British* is already in its second volume, under the guidance of Dr. Welsh and Dr. Chambers.

Besides which, we have the *Dublin Review*, the *Foreign Quarterly*, and others, for smaller sections of the public not included in the above view.

But the chief point to which we are adverting, is this:—The increased interest shown by the public in theological discussion. Each quarter-day we have a mass of printed investigation, amounting, in all, to above *fifteen hundred pages*, thrown upon the public, and all taken up and devoured.

This, however, is not an unmixed good, or anything approaching to it. The amount of solid and wholesome nutriment so provided is but small. All we can speak of, is a *change*, a large and important change. But in too many cases it is only like a metamorphose from a Gallio, who "cared for none of these things," into a Saul, who "verily thought that he ought to do many things contrary to Jesus of Nazareth." Or just like many colleges in Oxford, where formerly nothing but Aristotle was named, and where now the favorite topic has become, "the necessity of unity in the Church Catholic;" or, "the ancient rights of the Apostolic See."

And if the increased attention paid to these matters is worthy of notice, so also is another point—the spirit of division and separation which prevails on every side.

Even among the Tractarians, we observe an organ of the moderate section, and another organ of the extreme section. And we believe that the bitterness of spirit sometimes exhibited between these two divisions, is very great. Meanwhile, some of the old High Church party condemn and oppose both. We were told, recently, that one of the most noted clerical opponents of the Bible, Missionary, and Jews' Societies, in times past, now assails "the Puseyites," by name, from the pulpit, almost every Sunday.

But these divisions are not confined to any one portion of the visible Church. The new journal of the Congregational body, alluded to above, is declaredly established as a rival to the *Eclectic*, of the line taken by which the moderate Dissenters disapprove. In like manner, the *North British* is the organ of the Free Church of Scotland—reminding us that in that kingdom what was formerly *one*, is now *two*. Nor is division confined to Presbyterians. Even so small a body as the Episcopal Church or churches in Scotland are now ranged under two banners;—part siding with the bishops and the communion service, and part with Mr. Drummond, Sir W. Dunbar, and Mr. Miles.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE—MR. STEPHENS—
COL. NAPIER.

Of Lady Hester Stanhope's death, Mr. Warburton in the Crescent and the Cross, relates,—

"Mr. Moor, our consul at Beyrout, hearing she was ill, rode over the mountains, accompanied by Mr. Thompson, the American missionary, to visit her. It was evening when they arrived, and a profound silence was over all the palace; no one met them; they lighted their own lamps in the outer court, and passed, unquestioned, through court and gallery, until they came to where *she* lay. A corpse was the only inhabitant of the palace; and the isolation from her kind, which she had sought so long, was indeed complete. That morning, thirty-seven servants had watched every motion of her eye; but its spell once darkened by death, every one fled with such plunder as they could secure. A little girl, whom she adopted and maintained for years, took her watch and some papers, on which she set peculiar value. Neither the child nor the property were ever seen again. Not a single thing was left in the room where she lay dead, except the ornaments upon her person; no one had ventured to touch these; and even in death she seemed able to protect herself. At midnight, her countryman and the missionary carried her out by torchlight to a spot in the garden that had been formerly her favorite resort, and there they buried her."

Such was the end of that extraordinary person, who annihilated a village for disobedience, and burned a mountain chalet, with all its inhabitants, on account of the murder of two French travellers, who had been under the protection of her firman; whom the sultan addressed as "Cousin;" and whose weaknesses, only exceeded by his own vanity, it remained for Lamartine to ridicule.

Speaking of travellers' vanities, it appears that Mr. Stephens, the American traveller, carved his name at Philæ on the slab that bore the inscription written there by Dessaix, in 1799, to commemorate his arrival with a French army, in pursuit of the Mamelukes. Now, after Mr. Stephens, came a French traveller, who thought it bad taste, even in an American, to obtrude himself into the company of

the French general—the rather, perhaps, as there were some acres of spare wall equally available for the purpose. He, therefore, carefully eradicated the name of Stephens, and appended, moreover, the following sarcastic remark; "La page d'histoire ne doit pas être salie!"

At Beirut, Mr. Warburton found a British officer of distinguished birth and gallantry, who has married a Maronite lady of great beauty, and settled in the country. Is this Colonel N——r? If so, his pleasant sketches have terminated in real romance. On being introduced to the bride—"I no longer wondered," Mr. Warburton says, "that he had abandoned his career—fame, fortune, everything, in such a cause."—*Ainsworth's Magazine*.

LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.—BY CHARLES
MACKAY.

[We hope our total-abstinence readers will pardon the first verse, in consideration of the second, third and fourth.]

WHEN at the social board you sit,
And pass around the wine,
Remember, though abuse is vile,
That use may be divine:
That Heaven, in kindness, gave the grape
To cheer both great and small;—
That little fools will drink too much,
But great ones not at all.

And when, in youth's too fleeting hours,
You roam the earth alone,
And have not sought some loving heart
That you may make your own:—
Remember woman's priceless worth,
And think, when pleasures pall,—
That little fools will love too much,
But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,
Absolve poor human kind,
Nor rail against your fellow-man
With malice in your mind:
But in your daily intercourse,
Remember lest you fall,—
That little fools confide too much,
But great ones not at all.

In weal or woe, be trustful still;
And in the deepest care
Be bold and resolute, and shun
The coward fool Despair.
Let work and hope go hand in hand;
And know, whate'er befall,—
That little fools may hope too much,
But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
Your rule be still the same,
Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,
Your love a steady flame.
Your drink not maddening, but to cheer,
So shall your joy not pall;
For little fools enjoy too much,
But great ones not at all.

Ainsworth's Magazine.

From Hood's Magazine.

THE CAPTAIN'S COW.

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE.

"Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink."—COLERIDGE.

It is a jolly mariner
As ever knew the billows' stir,
Or battled with the gale;
His face is brown, his hair is black,
And down his broad gigantic back
There hangs a platted tail.

In clusters, as he rolls along,
His tarry mates around him throng,
Who know his budget well;
Betwixt Canton and Trinidad
No sea-romancer ever had
Such wondrous tales to tell!

Against the mast he leans aslope,
And thence upon a coil of rope
Slides down his pitchy "starn."
Heaves up a lusty hem or two
And then at once without ado
Begins to spin his yarn:—

"As from Jamaica we did come,
Laden with sugar, fruit, and rum,
It blew a heavy gale:
A storm that scar'd the oldest men
For three long days and nights, and then
The wind began to fail.

"Still less and less, till on the mast
The sails began to flap at last,
The breezes blew so soft;
Just only now and then a puff,
Till soon there was not wind enough
To stir the vane aloft.

"No not a cat's paw anywhere:
Hold up your finger in the air
You could n't feel a breath;
For why, in yonder storm that burst,
The wind that blew so hard at first
Had blown itself to death.

"No cloud aloft to throw a shade;
No distant breezy ripple made
The ocean dark below.
No cheering sign of any kind;
The more we whistled for the wind
The more it did not blow.

"The hands were idle, one and all;
No sail to reef against a squall;
No wheel, no steering now!
Nothing to do for man or mate.
But chew their cud and ruminate,
Just like the Captain's Cow.

"Day after day, day after day,
Becalm'd the Jolly Planter lay,
As if she had been moor'd:
The sea below, the sky a-top
Fierce blazing down, and not a drop
Of water-left aboard!

"Day after day, day after day,
Becalm'd the Jolly Planter lay,
As still as any log;
The parching seamen stood about,
Each with his tongue a-lolling out,
And panting like a dog—

"A dog half mad with summer heat,
And running up and down the street,
By thirst quite overcome;
And not a drop in all the ship
To moisten cracking tongue and lip,
Except Jamaica rum!

"The very poultry in the coop
Began to pass away and droop—
The cock was first to go!
And glad we were on all our parts,
He used to damp our very hearts
With such a ropy crow.

"But worst it was, we did allow,
To look upon the captain's Cow,
That daily seem'd to shrink:
Deprived of water, hard or soft,
For, though we tried her oft and oft,
The brine she would n't drink;

"But only turn'd her bloodshot eye
And muzzle up towards the sky,
And gave a moan of pain,
A sort of hollow moan and sad,
As if some brutish thought she had
To pray to heav'n for rain;

"And sometimes with a steadfast stare
Kept looking at the empty air,
As if she saw, beyond,
Some meadow in her native land,
Where formerly she used to stand
A-cooling in the pond.

"If I had only had a drink
Of water then, I almost think
She would have had the half;
But as for John the carpenter,
He could n't more have pitied her
If he had been her calf.

"So soft of heart he was, and kind
To any creature lame or blind,
Unfortunate, or dumb:
Whereby he made a sort of vow,
In sympathizing with the Cow,
To give her half his rum;—

"An oath from which he never swerv'd,
For surely as the rum was serv'd
He shared the cheering dram;
And kindly gave one half at least,
Or more, to the complaining beast,
Who took it like a lamb.

"At last with overclouding skies
A breeze again began to rise,
That stiffen'd to a gale:
Steady, steady, and strong it blew;
And were not we a joyous crew,
As on the Jolly Planter flew
Beneath a press of sail!

"Swiftly the Jolly Planter flew,
And were not we a joyous crew,
At last to sight the land!
A glee there was on every brow,
That like a Christian soul the Cow
Appear'd to understand.

"And was not she, a mad-like thing,
To land again and taste the spring,
Instead of fiery glass:
About the verdant meads to scour,
And snuff the honey'd cowslip flower,
And crop the juicy grass!

"Whereby she grew as plump and hale
As any beast that wears a tail,
Her skin as sleek as silk;
And through all parts of England now
Is grown a very famous Cow,
By giving rum-and-milk!"

R. N.

From Hood's Magazine.

THE LADY'S DREAM.

THE lady lay in her bed,
Her couch so warm and soft,
But her sleep was restless and broken still;
For turning often and oft
From side to side, she muttered and moaned,
And tossed her arms aloft.

At last she startled up,
And gazed on the vacant air,
With a look of awe, as if she saw
Some dreadful phantom there—
And then in the pillow she buried her face
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,
Her terror was so extreme;
And the light that fell on the broidered quilt
Kept a tremulous gleam;
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she
cried:—

"Oh me! that awful dream!

"That weary, weary walk,
In the churchyard's dismal ground!
And those horrible things, with shady wings,
That came and flitted round,—
Death, death, and nothing but death,
In every sight and sound!

"And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom;—
And the voice that cried, 'For the pomp of pride,
We haste to an early tomb!

"For the pomp and pleasure of Pride,
We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last,
Where yonder cypress waves;—
And then they pointed—I never saw
A ground so full of graves!

"And still the coffins came,
With their sorrowful trains and slow;
Coffin after coffin still,
A sad and sickening show;
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt
Of such a World of Woe!

"Of the hearts that daily break,
Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life,
That grieve this earthly ball—
Disease and Hunger, and Pain, and Want,
But now I dreamt of them all!

"For the blind and the cripple were there,
And the babe that pined for bread,
And the houseless man, and the widow poor
Who begged—to bury the dead;
The naked, alas, that I might have clad,
The famished I might have fed!

"The sorrow I might have soothed,
And the unregarded tears;
For many a thronging shape was there,
From long forgotten years,
Aye, even the poor rejected Moor,
Who raised my childish fears!

"Each pleading look, that long ago
I scanned with a heedless eye,
Each face was gazing as plainly there,
As when I passed it by:
Woe, woe for me if the past should be
Thus present when I die!

"No need of sulphureous lake,
No need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human kind
Who wanted pity and dole—
In everlasting retrospect—
Will wring my sinful soul!

"Alas! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,
And fill the burial sod—
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmarked of God!

"I drank the richest draughts;
And ate whatever is good—
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,
Supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remembered the wretched ones
That starve for want of food!

"I dressed as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remembered the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold.

"The wounds I might have healed!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part:
But evil is wrought by want of Thought,
As well as want of Heart!"

She clasped her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme;
And yet, oh yet, that many a dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

WELLINGTON AND NEY.

WE believe we tell the story for the first time, when we say, that it has been the fate of the Duke of Wellington to be *rumped* twice—once by the Prince Regent, when he returned after the Convention of Cintra, of which he bore the blame unflinchingly, though he strongly opposed that shameful compact; and once, it will scarcely be believed, by Louis XVIII. and his court, after the battle of Waterloo, when the duke attended his levee at Paris. Let those who would know the secret of Wellington's non-interference to save Ney, now learn from this fact, that he too well knew such interference would have been useless, and have exposed him to the indignity of a reproof from those he had obliged too much.—*Hunt's London Journal.*

From the Athenæum.

An Oration, delivered before the Cincinnati Astronomical Society, on the occasion of laying the Corner Stone of an Astronomical Observatory. By JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Cincinnati, Shepard & Co.

WE have before remarked on the American practice of delivering lectures and orations, and adduced what appeared to us the reasons of the custom. But it is not only that literary and professional men are in the habit of thus publicly discoursing on a subject of art, science, or manners; but those who have name and authority are occasionally found adopting the national peculiarity. So high in political estimation stand many of these orators, that the discourses thus delivered become valuable documents, and a collection of them hereafter will furnish some of the best materials for American history. Such an oration is the one that heads the present article: an oration delivered by no less a person than a former president of the United States, would be interesting on any occasion; as a declaration in favor of science it becomes especially mark-worthy. Imagine a person of independent political rank in the old world thus assuming the professor's chair, and expatiating on astronomy to the length of nearly sixty closely printed octavo pages—some four hours' good speaking, as we take it, on a moderate calculation! This, perhaps, may be hinted as the abuse to which a practice otherwise laudable is particularly subject. Talkativeness is accordingly an American vice,—in the senate, in the schools, and at the bar. We would not, however, dwell on this defect, but willingly overlook it, for the sake of the good which it accidentally accompanies. It may be easily got rid of, and undoubtedly will be, when it has served the subsidiary benefit to which it is conducive; for in national progress there is nothing in vain. Incidental envelopments protect the seed during the earliest periods of growth and transition, but drop off as it advances to the final state for which it is destined. Let us, therefore, take the good as we find it, and not neglect it on account of the mere temporary errors which it is sure to outgrow. America hath hitherto done little for the cause of science; its encouragement supposes more progress than she has yet been able to realize; but she has too many sons of cultivated intelligence for efforts and suggestions not to have been frequently made; and among them Mr. Adams has, on more than one occasion, taken the initiative; but such attempts, as we might naturally expect, have been premature. During his presidency, in December, 1825, he sent a message to congress, in which he recommended the establishment of a national university and an astronomical observatory; and referred to the hundred and thirty of those "lighthouses of the skies" existing in Europe, as casting a reproach on America for its want of one. The phrase we have quoted met

on that occasion with some ridicule, and the whole proposal produced great excitement, and met with much reproach.

It was a proper *amende* for such conduct, that to Mr. Adams should be granted the honor of laying the foundation-stone of this astronomical observatory at Cincinnati, and that he should have thus the opportunity of justifying his long enduring love of science, in the oration before us. In it there is not much that is likely to interest the people of the old world; we are familiar with the theme, and recognize its importance, as the observatories everywhere established are good evidence. Under special circumstances, however, the orator on this occasion was wise in adverting to them, and he accordingly gave an outline sketch treating of the invention of the zodiac, the reformations of the calendar, the origin of the science of astronomy, its association with astrology and superstition, with navigation and history—and occasionally dilated on the most interesting facts and names connected with the subject. While doing this, Mr. Adams confesses his preference for physical, rather than for moral philosophy:—

"The age of Socrates, and Plato, followed close upon that of Meton, and, it is generally believed, that Socrates, by confining his philosophical investigations to mind and morals, rather discouraged, than promoted, the application of the faculties of the soul to the phenomena of physical nature. A similar prejudice has prevailed among many of the eminent teachers of mankind, from that time to the present, whether, because the study of physical nature, combined with that of the mathematics (and, without this combination, nothing useful to mankind can ever be accomplished by the study) necessarily requires more painful and toilsome exercise of the intellectual faculties, than speculations upon morals, religion, politics, and the sports of imagination; or, whether, in these studies, there is something more congenial to the nature of a being, compounded of perishable and immortal elements, the philosophers of associated man, have found more favor with their pupils, than the searches into causes, necessarily leading up to the first cause, impenetrable to human search. The vulgar fable of the astronomer, who, in gazing upon the stars, stumbles into a ditch, though, probably, first devised only to deride the devotion of weak and superstitious minds, to the absurd and baseless visions of astrology, has an unfortunate tendency, to deter the inclinations of the young, from the sublimest and the most useful of all contemplations, to the meditative and energetic mind,—the structure of that universe, of which itself is an imperishable, though an infinitely diminutive atom. The poet, who sang,—the proper study of mankind is *man*, narrowed down the faculties of the human soul to a nut-shell. Man, is, no doubt, the proper study of mankind,—but, so is nature—so is that world in which he is placed, in probation, with rights to enjoy, and duties to fulfil—so is that Being, all wise, all good, all powerful, his creator, and his judge—so is that firmament, over his head—so is that earth, under his feet—so is that atmosphere, which is his breath of life—so are those waters,

over which he must learn to float, but in which he cannot live—so are those animal, vegetable, and mineral realms of nature, given him by the bounty of his maker, for food and raiment, for strength, beauty, and grace.—All, all, are studies for mankind, as proper, and as necessary as man himself."

We cannot pause to show what there is one-sided in this; but we may hint, that many sound reasoners are agreed that the highest and most sacred truths are only attainable by moral evidence, and not at all demonstrable by means of physical science; though the latter may corroborate and illustrate, by another class of analogical facts, the intuitions of the former. In the next passage, Mr. Adams is perhaps kinder to the astrologer than in the one last quoted to the moralist:—

"We must remember, that of the genuine and the spurious science, of the chaste matron and the painted harlot, the parentage is one and the same. They are sisters of one and the same descent, and their family features are as much alike, that it requires almost the eye of intuition to distinguish the virtue from the vice. The study of astronomy and of astrology both, consist of a mere comparison between the relative location in infinite space; and movements of the heavenly bodies in their aspects towards one another. The firmament consists of innumerable multitudes of these shining bodies suspended in the immensity of space, moving in silent harmony, and incomprehensible order, day after day, over the head of man, from the cradle to the grave. They are exposed to the perception of only one of his senses, the eye—inaccessible to all the rest. What they are, whence they came, where they are going, and how they exist, suspended upon nothing—he knows not, but is left to discover, by the combining and discriminating powers of his intellect. None of the machinery which he invents to assist him in his researches, exist in nature. They are round, as they appear to the eye; the sun and moon, with disks of considerable dimensions; the largest of the stars, scarcely bigger than the head of a pin, and the rest tapering off into graduated magnitude, to a barely discernible point, and still swarming, as the power of vision fails, but all apparently round. The earth on which he dwells, never appears to him as one of these stars of the firmament; till after ages upon ages of observation, he finds she is one of the smallest of them. A satellite of the sun, and still round; spherical, though not a perfect sphere. To study the nature of these immeasurable masses, he must divide them into parts. He constructs then, artificial globes, and divides them into circles of latitude and longitude of three hundred and sixty degrees, subdivided into minutes and seconds. He provides them with poles, with an equator, a zodiac, and an ecliptic, a zenith, and a nadir, equinoctial and solstitial points; polar circles, tropics and colures. Of all this, there is nothing in nature, neither the globe of earth, nor the firmament of heaven; they are merely human inventions, to assist the observations of man in his searches after physical truth. But all this machinery is equally used by the astronomer and the astrologer. And as they compare the relative positions of the heavenly bodies, in their complicated motions, the bodies which cross each other, in different aspects, known alike to the astronomer and the astrologer,

as in conjunction, or in opposition, in quadrature or in trine.

The various, different, and in many respects, opposite motives which have impelled mankind to the study of the stars, have had a singular effect in complicating and confounding the nomenclature of the science. Religion, idolatry, superstition, curiosity, the thirst for knowledge, the passion for penetrating into the secrets of nature; the warfare of the huntsman by night and by day, against the beasts of the forest and of the field; the meditations of the shepherd in the custody and wanderings of his flocks and herds; the influence of the revolving seasons of the year, and the successive garniture of the firmament, upon the labors of the husbandman, upon the seed time and the harvest, the blooming of flowers, and the ripening of the vintage, the polar pilot of the navigator, and the mysterious magnet of the mariner—all in harmonious action, stimulate the child of earth and of heaven, to interrogate the dazzling splendors of the sky, to reveal to him the laws of their own existence. He sees his own comforts, his own happiness, his own existence identified with theirs. He sees the Creator in creation, and calls upon creation to declare the glory of the Creator. When Pythagoras, the philosopher of the Grecian schools, conceived that more than earthly idea of the music of the spheres, when the darling dramatist of nature inspires the lips of his lover on the moonlight green, with the beloved of his soul, to say to her—

Sit, Jessica—Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubim.

Oh! who is the one with a heart, but almost wishes to cast off this muddy vesture of decay, to be admitted to the joy of listening to the celestial harmony."

The following remarks on the zodiac are judicious:—

"When, and how, and by whom the zodiac, as it is now exhibited in all our celestial maps, and all our annual almanacs, was invented, no effort of learning has yet been able to discover. Its origin is undoubtedly fabulous, connected with the whole system of the mythology of Greece, with the twelve labors of Hercules, the expedition of the Argonauts to Colchis, for the golden fleece: the genealogy of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, their common parent Saturn, and the final solution of the whole system, in the allegorical impersonation of heaven and earth. Here astronomy and astrology, idolatry and superstition, agriculture and navigation, all march hand in hand, turning history into romance, religion into falsehood; the cultivation of the earth, and the navigation of the seas into fraudulent imposture. By what magical incantation, the belief of this system could be imposed upon whole nations of men, imagination can scarcely conceive. An imaginary belt is cast round the portion of the heavens, within which the solar system revolves. This belt is divided into twelve partitions, each embracing thirty degrees of the spherical circumference. Within each of these partitions, clusters of stars, as they are visible in the sky, are gathered as into one community: and over each of them the figure of an earthly animal is stamped, covering the whole constellation, but

bearing no sort of resemblance to it. The very positions and attitudes of the animals are painted on the celestial atlas; names are given to all the brightest of the stars; and now, at least three thousand years after this uncouth fiction was first palmed upon the credulity of mankind, we find it imposed upon us still, and we cannot learn to recognize the bright stars of heaven in the path of the sun, without painting them to the mind's eye, on the horns of a reposing ram, in the eye of a raging bull, on the foreheads of a pair of twin children, and in the fantastic and incoherent imagery of animals, wild and tame, of earth, air, fire and water, jumbled together, as if to resolve the created universe into its primitive elemental chaos. Nor is this wild and scarcely conceivable confusion yet exhausted. When the worship of idols had thus insinuated itself into communion with the study of astronomy, the population of the zodiac was extended over the whole firmament. The chief of the gods, Jupiter, and even the inferior idols of Olympus, were invested with the prerogative of placing favorite mortals to seats of honor in the heavens; and thus, not only Hercules and Perseus, but Adonis and Narcissus and Daphne, and Niobe and her daughters, and multitudes of others, not more meritorious, rose to be dignitaries in the skies, till not only the hair of Berenice became a constellation, but the infamous Antinous a star of resplendent magnitude. To crown this infatuation of besotted learning, modern astronomers, impelled by usurping vanity or base adulation, have assumed the presumption of placing among the stars not only the shield of Sobieski, and the crown of the Prussian Frederic, with the sceptre of Brandenburg, but have cast to the hunting dogs the rotten heart of Charles the First. The printing press, the electrical apparatus, and the air pump, may be better entitled to this symbol of immortality; but their intrusion upon this, already overcharged canvass, only adds to its unnatural complication, and encumbers the study with supernumerary difficulties and obstructions."

Our readers, on referring to a former volume of the *Athenæum*, [No. 702] will find that this subject has already exercised the consideration of European astronomers, and that no less a man than Sir J. F. W. Herschel translated Dr. Olbers' work on the subject, by way of aiding in the "reformation of the constellations, and a revision of the nomenclature of the stars." The difficulty thrown in the way of science by needless and heterogenous accumulation, should doubtless be got rid of with all possible expedition. The complaint, however, made in 1841, has quite as good grounds as ever to be made in the year 1844; (p. 953) so slow is the progress of all reforms, that the evil still exists. The following reflections are suggestive:—

"In the lives of Copernicus, of Tycho Brahe, of Kepler, and of Galileo, we see the destiny of almost all the great benefactors of mankind. We see, too, the irrepressible energies of the human mind, in the pursuit of knowledge and of truth, in conflict with the prejudices, the envy, the jealousy, the hatred, and the lawless power of their cotemporaries upon the earth. The institution, by the officers of which, Galileo suffered every persecution, short of death, which man could inflict

upon him, was the invention of Ignatius Loyola, a man, in all the properties which constitute greatness, not inferior to Galileo himself. The profound meditation, the untameable activity, the untirable pertinacity, the unconquerable will, stiffening against resistance, overcoming obstacles, bearing down opposition, sweeping its way along to its intended object, and, like faith, casting mountains into the sea, were alike in them both. What, then, was the difference between them? It was in the objects, to which they severally applied these properties, in action. Ignatius, under the influence of religious fanaticism, invents an engine of despotic power, a rod of iron, and puts it into the hands of a frail mortal man, already invested, by the infatuation of the age, with imputed infallibility. Galileo interrogates the physical creation, for the causes of its own existence, and his ultimate object is the triumph of truth. To which of the contending causes must the voice of posterity say—God speed? To the champion of truth—and the truth shall ultimately prevail."

To the merits of the elder Herschel, Mr. Adams does justice, and commends the impulse given by his discoveries to astronomical science. While doing this, however, he laments "that the spark of enthusiasm never crossed the Atlantic." That the autocrat of all the Russias should, in the cause of science, have acted a more glorious part, only increases the pain of the reflection. The oration is thus concluded:—

"While our fathers were colonists of England, we had no distinctive, political, or literary character. The white cliffs of Albion covered the soil of our nativity, though another hemisphere first opened our eyes to the light of day, and oceans rolled between us and them. We were Britons born, and we claimed to be the countrymen of Chaucer and Shakspeare, Milton and Newton, Sidney and Locke, Arthur and Alfred, as well as of Edward the Black Prince, Harry of Monmouth, and Elizabeth. But when our fathers abjured the name of Britons, and 'assumed among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitle them,' they tacitly contracted the engagement for themselves, and above all for their posterity, to contribute, in their corporate and national capacity, their full share, aye, and more than their full share, of the virtues that elevate, and of the graces that adorn the character of civilized man. They announced themselves as *reformers* of the institution of civil society. They spoke of the laws of Nature, and in the name of Nature's God; and by that sacred adjuration they pledged us, their children, to labor with united and concerted energy, from the cradle to the grave, to purge the earth of all slavery, to restore the race of man to the full enjoyment of those rights which the God of Nature had bestowed upon him at his birth,—to disenthral his limbs from chains,—to break the fetters from his feet, and the manacles from his hands, and to set him free for the use of all his physical powers for the improvement of his own condition. The God, in whose name they spoke, had taught them in the revelation of his gospel that the only way in which man can discharge his duty to him, is by loving his neighbor as himself, and doing with him as he would be done by, respecting his rights, while enjoying his own, and applying all his emancipated powers of body and of mind, to self-

improvement and improvement of his race. Among the modes of self-improvement and social happiness, there is none so well suited to the nature of man as the assiduous cultivation of the arts and sciences. The opportunities and dispositions of individuals, for the cultivation of any one specific art or science are infinitely diversified. One general impulse nerves the arm and animates the soul; but, in giving direction to that impulse, every one may best follow the bent of his own inclination. We have been sensible of our obligation to maintain the character of a civilized, intellectual and spirited nation. We have been, perhaps, over boastful of our freedom and over sensitive to the censure of our neighbors. The arts and sciences which we have pursued with most intense interest and persevering energy have been those most adapted to our own condition. We have explored the seas, and fathomed the depths of the ocean, and we have fertilized the face of the land. *We—you—you*, have converted the wilderness into a garden, and opened a paradise upon the wild. But have not the labors of our hands, and the aspirations of our hearts, been so absorbed in toils upon this terraqueous globe, as to overlook its indissoluble connexion, even physical, with the firmament above? Have we been of that family of the wise man, who, when asked where his country lies, points, like Anaxagoras, with his finger to the heavens? Suffice me to leave these questions unanswered."

Mr. Adams has lately spoken out so nobly, on the Texan treaty, against the perpetuation of slavery, in any part of America or the world, and indeed has so frequently and solemnly warned his countrymen, by his speeches in congress, and his addresses to his constituents, and the people of the free states, of the duty and policy of its instant abolition, that we feel pleasure in having an opportunity, not of a political nature, to pay a passing tribute of respect to his character and talents.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

LIFE IN LONDON LODGINGS.

Q. How long do you stay in town?
A. Ten guineas.—*Connoisseur*.

WHEN a man goes looking for lodgings, he is like one of those soldier-fish, who, having found one shell inconvenient, wanders along the shore, popping his head into every unoccupied periwinkle, in search of another, and so goes on, till at length he finds himself fitted to his heart's content. Looking for a friend, for your own money, for a situation, are bad enough, but there is something pathetic in looking for lodgings—for a home, for a place wherein to lay your head. Few set out upon such an expedition unless they happen to be thoroughly steeled by long experience of lodgings, without that sensation of sinking at the heart it has often been our lot to experience on the like occasions. Uncertainty of how you will be treated; fear of falling among unkind, cateless, or dishonest people, strange faces, and the thousand annoyances of change of place, make one feel much like going to be married, or hanged, or any other frightful possibility. First, the experienced lodging-hunter narrowly scans the street he thinks of settling in; avoiding, like the pestilence, streets with gin-shops at the corners; he studies the physiognomy of street—for streets in London, like

everything else, have their physiognomies,—and concludes it a respectable, quiet street, of moderate means, and good behavior. The houses are not at loggerheads, but stand together in brotherly love; the wood-pavement and asphalt madness have not yet tattered to pieces its respectable, old established paving-stones; besides, the street is so happily situate as to be the shortest way to nowhere. Its gas-lamps are in goodly order, and fire-plugs, freshly painted, adorn either end; the area-rails are neat and clean, the footway firm and entire; you never see, so quiet is this street, more than three foot-passengers, one hack-cab, one servant-of-all-work, at one and the same time.

But it is necessary not merely to see that your street is quite correct; you must make also a careful survey of the immediate neighborhood. Perhaps a cabstand of retired habits may lurk unobserved immediately round the corner; its attendant cocks and hens may be in the habit of making nocturnal excursions into your favorite street, and it is not impossible that the learned fraternity of cab-drivers may select their *arena*, or battleground, immediately under your bedroom window.

Thus, it is possible that a thieves' alley, or St. Giles' in little, may lurk at the rear; observe, then, that no semi-subterranean entry emerges from these retreats anywhere in your street; notice, moreover, carefully, whether many-windowed manufactories usurp the place of coach-houses and stables, to the utter discomfiture of your quiet, by noise of perpetual hammers, or buzz of wheels within wheels. Inquire whether your intended neighborhood may not be frequented by medical students; three of these gentry are *quantum suff.* to annoy and disturb a whole parish of lodgers; therefore beware of the vicinage of the great hospitals, or the London University.

Having settled the street to your satisfaction, next take a look at the physiognomy of your particular house; see that its eyes are not bleared by dust, and that its mouth, (by which matter-of-fact folks will understand the hall-door,) is, with all its appurtenances, frapant and tintinabulant, shining bright, and in scrupulous order. See that the door-step is white as snow; hence, with other things, may you conclude that cleanliness is part of your landlady's religion. Have a care that there is not a brass-plate on the hall-door, with a separate bell; this indicates an artist, dentist, or musician on the second floor, or physician in the parlors, with semi-genteel wife, swarm of brats, and no money.

We have known a bill in the window placed awry, a soiled blind, or a cracked pane, turn away very desirable lodgers; and, although these things are trifling in themselves, yet they are trifles indicating which way the household wind blows.

When you knock at the door, take out your watch, and calculate how long you are kept waiting before it is opened; if you are obliged to knock twice, or if you hear a mysterious clatter upon the stairs preliminary to letting you in, you may conclude that the lodgings will not suit.

Look sharp at the countenance of the servant who opens the door; it is a mirror in which you see reflected the temper of your landlady; if your eyes meet a slipshod, wishy-washy faced, depressed-looking creature, you may conclude her mistress is what is technically known in London as a "knife;" if, on the contrary, a well-colored, ro-tund, tidy, plump, cherry-hearted-looking lassie

appears, intimate, without further preface, your wish to see the lodgings.

If the lodgings suit, see the landlady whether *she* will; this is by far the most important matter of the two; for the best lodgings we ever had were taken without being seen, simply on the good faith of the countenance of our landlady.

There are three trades in which custom dispenses with serving an apprenticeship—school-mistresses, lodging-house keepers, and politicians. If a lady is reduced—or, as the phrase is, from having known better days, she comes to know worse—she sets up lodgings, or a boarding-school; if a lord, he sets up ambassador, secretary, or head of a department. Change of circumstances is considered to be sufficient qualification; and an incapacity to succeed in one condition of life, makes a plea to undertake the duties of another. Success will altogether depend upon carrying into their new sphere a spirit and energy adapted to their new conditions; we speak now only of ladies; the very best, and very worst lodgings in London are kept by persons who have been reduced in circumstances by the casualties of fortune. Some carry into their lodging-house the manners, deportment, and conduct, which render them equally respectable in their new capacity, as in that from which the accidents of fortune have compelled them to descend; others display the vanity and folly which render them more ridiculous in their new situation than in the old. It is with letting lodgings, as with everything else, those best succeed whose previous education and habits of life fit them for the avocation; hence, those lodging-houses presided over by persons who have been in service are generally most comfortable.

If, then, you like your landlady, and her terms, be as liberal as you can afford; have a care of *extras*, and be as rigorous as you please in settling what you shall have to pay for *them*; but it is judicious, in the matter of rent, not to attempt putting on the screw; for if you put on the screw, your hostess, depend on't, will take off the lock!

Insist upon having a street-door key; this puts an end to all sorts of nonsense about regular hours, and also is an act of humanity towards the poor servants who may be compelled, after the labor of the day, to await your return from the play, opera, or evening-party, half the night; if there is any demer upon this head, you may rest assured that you will not find yourself comfortable. It is by no means necessary, or, indeed, desirable, that you should be out late at night; but it is essential that you should be master of your own hours, and absolute in your comings and goings; for, if you are not permitted the social comforts and cheering influences of a home, it is hardly necessary for you to put yourself under petticoat government.

Insist, also, upon having cupboard keys, and begin as you will find it necessary to end, by locking everything up. No doubt the landlady is strictly honest; we could not doubt it for a moment; Betty, too, carries in her face a perpetual open letter of recommendation; think what a sin it would be to throw temptation in the way of the rigorous virtue of Mrs. Smith, or to endanger, by promiscuous gin-bottle, or casual tea and sugar, the immaculate character of Betty; therefore, I say, lock up—lock up.

The most curious phenomenon attendant upon London lodging-houses we have ever noticed, is that of spontaneous consumption.

Suppose a bottle of brandy arrives from your wine-merchant—(of course I mean the public-house at the corner, but would n't say so, except confidentially)—you mix one tumbler, which just empties the *neck* of your bottle, replace the cork, put it in the cupboard, and lock it up; you dine the next day with your friend Snooks, the celebrated traveller; the third day Snooks dines with you upon tripe and onions; dinner over, you unlock your cupboard with all the confidence of a gentleman “not so easily done,” taking out your loaf-sugar and brandy-bottle; holding the latter up to the light, you observe with surprise and horror that the brandy has spontaneously sunk in the bottle at least a quartern. You say nothing about it, lest Snooks should have the laugh at you, and conclude not to mention it to your landlady, lest she might think you a mean fellow.

This is what I call spontaneous consumption.

In like manner, when you purchase a pound of five-shilling mixed—your landlady's canister holds exactly a pound—you press it well into the canister, and find on shaking it, that the contents do not make any noise—in fact, the canister is full; you breakfast with Snooks, who is starting for Timbuctoo next morning, and return home to tea; taking down your canister, to accept the polite invitation of Ridgway and Co., whose bill requests you to “*try* their five-shilling mixed,” you give it a shake, and discover that it *rattles*!

This is another case of spontaneous consumption. This mysterious law of nature affects sugar, which in the course of a couple of days we have known to evaporate from a pound of ninepenny down to not enough for breakfast; butter oozes imperceptibly through the sides of your boat, so that you cannot for the life of you make out what has become of the pound you paid for the morning before yesterday; coals, though of a heavy nature, fly off with wondrous rapidity, if you lay them in yourself; if your landlady provide them, you can only wonder how coals came to be worth sixpence a scuttle-full.

Lodging-houses, like other commonwealths, have their peculiar taxes, levied “towards carrying on the war,” upon the subjects of her majesty, Mrs. Smith, and generally collected by Betty. This amounts to from five to ten per cent. upon every article you require, or have occasion to send out for, and is something in the nature of a broker's fee, or transfer-tax. A pound of mutton-chops pays from a penny to twopence, according to the taste of the landlady—twopence if she cuts it fat; delicacies, such as fowl, game, or fish, considerably higher,—the taxation in these cases proceeding upon the income-tax principle, that you can afford it; a lobster is charged in your weekly bill not so much according to its freshness as your own; cabbages are taxed according to the greenness of the vegetable, and of the lodger.

Thus, whichever way you go to work, you are sure to be “done;” lay in your own consumables, they disappear by spontaneous combustion; send Betty for them, they pay Mrs. Smith tax; you can take your choice.

The leading feature of lodging-houses in London is the generally expressed, and acted up to determination not to permit you to have the slightest idea of home, or home-like comforts. Nobody has any business to be comfortable, except a married man; and if you choose to remain a bachelor, you must expect to be maltreated accordingly.

With what studied cruelty do not the advertise-

ments of lodging-house keepers teem, in the daily prints! "Apartments for gentlemen who dine out,"—that is to say, who fly to gobble up their wretched meal at a "slap-bang" shop, and return to their apartments to forget their desolation in sleep! "Apartments for a gentleman who takes his meals abroad;" alluding to wretches who are handed out to a coffee-shop for their breakfasts; or, "A comfortable home for a gentleman who requires no attendance," and who will be sure to get notice to quit if he rings for a glass of water.

The indisposition of people who let lodgings to let you do more than sleep there, amounts almost to a prohibition; if you eat or drink you must pay for it, more ways than one; they rise *en masse* against a man who likes a domestic dinner, and utterly refuse to receive him who desires anything hot for supper; a lodger is not a human being—he is a first or second floor, a front parlor, or a two pair back; what right has he to courtesy, or kindness! how dare he expect a kettle to be kept for the purpose of supplying him with hot water! He pays twelve shillings a-week for his room and attendance, it is true; but then attendance means making his bed. What are coffee-shops and cook-shops for, if not for lodgers!

Poor devil! With difficulty having got your shaving-water—not without murmurs from Betty, and some sharp "chin-whack" from the mistress.—concerning the trouble you give, you step into your shoes, for the polishing whereof you are to pay two-pence, and step out into bleak November fogs, in search of your breakfast. You pay by the cup, and by the bite, and every time you raise one hand to your mouth, you must dip the other in your pocket; having made your miserable meal, and paid, you take it out of the newspapers, and the stove, and luxuriate upon the fragrant odor of fat muffins and hot coffee. This is too good to last forever; you have taken up another customer's place long enough; you must march.

Away you go, padding along the greasy flags, whose well-kneaded mud has the consistence under your shoes of well-worked dough, to your business, if you have any; if not, to your reflections upon not having any—in which we by no means are desirous to participate.

Dinner-time comes, and you go; off through the miry streets again, directed by your pocket to where the largest breads are to be found, where you cannot see the pattern of the plate very distinctly through your Vauxhall slice of meat, and where you sometimes have the luck to see a plate of three indifferent potatoes.

You ascend the stairs, big with the noble rage of hunger. Calling for the paper, you meditate, while pretending to read, upon the state of the odds against the goodness of the day's corned beef, or boiled leg of mutton. You inquire of the waitress, whom you long ago have wisely propitiated by the donation of an additional penny, as to the condition of her mutton, and are informed generally that it is "a very good cut"—a panegyric which that lady impartially bestows upon every article of the bill of fare, and which does not afford you very satisfactory information. You wait a little longer, ordering of the lounging pot-boy, from the public house over the way, a pint of the black decoction he dignifies with the good old English name of *beer*; the pot-boy brings his black draught, takes his three halfpence, without thanks,—lingers three and a half seconds, in expectation of a halfpenny for himself, for even the

pot-boy lives by lodgers,—and not getting it, whistles in your face, and *exit*.

You rummage, meanwhile, in the basket for a "bread," of which five-and-twenty make a quarter loaf; you look for a crusty piece, but not finding one, you desire the waitress to bring it you; she, oblivious of the extra penny, but stimulated by that sort of gratitude which consists in a lively sense of favors to come, brings you your favorite crust, which you weigh carefully on the point of your fork, having, on the strength of the plate of an elderly gentleman opposite, decided on the mutton. Your eight-penn'orth arrives, and what is called a plate of greens—about as much as would nearly blind the eye of a canary—flanks your three potatoes. These last you cut carefully in halves, in order to return in good time a bad one, and get a better in exchange; and then to dinner with what appetite you may.

Pudding, salad, tarts, cheese, you eat or not, according to the state of your pocket-linings, which in these cases govern the most rebellious appetite; and having paid the "shot," and only a penny over for your friend the waitress, she regrets her civility in fetching you the bread, and wishes she had known, or you should n't have had that cut of mutton.

You are now in a condition to walk about the streets as before, return to your business, or take a glass of "something." If the last, you enter your favorite tavern; or, recommended by a briefless barrister, who knows where a capital four-penn'orth of gin is to be had, you adopt the opinion of the learned gentleman, and try the Fox and Geese. You have at least warmth, light, and shelter here, and such society as the place affords; but, on the other hand, you are expected to poison yourself—for the good of the house. You order the smallest possible dose, and discuss with the briefless barrister aforesaid, an M. A., and sundry other gentlemen lodgers, the merits of the gin, the defects of the government, and the totally wrong and vicious condition of public matters and things in general.

Perhaps you prefer to gin and talk, tea and muffin; you adjourn to the coffee-house, having first paid the tavern bill and tavern waiter; you read the evening paper, the review, or magazine; you pay here, and then you walk out, to pay for shelter somewhere else.

You return to the tavern; not that you wish to drink, but, oppressed with the desolation of your solitude, you have nowhere to go, no one to speak to, and as no private door is open to you, you open the door of the public house; you find there men desolate as yourself; there is a sympathy of loneliness among you; you know not one another's names, nor residences, nor occupations; but you know that they are lonely men, and you join them in their loneliness.

You gossip away the hours until midnight warns you to repose; pay again, not forgetting the waiter, and the cigars that you forgot before, and sundry other items forgotten before that; wind away, through street and square, towards the place you sometimes by mistake call *home*; tumble up to your apartment the best way you can, and forget, in a sound sleep, that you are a lodger.

Happy you who, warm in the snugger of domestic life, rise from your comfortable fireside after your hearty breakfast, and proceed, light-hearted, to your daily task, returning thence in

the sure and certain hope of as hearty a dinner, with plenty and to spare; every little nicety of your palate consulted by your careful spouse, and all the appliances and means to boot to make your meal nourishing, palatable, and pleasant. Then the clean-swept hearth, the cheerful, moderate domestic glass, not taken to pay for shelter, not swallowed because you *must* drink whether you like it or not;—consecrated to your household gods, you pour the temperate libation, while in converse with your friend,—such a friend as lodgings and taverns will never afford,—you pour out the story of your hopes and fears, gains and losses, your business over of the present day, and your plans for the business of the morrow.

When you go forth of your home, you leave your affections, as things sacred, not to be jostled and knocked about in contact with the rude world and worldly men; long ere you return you are strengthened and elevated by the thought that there is one "whose eye will mark your coming, and will brighten when you come." When the door of your house closes behind you, Care is left to find his way to the nearest tavern; you expand, you chirp, cricket-like, about your own fireside: your heart is glad, as your children welcome you with shouts of irrepressible delight; the silent household ministering of your wife is a secret joy; the face of your servant is radiant with kindness towards you; your dog insists upon exchanging caresses; even grimalkin purring, expresses her delight that you are come; inanimate things, long sacred to the master's use, are pleasant in your eyes; looking triumphant round your little realm of home, you behold a thousand objects, trivial, yet familiar, that recall pleasant memories of the past.

From the Polytechnic Review.

GUNPOWDER.

GUNPOWDER is not a chemical but a mechanical compound, and is composed of saltpetre or nitre, sulphur, and charcoal, intimately commingled, and subsequently formed into grains.

It is not our intention to enter minutely into the chemical properties of these substances, but we may remark that their union forms an explosive compound, which, when inflamed, eliminates a large quantity of various gases. Nitre, or saltpetre,* is a chemical compound of nitric acid and potash.† It may be made by directly uniting these

* The term *neter*, translated *nitre*, is found in the Old Testament, *Prov.* xxv. 20; *Jeremiah* ii. 22. Herodotus and Theophrastus use the word *nitra*, and Pliny the word *nitrum*—but these authors seem to mean *natron*, quite a different substance from our nitre. Geller (*Invention of verity*, xxiii.) is the first who distinctly mentions our nitre or saltpetre. The term *saltpetre* is evidently derived from *sal-petra*, literally signifying rock salt.

† Until very recent times, the composition and theory of the efficacy of nitre in gunpowder was not understood. Machiavelli (in 1533) seems to veil his ignorance of the matter under a great many quaint suppositions. "Saltpetre," says his translator, Peter Withorne, "is a mixture of many substances, gotten out with fire and water of dry and dustie ground, or of the flower that groweth out of new walles in sellars, or of that ground which is found lose within toombes or desolate caues, where raine can not come in; in the which ground (according to my judgement) the same is ingendered of an ayrie moistnesse drunke up, and gotten of the earthie drines; whose nature (by the effect thereof) considering, I cannot tell how to be resolved, to say what thing properly it is. The well learned, and most wise physitions, (besides medicinal experience) by the tast, finding it salte, and with exceeding sottill sharpnesse, and considering the

two substances, but we need scarcely remark that such is never done, except as a matter of syntheetical demonstration. In some parts of the world—in India, for example—it is found as a natural efflorescence on the earth's surface; and this, indeed, is the only source from which we derive it. Other nations, however, not having the commercial facilities of England, make it artificially, by a process which was first perfected by the celebrated chemist Berthollet. The origin of the extensive manufacture is curious, and forcibly illustrates the advantage which may accrue to a state from its cultivation of science. At one period of the French revolutionary wars, operations had nearly ceased, owing to a want of saltpetre, which, on account of the vigilance of the English, could no longer be imported into France. At this crisis Bonaparte applied for aid to his friend Berthollet, who, after giving the subject a short consideration, is said to have made his confident reply, "*Sire, within three days, we will make our own nitre*;" and he kept his word.

It would be out of place here to give a detailed account of those chemical affinities on which the artificial manufacture of nitre is dependent. Suffice it to say, that both *nitrogen* and *oxygen*, the gaseous materials of saltpetre, exist to an unlimited extent in the atmosphere, and that, under some circumstances, they unite with lime spontaneously; thus in old walls we have frequently a nitrate of lime, and by the addition of potash, or substances containing it, such as wood-ashes, to this, we obtain nitrate of potash, *nitre*, or *saltpetre*.

Napoleon, at the juncture alluded to, issued a commission for the appropriation of old walls, and other suitable materials, to the manufacture of saltpetre; and eventually lime, rubbish, wood-ashes, &c., were mingled together, in what were called nitre beds, for the sole purpose of forming this compound. Thus France was rendered independent of foreign supply.

It has been erroneously stated by some that Berthollet discovered the plan of thus preparing nitre, which was not the case. The process was known to and described by the chemist Glauber. In Prussia and in Sweden the making of nitre has been cultivated as a piece of state policy. The king of Prussia* obliged his farmers to build their fences of nitre-forming materials, which, after a few years, were taken down and appropriated. In Sweden,† so careful is the government on this point, that each farmer is obliged annually to furnish a certain quantity, which must be paid in kind—government will not compound for it—thinking that by following such a course it guards against the injurious consequences which might arise during a war, if the supply of nitre were drawn exclusively from abroad.

In the manufacture of gunpowder, it is of the greatest possible importance that all the materials should be of the utmost purity. Saltpetre, on its first arrival in this country, is dark, foul, and in other respects totally unadapted to the purpose.

great byting thereof,) suppose verily that it is of a nature hotte and drie: on the other part, seeing it to be a thing engendered of ayre, and touched of fire to fall in a flame and vapore, and rise with a terrible violence, seemed to be of an ayrie nature, hotte and moist: and againe, seeing it with shining and glistening whitenesse, as a thing to the nature of water conformable, it seemeth that it may be said, that it is of a watery nature." p. 23.

* Considerations on the importance of the production of Saltpetre in England, by William Denries. Also, *Dumas Traité de Chimie*.

† Berzelius *Traité de Chimie*, t. iii., p. 391.

Being dissolved in water, the earthy impurities with which it is contaminated, sink to the bottom of the solution; particles of dust and other light substances rise to the surface, and are skimmed off; whilst nitrate of lime, chloride of sodium, calcium, and some other salts, are gotten rid of by taking advantage of the difference between their solubility in water and the solubility of nitrate of potash. Nitre is more soluble in boiling water than in cold; chloride of sodium (common salt) is not; therefore by drawing off the nitre at a high temperature, the common salt is left behind. Again, chlorides of calcium and magnesium, the nitrates of lime and soda, are more soluble in water, hot or cold, than is nitre; therefore the latter crystallizes, leaving the former in solution. By taking advantage of these beautiful natural laws is nitre purified; one operation, however, not being always sufficient, inasmuch as the least particle of foreign salt, particularly the nitrate of lime and chloride of sodium, materially injures the resulting gunpowder, owing to their powerful attraction of water.

After the purification of the nitre, the next operation to which it is subjected, previously to its being manufactured into gunpowder, is fusion. This is for the purpose of driving off any water that may be entangled amongst its particles, (nitre does not contain any *chemically united*), and thereby enabling it to be weighed with accuracy—nothing more; and it would be well if the operation could be altogether dispensed with, inasmuch as the application of too high a temperature drives off oxygen and binoxide of nitrogen, thus materially injuring the substance—indeed, partially changing it into free potash and nitrite of potash.* The fusion should never be effected by a heat greater than 500 or 600 deg. Fah., otherwise the injurious changes take place.

We will now leave the consideration of nitre, for a time, and turn our attention to sulphur, another of the ingredients employed in the manufacture of gunpowder. This substance is one of the few simple non-metallic bodies which frequently exist in nature uncombined. In all volcanic countries it is very abundant; our chief supply is from Sicily, where it is found embedded in thick masses very nearly pure, although not sufficiently so for the purposes of the powder manufacturer. To effect this purification, one of two methods is employed. In the government powder mills the sulphur employed is simply fused, when the grosser impurities sinking to the bottom of the vessel, and the lighter ones rising to the surface, leave the intermediate sulphur more or less pure, when it can be withdrawn by a proper contrivance. Some of our private manufacturers have recourse to the same operation, but others purify their sulphur by sublimation, taking advantage of a property which this substance possesses of vaporizing at a temperature of about 170° Fah.

We now come to the manufacture of pure charcoal, which lately has been carried to a great perfection, to which cause, more than any other, the great superiority of gunpowder now manufactured over that of previous times is mainly attributable. Charcoal, as all are aware, is essentially *carbon*,—that chemical principle which, in a state of absolute purity, constitutes the diamond. Charcoal is formed by exposing animal or vegetable substances to elevated temperatures, under circum-

stances which do not favor combustion, that is to say, air being totally or partially excluded. The operation of forming charcoal depends upon the fact that carbon is indestructible at any temperature, provided air be excluded. As charcoal made from vegetable substances is the kind invariably employed for the purpose of making gunpowder, we may confine our attention exclusively to that variety.

We need scarcely allude to the common plan of making charcoal, namely, by putting billets of wood into a pit, setting fire to them, then covering them with turf, &c., in such a manner that just air enough may be admitted to effect slow combustion. Until lately charcoal made by this process was employed by the gunpowder manufacturer. Very early in the history of gunpowder it was discovered that light woods, such as willow and alder, were infinitely superior to hard woods in yielding good charcoal, but facts of a chemical nature, having reference to the further improvement of charcoal, were not then known. When we consider how various are the secretions and juices of vegetables—how different in regard to their volatility and destructibility—how variable are the amounts of lime, potash, soda, and other bodies, some of which exist in most vegetables, and which, being devoid of volatility, must remain behind and contaminate the charcoal—it is evident that no inconsiderable amount of chemical knowledge is required in the manufacture of this substance for gunpowder.

The common plan, then, of manufacturing charcoal is found never to yield a result of the greatest possible purity: in other words, it is not possible to apply the due amount of heat, so that all volatile substances may be driven off, without at the same time partially destroying the charcoal. The process now followed is that of distillation; the wood, cut into billets of proper length and size, being inserted into cast iron cylinders or retorts heated to the requisite degree. By this operation not only is the wood effectually charred, but acetic acid, called from its source *pyroligneous*, and *tar*, and pyroacetic spirit, valuable results which formerly were dissipated, are now saved; moreover charcoal thus prepared is said to be more free than any other from potash; a fact which seems attributable to the action of acetic acid in dissolving it out.

For the best kind of sporting powder black dry wood is that employed; willow and alder are used for government powder; any kind of wood is indiscriminately used for the common powder. In India the gram-bush plant, (*cytissus cajan*), Parkinsonia, and milk-hedge (*euphorbia tiraculli*), are found to answer well.* Whatever the wood, it should be carefully decorticated, for which purpose it is usually felled in May, when the sap is up. The reason of removing the bark is to prevent scintillation, which would be an exceedingly dangerous quality in gunpowder. All who are accustomed to see charcoal fires, must have noticed how the bark of this material shoots into coruscations; indeed the experimental chemist carefully selects, for the purpose of showing the combustion of charcoal in oxygen gas, such portions of this substance as are supplied with bark, and which in consequence beautifully scintillate.

Having sketched the mode of purifying the ingredients of gunpowder, we will now proceed to the manufacture of this substance.

* A Treatise on Naval Gunnery, by Sir Howard Douglas.

* Braddock's Memoir on Gunpowder.

The saltpetre, melted as already mentioned, and allowed to cool into flat cakes, is taken to the mill, placed on the bed of the trough, and broken to pieces by a hammer; the mill-stones being then set in motion, it is reduced to the state of coarse powder, in which condition it is removed to another mill, very much like that used for grinding corn, and reduced to impalpable powder. The charcoal and sulphur being pulverized in a similar manner, all these ingredients are taken to the mixing house, and weighed out into the proper quantities. Then the charcoal is spread in a trough, and the sulphur and nitre being sifted upon it, all these ingredients are incorporated by the hands. The ingredients being thus imperfectly mixed, are taken to the powder-mill, which is a brick building with a light boarded roof. In the midst of this apartment is a circular trough, provided with a cast iron or stone bed, on which revolve two mill-stones attached to a horizontal axis, and each weighing from three to four tons. Manufacturers are forbidden by law to employ in these operations more than forty-two pounds of composition, on account of the frequent accidents which take place.

The danger varies according to the degree of trituration to which the materials have been exposed, usually, however, it is not great; partly on account of the materials not being perfectly mixed, or if mixed, not grained, and in all cases damp; a little water being purposely added during the operation, not enough however to form a paste. The time during which the operation must be continued differs according to the goodness of the powder required, the nature of the atmosphere, and some other circumstances. At the government mills the time is usually three hours, and in general terms, we may say from one to six hours. Time, however, is never made a criterion, but great attention is paid to a plasticity which the mass ultimately acquires, when, in the workman's language, it is said to be *alive*. It then glides from beneath the stones without attaching itself to them, and under the name of mill cake is broken up and conveyed to the press-room.*

The next operation consists in spreading this mill cake on alternate copper plates, in layers of three inches thick, until the press is full, when a compressing force is applied either by the screw and capstan, or by Bramah's hydrostatic engine. The latter was first employed for this purpose by Sir W. Congreve, and of course is much more powerful than any other, but it is found that the extremity of compressing force capable of being exerted by this machine must not be applied, for in that case the mass is rendered so compact as materially to interfere with the rapidity of combustion, in other words the resulting powder is deteriorated.

The next operation is that of corning or graining—a very ingenious contrivance, without which gunpowder would burn so slowly as to be inapplicable to most purposes. The graining is accomplished in the following manner. In the graining house are sieves, the bottoms of which are made of thick parchment, prepared expressly for this purpose from bullocks' hides, and perforated with

small holes. These sieves are so arranged that they can be put in rapid circular motion by the aid of machinery, and each sieve contains two discs of lignum vite. Into the sieves is placed the mill cake just described, which by the circular motion to which it is subjected, and the friction of the discs of lignum vite, is forced through the minute holes of the parchment in the state of grains. These, however, are not all of the same size, but require to be separated into various lots by the agency of different sieves.

The next operations are drying* and glazing, without the latter of which gunpowder would look dull. Glazing is accomplished by placing the grains in a barrel fixed on a horizontal axis, and made to revolve with great velocity. It will be seen from this that the glazing is due to friction, consequently some powder dust must result. This is separated from the grains by means of a gauze cylinder, into which the whole material is put, and subjected to violent rotation, during which the dust flies off, and the polished grains remain in the cylinder. The operation is now finished.

Most persons are aware that cannon and mining gunpowder is not so finely grained as that for muskets, and this not so finely as gunpowder intended for fowling-pieces. Fineness of grain increases the rapidity of ignition, a quality necessary for the projection of small weights, whereas a certain tardiness of ignition is requisite for the projection of large balls and shells, mining, &c. It would perhaps be more correct to say that the fineness of the grain should always be in proportion to the quantity employed. If several pounds of powder be used for the purpose of projecting a ball, the large grained variety will be found to accomplish the greatest distance: if only, on the contrary, a few ounces, the small grained has the preference.†

Seeing the great amount of mechanical skill requisite to form gunpowder, and the chemistry which is involved in purifying its ingredients, it will perhaps be interesting to ascertain how our ancestors managed to form this compound. The earliest descriptions we have been enabled to find relative to this subject are of the years 1540,‡ 1588,§ and 1620.||

With regard to the proportion of ingredients in ancient gunpowder, we shall treat more fully hereafter; at present let us direct our attention to the mechanical details of preparing it. Those of our readers who are aware of the extent to which gunpowder may be modified, merely by more or less perfect mixture and graining, the composition remaining the same, and who can appreciate the numerous ingenious mechanical resources which

* Drying is now usually conducted by steam, at a temperature of just sufficient to drive off the water, but far from melting the nitre and sulphur. Hence gunpowder is always more or less attractive of moisture. Lieutenant Bishop, (vide *Braddock, sup. cit.*) proposed the daring scheme of exposing gunpowder, at its last stage of manufacture, to a temperature of 500° Fahrenheit, by which the nitre and sulphur entering into its composition might be actually melted, and thus envelope the charcoal in a dense coat! Gunpowder thus prepared would certainly be less hygrometric than usual, but we would rather not be engaged in manufacturing it.

† Wilkinson on Engines of War, p. 176.

‡ Biringuccio (Vanucchio) De la Pirotechnia, 4to, Venetia, 1540.

§ Machiavelli Nic. The Arte of Warre, translated by Peter Whithorne, 1588, p. 27.

|| Hanzelot's *Recueil de plusieurs machines militaires*, &c., 1620, p. 15; and *Modelles, artifices de feu, &c.*, par Boillot Langrois, 1620, p. 56.

* Formerly a pestle and mortar were employed for the purpose of incorporating the materials. See *Hanzelot, Recueil de plusieurs machines militaires, &c.*, 1620, p. 15, plate. On a larger scale a kind of fulling-mill was used. See *Modelles, artifices de feu, &c.*, par Boillot Langrois, 1620, p. 98. A modification of this latter apparatus seems to be used now by preference in France, under the name of *Pilon Mill*. *Mémoire on Gunpowder*, by John Braddock, Esq., 1832, p. 47.

modern ingenuity has enabled the manufacturer of gunpowder to avail himself of, will be prepared to expect that the ancient powder must have been very deficient in many of those qualities necessary to constitute perfection. Our forefathers however proceeded very ingeniously to work, as we shall see. In the first place they prepared charcoal of exquisite fineness by burning the softest woods; nay, sometimes linen rags and straw; the latter substance, however, is decidedly improper, owing to the large amount of silicic acid, or flint, which it contains. Their sulphur was purified by sublimation, like a good deal of ours, and then they obtained it in a state of impalpable powder. Their treatment of the saltpetre was however quite different from that of ourselves. Every one conversant with chemistry is aware that this salt may be obtained in a state of impalpable powder by dissolving the crystals in the smallest possible quantity of water, then applying heat to vaporize this water, stirring the solution all the time incessantly. Now the ancient gunpowder manufacturers very ingeniously took advantage of this circumstance, to secure perfect mixture of the three ingredients. The saltpetre was first dissolved, then, the sulphur and charcoal being added, the mixture was stirred assiduously, by which means all three ingredients were mixed very effectually. As for the graining, our forefathers must have succeeded but indifferently; the mixture was moistened with vinegar, wine, brandy, more frequently than water; indeed, this process was thought to add strength to the powder, and it was imagined that vinegar, wine, brandy, &c., being what are popularly called *strong* fluids, were necessarily more efficacious than mere water. Various other nostrums were also occasionally added in this stage, all detrimental, however, to the resulting powder.* The next stage consisted in granulation, no previous condensation by pressure having been thought necessary, or perhaps the process had not been thought of.† The granulation was conducted exactly as at present.

Now it follows from a consideration of the foregoing circumstances, that, however pure might have been the ingredients, however intimately mixed, the grains of powder must have been deficient of hardness and tenacity, and hence the result must have been very imperfect. That such was the case, is evident enough, from the reiterated directions which are given in all ancient books treating of gun practice, not to bruise the grains by ramming too hard.‡

It would be interesting to ascertain where gunpowder first began to be grained, for unquestionably this circumstance must have greatly enlarged the sphere of its application. This however we have been unable to determine; the earliest de-

scriptions of gunpowder manufacture which we have been enabled to find are those already quoted, and were written at periods when its manufacture must have been subjected to great improvement.

It should be mentioned, that so long as matchlocks were used, the powder used for priming was *literally* powder, in other words, it was not grained. This was called *serpentine powder*, deriving its name from that part of the lock which retained the match, and termed the *serpentine*; it corresponds to what we call the *cock*.

The enormous force of inflamed gunpowder is known to depend on the evolution of various gases, the volume of which, when cooled, it is easy enough to determine; but at the moment of their formation they are vastly dilated by heat, so that their actual effective volume and pressure cannot be justly ascertained. It has been pretty correctly ascertained that a cubic inch of gunpowder is converted by ignition into 250 cubic inches of *permanent* gases, which, according to Dr. Hutton, are increased in volume eight times at the time of their formation by the expansive influence of heat. Assuming these data to be true, confined and ignited gunpowder will exert, at least, a force of 2,000 lbs. on every square inch!

Before concluding our notice of gunpowder, it may not be amiss to point out certain indications of its good and bad qualities. Its color should be rather brown than black; the grains should be firm, not crushing by the pressure of the finger, not clotted together, and totally devoid of smell. Such are the physical qualities of good gunpowder: its chemical characteristics shall be mentioned presently. The disagreeable smell which sometimes arises from bad gunpowder depends on the application of an undue amount of heat in the fusion of the nitre. This effects the decomposition of the salt, causing it to yield up the elements of its acid, either totally or partially, thus leaving nitrite of potash and free potash as residues. Thus, not only is the resulting powder weakened by the absence of the requisite quantity of nitre, but potash is itself deliquescent, and moreover by reacting on the sulphur, forms sulphuret of potassium; this, in its turn, reacting on aqueous moisture, yields hydro-sulphuric acid gas, to which the disagreeable odor alluded to is attributable. The simplest plan of analyzing the gunpowder, (as to the relative proportions of its true ingredients,) is by first dissolving out the nitre by means of pure water, then the sulphur by aid of a solution of potash, thus isolating the charcoal. Each of these substances, when dry, may be weighed.

The solution of nitre should neither precipitate nitrate of silver, (indicative of the presence of common salt and carbonate of soda,) nor blacken a solution of acetate of lead, (indicative of the presence of hydro-sulphuric acid,) nor change turmeric paper brown, nor litmus paper red; the former would be indicative of an alkali, the latter of an acid.

We have seen that mechanical aid contributes no less than chemistry to the perfection of gunpowder; therefore other means of forming a judgment, in addition to chemical tests, become necessary. Manufacturers are in the habit of paying great attention to the manner of its burning, whether it ignite rapidly or slowly, whether it scintillate or not, whether it leave much residue, and on the contrary, &c. &c. There are also instruments called *eprovettes* for ascertaining the comparative force of powder; but in our govern-

* Machiavelli, translated by Whithorne, lib. ii., chap. xxiii. For an account of the ancient gunpowder manufacture, the reader may also consult *Biringuccio de la Pirotechnia*, *Hanzel's Recueil de plusieurs machines militaires*, and *Boillot Langrois Modelles artifices de feu*, &c. In the two latter works the process is illustrated with cuts: the first of the series in *Boillot Langrois* represents a monk weighing out the ingredients, assisted by a somewhat unworthy colleague for a divine, i. e. the Devil.

† Although pressure is now invariably employed previously to graining, the projectile force of the gunpowder is thereby diminished; however it is rendered more compact and less hygrometric and light than before; advantages more than compensatory for a deficiency of range. See *Braddock's Memoir*, p. 58.

‡ Machiavelli *op. cit. passim*.

ment service the force of gunpowder is ascertained by trying the powder of a given quantity in projecting a known weight. A charge of four drachms of fine grained or small-arm powder is expected to project a steel ball with the requisite force to perforate a certain number of half-inch wet elm planks, placed three quarters of an inch asunder, the first being thirty feet from the muzzle of the barrel.* A charge of four ounces of cannon powder must be capable of projecting, from an eight-inch Gomer mortar, a sixty-eight pound iron shot not less than 380 feet.†

Few persons can be aware of the enormous quantities of gunpowder used for military purposes. At the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, in January, 1812, 74,978 lbs. of gunpowder were consumed in thirty hours and a half; at the storming of Badajos, 228,830 lbs. in 104 hours; and this from the great guns only!‡ At the first and second sieges of San Sebastian, 502,110 lbs. were used; and at the siege of Zaragossa, the French exploded 45,000 lbs. in the mines, and threw 16,000 shells during the bombardment!§

From the Polytechnic Review.

ON FIRE-DAMP, WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR A NEW SAFETY LAMP.

ONE of those fearful accidents has occurred which modern science had claimed the power of averting; in a mine, where the safety lamp had been employed, where every attention had been paid to ventilation, the fire-damp has exploded, and the lives of a hundred miners have been sacrificed to its violence. In London, amidst the gay and fashionable world, this excites but a passing interest; even now it is forgotten; but in the mining districts the gloom it has occasioned will long remain. The wives rendered widows, the children fatherless, perhaps cast upon the parish, are not the only sufferers; a feeling of insecurity has been created among the thousands employed upon the works; the wife sees her husband leave her, the mother her son, with the wild dread, that when she again sees him, it may be one of them, a corpse mangled and blackened by the explosion. Yet, even while this fearful accident was fresh upon the mind, the safety lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy was held up by the scientific world as perfect, and the explosion attributed unhesitatingly to the carelessness of those who perished. The truth of such a charge must from its nature remain unknown; those who could alone have spoken, are gone; but if examined carefully, the accusation must be regarded as extremely improbable; the safety lamp in an explosive medium burns very dimly, the flame becomes lengthened and murky, an appearance known to every miner as betokening extreme danger. With this warning it is indeed exceedingly improbable that any one would tamper with the lamp, or would even be, if sufficiently foolishly himself, allowed by his fellow-workmen to do so; nor do the facts, as elicited at the inquest,

bear such an interpretation; on the contrary, the evidence went direct to prove that every possible care had been taken, the lamps had been daily examined, and unexceptionable regulations enforced for their management.

In the absence of any clue to this fearful sacrifice of life, government has justly deemed the question of sufficient importance to require the assistance of Mr. Faraday; and his report, which we hope soon to publish, will be without doubt worthy of his high name: but here, we fear, all will end; the titled owners of the mines are silent; they offer no rewards, they tender no facilities for experiments to remove this danger, their revenue is still raised, and the lives sacrificed to obtain it form no item in their loss. For an invention by which war was to be rendered tenfold more destructive, and by which the inventor claimed the power of at will destroying a vessel freighted with hundreds of our fellow-creatures, the public excitement has continued; noblemen vied with each other in supporting him, and for several nights the time of the house of commons was occupied by the endeavors of his supporters to force its adoption upon government. The deplorable absence of such interest in this, the sacred cause of humanity, devolves upon the philosopher a more arduous task; and if the safety lamp is proved to be defective, it is only by the joint exertions of our professors we can hope for the knowledge of how this security can be attained. The safety lamp depends upon the cooling power of the metallic gauze by which it is surrounded; and the first foundation for the discovery was the fact, as observed by Sir Humphrey Davy, that a flame of 1-30th of an inch in diameter—the size afforded by a single thread dipped in oil—was extinguished when a metallic globe of 1-20th of an inch was brought near to it, and that iron wire of 1-180th of an inch, made into a ring of 1-40th of an inch diameter, produced the same result, while rings of glass, and other non-conducting bodies, though of equal size, had no apparent effect. A succession of experiments similar to these in principle, led to the trial of wire gauze; this, with apertures 900 to the square inch, stops the flame of coal gas, the most inflammable of all the carburetted hydrogens which are found in the mines. The gas supposed to be the fire-damp is a subcarburetted hydrogen; it has little or no smell, and explodes when mixed with twelve times its bulk of atmospheric air; it is formed by decaying vegetable matter, and can be collected from any stagnant pond when the mud is disturbed; it is always found mixed with carbonic acid, but for the purpose of experiment, a gas very similar can be produced by igniting acetate of potash in an iron tube. Now a lamp protected by fine wire gauze can certainly be used without danger in an atmosphere where this gas exists in quantities to form a very explosive mixture; but are we quite certain, that other gases may not be generated inflaming below a red heat, aided by those powerful currents which pervade the mines! On a subject so closely connected with the lives of hundreds of our fellow-creatures, this uncertainty cannot remain without our making every endeavor to remove it. Can it be effected by ventilation? If this explosive gas, the fire-damp, was slowly evolved, then by an admixture of free currents of air the danger might be averted; but there is every reason to believe that this explosive gas is pent up in enormous quantities, and that the la-

* The government powder labelled T. P. F., when new, propels the ball through 15 or 16 boards; and when restored, through 9 to 12. *Wilkinson, op. cit.* p. 175.

† *Wilkinson on Engines of War*, p. 195.

‡ The British Gunner. Quoted by *Wilkinson, Engines of War*, &c. 143.

§ From the returns made to the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich.

|| *Napier's History of the Peninsular War*. *Wilkinson op. supra. cit.*, p. 143.

bors of the miners give it passage. If so, no system of ventilation, even if sufficiently perfect to change the atmosphere within ten minutes, would be sufficient, and the draught thus produced, would from its force prove a most serious obstacle to the working of the mine. An attentive examination of those accidents, where some have survived, prove this; we meet continually the expression "the mine appeared suddenly to fill," so as to affect even the breathing of the witnesses. It must be therefore by some modification of the lamp alone, that this great object is to be attained. The great fault in the present system is certainly the lamp drawing its supply of air from the vitiated source of the mine; to prevent the communication of the flame, the wire gauze is rendered almost impervious to the light, which from the scanty supply of oxygen, is in the first instance extremely murky and dim; the quantity of light afforded to the miner is on that account inconceivably small, and affords a great temptation to use, even at some risk, the naked flame. There is clearly no necessity for this; fresh and uncontaminated air is supplied to the miners, and why should not the same apparatus supply it to the lamp? The foul air of respiration now is removed from the miners, and the same means would be in readiness to remove it from the lamp; thus entirely disconnected from the dangerous medium by which it is surrounded, the lamp would burn with the bright brilliant flame of the Argand lamp. The lighting could be effected without difficulty by the spongy platinum and hydrogen, or by the promethan. Talc in thin leaves could be substituted for glass, if any objection was taken to its brittle nature; but, protected by wire bands, stout glass could resist a much greater force than it would be ever likely to be submitted to by the miners.

This plan, we are aware, is open to many objections, but to none which are fatal to its principle. It might entail an expense, we admit; indeed it would; but how trifling, when balanced against the safety and comfort it would afford. There would be difficulty; there would be friction of the air in the pipes, there would be leakage. Undoubtedly these evils would exist, and yet, in defiance of them, we see gas, more subtle and corrosive than air, has been supplied to every house. The danger from leakage would be unworthy attention, for the current of pure air supplied would overpower the slight taint of fire-damp; indeed, as it would be supplied by pressure, it would rather itself escape than suffer the entrance of any explosive compound. Some such plan must evidently be adopted in the present uncertainty; for though the report of Mr. Faraday has not been published, the belief is prevalent that his opinion will be against the perfect safety of the lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy. A writer in the "Mining Journal" regards it, however, as long since decided; he states at once, boldly, "It is well known that if the Davy safety lamp be exposed to a current of inflammable air, so as to become strongly heated, it is possible for the flame to pass so rapidly through the wire as not to be cooled below the point of ignition, in which case an accident would occur with a lamp of this description, that would be quite safe in a calm atmosphere." "It has," continues the writer, "been proved by experiment, that flame may in this way be made to pass through the safety lamp as commonly constructed. This fact is quite sufficient to account for the explosion at Haswell." This writer is en-

tirely misinformed, the reverse being exactly the case. In an experiment, no one has ever made the flame to pass. Sir Humphrey Davy threw coal-dust, powdered resin, and witch-meal through lamps burning in more explosive mixtures than ever occur in coal mines; he mixed it even with meal-powder; and though he kept these substances floating in an explosive atmosphere, and heaped them upon the top of the lamp when it was red-hot, no explosion could ever be communicated. The currents on which the writer lays so much stress would have a great tendency to cool the wire gauze, and passing so rapidly through, would be in some respects an advantage, as the slower it passed the more it would be heated. If the writer's views were correct it requires but a glass shade to protect it from the currents, and thus render it perfect; but the experiments of the lamps with the double tops, for which the Society of Arts presented Mr. Newman with their gold medal, showed that however fierce the current, however explosive the gas mixed with atmospheric air might be, under no circumstances could it be made in an experiment to pass. Some years back it was, we remember, made the point of a lecture to fire an explosive mixture by the safety lamp, giving it a sharp and peculiar twist; and the lecturer offered to try the experiment with any lamp. One of this description, furnished with a double top, (and we believe, with scarcely an exception, that all lamps employed in the mines are the same,) was given him beforehand, and finding he could not by any manœuvre succeed, he postponed his lecture. Still, in defiance of these facts, the painful feeling is becoming strengthened, that possibly from explosive compounds not known to us being suddenly evolved, the lamp, safe in every severe trial to which the power of the chemist can submit it, cannot yet withstand that unknown power to which in the vast laboratory of nature it is exposed; but though it might entail expense, still it is the bounden duty of those whose princely incomes are derived from mines to devote some small portion of that income to the safety of those by whose hands it is raised.

There may be difficulties in the lamp we have suggested, but were facilities given these might be removed. It is a duty, and the effort, even if unsuccessful, would be praiseworthy. It will be, we hear, referred to a committee of the house of commons, and the subject will then receive that share of public attention its importance so much demands.

THE number of *La Revue Des Deux Mondes* just issued comprises several attractive and substantial articles. The one the most so for me is of fifty pages, entitled *The Missouri*. A good abstract is furnished of Prince Maximilian de Wied-Neuwied's splendid work of travels in the United States; and Washington Irving's *Astoria* is noticed with special encomiums. The reviewer sets out with a round expression of his opinion that neither Texas nor the Canadas can be *annexed*, ever, without causing an early if not immediate dissolution of the Union. He sees more and greater impediment to the settlement of the Oregon territory than will be acknowledged by those who are acquainted with the details of the recent emigrations. He imagines that "the vast regions of the Missouri" not yet inhabited except by perishing tribes of Indians, must be in the end only an "immense solitude."

From the New York American.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

AMONG the occurrences, which, in taking a retrospect of the past year, seems to demand some more notice than in the hurry of the hour was awarded to it, in this country, is the death of the eminent personage mentioned at the head of this article.

Joseph Bonaparte, or as he was known among us, Count *Surville*, passed so many years an exile in our country, and won during those years, so much respect and kindly feeling by his conduct, that we have thought it might not be uninteresting to our readers, as it seems in some measure due to the memory of one who is freshly remembered by many warm friends among us, to have a brief notice of his life and death.

Joseph, the elder brother of Napoleon, and through life his most intimate friend, was born in Corsica, in 1768. He was together with Napoleon educated at Autun, where the tendency of their respective tastes and character developed itself by their preference of, or excellence in, particular studies—Joseph the man of letters and of peace, doing for his soldier-brother his Latin and Greek verses; while the future conqueror studied Cæsar and Alexander, and helped his brother in the mathematics.

Elected a deputy from Ajaccio to the Corsican assembly, in 1790, he ardently embraced the principles of the French revolution, which he cherished to his death. He was, speculatively, always a friend of freedom, and though the crown of two nations had graced his brow, and two others tendered to him—one in this our new world—were set aside by him—he did not, in power forget, so far as he was free to act, his early pledges.

His career in France was rapid and brilliant. In 1796, he was the French ambassador at Rome—subsequently a member of the council of *Five Hundred*, and in 1800 a counsellor of state, in which capacity he, together with *Roederer*, concluded a commercial treaty between France and the United States. He was the plenipotentiary who signed the treaty of Luneville, which gave peace to the continent in 1801—and the treaty of peace with England at Amiens in 1802.

When the empire arose, Napoleon being without male issue, Joseph and his brother Louis, and their descendants, were looked to as the successors of the Emperor; and then it was that Napoleon first required that Joseph, so distinguished in civil and diplomatic life, should put on the harness of the soldier. He insisted that one to whom the succession might fall, should be versed in military, as well as in civil conduct and accordingly Joseph became colonel of a regiment in the famous camp of Boulogne.

While there, the crown of Lombardy was offered to him, but he refused it because the Emperor made it a condition of acceptance, that he should renounce his claim to the succession of the empire, and moreover that he should pay an annual tribute to France.

In 1806, at the head of an army of 40,000 men, he was commissioned to overthrow the English and Russian domination in Naples, and the throne of Queen Caroline. He easily and rapidly effected the conquest, and his own brow bore the crown which he had conquered. His brief reign of two years was a succession of benefits to a people who

had been long degraded by a most oppressive despotism. He founded civil and military schools—some of which yet exist—overthrew feudal privileges—suppressed the convents—opened new roads—caused the *Lazzaroni* of Naples to work and be paid—drained marshes—and everywhere animated with new life and hope a people long sunk in abject servitude. Joseph was here in his element, for he loved to do good.

From these scenes, so congenial to him, he was called by the Emperor in 1808, to Bayonne, and there the crown of Spain was forced upon him. In his new sphere he strove to adhere to his previous course, and by mildness and persuasion and benefits conferred, to conciliate the affection of Spain. He even besought the Emperor to withdraw all the French troops, trusting by frank and loyal conduct towards the Spaniards to obtain their confidence and support. His request was not acceded to, and the hatred and jealousy of foreigners, which mark the Spanish character, exasperated by the clergy and encouraged by the presence of a large English army, rendered all Joseph's efforts for a peaceful success, such as he had accomplished in Naples, impossible. He was obliged to be the soldier, and although worsted in the event, he gave in the various battle-fields where he was present, decisive indications of courage and conduct. Wearied with a fruitless struggle which promised no opportunity for the exercise of the kindly plans he alone desired to carry out in his new kingdom, he wrote to the Emperor on 23d March, 1812, from Madrid, earnestly asking permission to resign the crown that four years before had been imposed upon him.

In that letter he says: "I have done no good and have no hope of doing any. In accepting the crown I had no other object in view than the promotion of the happiness of this great monarchy. It has not been in my power to accomplish it. I therefore ask to be received by your majesty as a simple subject." Permission was refused, but the fortune of war drove Joseph from his crown and kingdom, and he was once more in France. The reverses of 1813-14, had overtaken French triumphs; the capital was menaced; Napoleon with the fragment of his victorious armies was manœuvring between the Marne and the Seine, with the hope of covering Paris—but the overwhelming number of the adversary rendered success hopeless. From Rheims, on 16th March, 1814, he wrote to Joseph to whom, on leaving Paris, he confided the defence of the capital, and the care of the Empress and her son—recalling to him and renewing his verbal instruction not to permit either *Marie Louise* or the King of Rome to fall into the hands of the enemy. In this letter he says emphatically, "Quit not my son, and remember I would rather know him to be in the Seine, than in the hands of the enemies of France. The fortune of Astyanax, prisoner of the Greeks, has always appeared to me the most melancholy fortune recorded in history."

This letter determined Joseph to send off the Empress and her son, and the next day he followed them; a course for which he has been much reproached, as hastening the fall of Paris. That fall, however, was inevitable, and the chances of delaying it a few hours, was not weighed by Joseph against the sacred fidelity with which he resolved to execute the Emperor's injunctions about his family.

After the abdication of Napoleon, Joseph retired

to Lausanne. Soon the events of the hundred days found him again in Paris, and again deeply trusted by his brother. In a memoir of Joseph, by the prisoner of Ham, his nephew Louis Napoleon, it is related that upon his suggestion, Napoleon sent a confidential person to Pozzo di Borgo, then the soul of the allied councils opposed to him, offering five millions of francs, and promises of high promotion if he would espouse the French cause, and throw discord among the coalesced powers. The offer was too late. "I have just left the Congress," Pozzo di Borgo is reported to have said, "where I employed all that I possess of eloquence and influence to reanimate the coalition against the Emperor—I cannot recal what is past—I should destroy myself without serving him—Oh! that you had come a few hours sooner!"

With the final downfall of Napoleon, Joseph's public career terminated. He came to this country and established himself at Point Breeze, on the Delaware—living the life of a gentleman of accomplished education, refined taste, and liberal hospitality. While Napoleon lived he still hoped—after he died, and while his son still lived, yet did he continue to hope—and when the revolution of 1830 burst forth in Paris, he addressed from this city an eloquent Protest to the Chamber of Deputies against their assuming to place on the throne, *without consulting the nation*, any other family than that of Bonaparte. "Napoleon," said he, "was called to the throne by three millions five hundred thousand votes—if the nation thinks right to make another choice, it has the right, *but it alone*.—Napoleon II. was proclaimed by the Chambers in 1815, which recognized in him a right conferred by the nation. I accept for him all the modifications discussed by that Chamber, which was rudely dissolved by foreign bayonets." The Protest was unheeded. The younger branch of the Bourbons was placed on the throne; and still, as under the older branch, the name and family of Bonaparte were proscribed from the soil of France.

Abandoning, thenceforth, not his interest for the honor and welfare of France, but all expectation of being permitted to contribute thereto himself, he passed his days in tranquil philosophy on the banks of the Delaware. It was in this retirement that a deputation of leading men from Mexico sought him out, and tendered to him a crown in the new world, which, without hesitation, he put aside. In 1839, family affairs required his presence in Europe. In 1840, an attack of apoplexy smote his previously vigorous health and fine faculties; and languishing from the effects of that, and finally permitted,

"An old man, broken by the storms of state,"

to visit Florence, in the hope of benefit from its genial climate, he there breathed his last—with his latest breath invoking blessings on that country which had rewarded his services with twenty-nine years of exile.

In this country, Joseph was known only by benefactions. Of most amiable and courteous manners, with admirable conversational powers, which he was fond of indulging—and without any of the pretensions with which his career might have inspired a mind less evenly balanced,—he moved among us a well bred gentleman, a kind and generous neighbor, a most agreeable and instructive companion—a man of head and heart un-

spoiled by the loftiest honors of the world, and unsoured by its reverses.

It was our happiness to know him with some intimacy; and it is a melancholy gratification, thus to recall his image, and, like a faithful chronicler, to "speak of him as he was."

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

A NIGHT IN A FOG.—BY MRS. WHITE.

CONCEIVE anything more ridiculous and annoying, than, having taken "French leave" for a day, with a determination to be on the parade, at Chatham, by ten o'clock the following morning, to find yourself on board the Gravesend packet, in which you have started at four in the afternoon, at nine o'clock at night moored off the pier at Blackwall, with a fog so thick as to prevent your seeing the boat's funnel, too late for the last up-train, and without a possibility of crossing the river to Woolwich, with a view to meeting the night-mail on Shooter's Hill; the roast mutton and boiled beef that constitute steam-boat dinners, five days out of the seven long since discussed, so that one has nothing left to chew but the cud of "bitter fancy," which the remembrance of a broken engagement and an irate colonel amply supply! This I found was the position of one of my fellow travellers, on the night to which I allude—a night, that in discomfort and weariness I hope never to re-experience. We had left London Bridge in the full expectation of completing our voyage; for, although the atmosphere was heavy with a yellow mist that drove down the steam and smoke in a thick cloud on the deck, and clung to the few, who were rash enough to remain there, like a "wet blanket;" the captain assured us that below the pool it was quite clear, and that there was not a doubt of our reaching our destination. When, therefore, about four hours afterwards, he entered the saloon to inform the "ladies and gentlemen," that, "by reason of the fog, it was quite an utter impossibility to get any further," a manifestation of disappointment and displeasure indicated itself in a running-scale of small oaths and exclamations not to be attempted on paper, from the bulky tones of two butcher-like men, who wore belcher-handkerchiefs and did not use knives with their bread and butter, to the tiny voices of a pretty, lady-looking woman and her sister, whose very diminutive mouths seemed only made to eat the mince-meat, the component parts of which, in a moment of confidence, they afterwards informed me they had been purchasing—it wanted but a fortnight of Christmas—and being thus early in the field, or rather market, involved some question of domestic economy. These ladies made the feminine portion of a quintet, who had the good fortune to be personally acquainted, and therefore authorized to draw for mutual accommodation on each other's conversational and anecdotal funds. Of the remainder of the party, two were old naval officers, sailors round the world, and citizens of it, who delightfully mingled the gravity of the ward-room with occasional sallies of humor that had all the gleeful mirthfulness of the midshipman's berth; the third was a tall, awkward, sallow man, with large features, no end of whiskers, dull gray eyes, and bushy eyebrows, which he had the power of raising to the summit of his forehead with an unpleasantly lugubrious effect; this person, I discovered, was the husband of the pretty woman. There

were five other female passengers besides this lady, her sister and myself, all of whom, upon hearing the captain's decision, *took tea*, and wrapping themselves in silence and their cloaks, turned their faces to the wall, or rather the side of the cabin, and thus awaited the turn of the tide, "which, taken at the flood," the captain had informed us, would enable him to proceed to Gravesend.

I had seated myself on one of the end sofas, near the fireplace, where I was most out of the way, and yet could observe what was passing, and I was not a little amused, after the first impatient burst of discontent, to find the ease with which necessity reconciled each individual to his situation, and the practical philosophy they exhibited in endeavoring, as the phrase goes, to "make the best of it." The one who appeared to endure it with the least grace, was the young Irish ensign, whose situation I before alluded to; he gave unerring proof of the irritable genius of his country, and the omnipotence of a colonel in his own corps. One might have taken a bet, that his commission bore a very recent date—that, in fact, his first regimental-coat could not yet have lost its glossy freshness, or the folds in which his tailor sent it home, so intent was he on endeavoring to beat an alarm on every one's tympanum, with the important dissyllables "duty" and "parade." Besides, as I before hinted, he appeared to be absent without leave. By picking up the handkerchief of an elderly lady, who sat next to me, and placing the light where it enabled her to read, he had entitled himself to a bow and smile, which reports on the weather, &c., soon converted into actual conversation; and he hazarded anecdote, and such scraps of personal adventure as occurred to him in his momentary cessations of anxiety, with such an apparent desire to please, that it was impossible he should fail; and more than one of the party drew nearer, in order to gather information and amusement from his reminiscences of county Cork, Father Mathew and Dan O'Connell. With the exception of two medical men, the remainder of the passengers consisted of farmers, corn-factors and graziers, who had been in town enjoying the spectacle of the "cattle-show."

I have often had occasion to observe, how community of evil, in any shape, breaks down the iron fences of conventional etiquette. Even in this most scrupulously conventional country, where, in the close precincts of a railway-carriage or stage-coach, one is deterred from offering a civility, or interchanging an idea with one's neighbor; only let the coach break down, or an accident happen on the railway, the quarantine on tongues is instantly taken off, and the most demure old maid, the most taciturn old gentleman, incontinently become loquacious. Thus the *ruelle* round the fireplace of the saloon gradually widened, one after another tendering some mite of conversation towards the general entertainment, for, of course, there was no sleeping accommodation on board, so that all endeavored to keep their eyes open as long as possible; and finding myself yawning, about one o'clock, over some dry volume of chronology, I put it down, and endeavored to amuse myself with what was passing.

The ensign was interesting my neighbor with accounts of the Princess of Capua, Scullabogue Barn, and the White Quakers; the medical men were discussing mesmerism, but in such mysterious tones, that no one benefited by their opinions; while the navy veterans told stories of the Ameri-

can war, the mutiny, and how, when shipmates together, they had hoaxed a miller at Portsmouth, by binding themselves apprentice to him; from an opposite table, harsh voices interrupted one another with interjectional phrases in praise of a "wonderfully fine new chaff machine," "the champion plough of England," and "Brassy," by which name, I believe, they alluded to some prize-fighter; a party of four had possessed themselves of the only pack of cards on board the boat, and endeavored to while away the time with whist and cribbage. But by far the most amusing group, and one that had hitherto escaped my observation, consisted of a little fat lady, a very tall, thin gentleman, and one of medium size, whose features partook very decidedly of the African character—with a sort of complexion one could imagine in a *boiled black*. These individuals both turned out to be members of a very grave and learned profession; but at the instant, I labored under the delusion that I had suddenly stumbled on a triad of Thespians unmasked; for at the moment that my attention was excited towards them, I beheld the whites of the dark gentleman's eyes in a "fine frenzy rolling," as, contracting his brows, and scowling horribly at his gaunt companion, he exclaimed, in imitation of Kean,—"Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless—thy blood is cold—there is no speculation in those eyes, which thou dost glare with."

My first impression was, that he was an actor; but on further acquaintance, Mr. Mulligatawny Jackson proved to be an amateur, only, not a partner of the firm of Thespis, Thalia and Co. He was, in fact, a stage-stricken barrister—a mere admirer of the sock and buskin, whose natural taste for the histrionic art had been fostered into a very mania, from his having been the pupil of a person who had filled a confidential situation about the elder Kean.

Among other anecdotes of this actor, which Mr. Mulligatawny Jackson's schoolmaster had preserved, was one, of his having, when at the zenith of his fame, ordered at Ford's, a house at the corner of Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane, a plain joint and pudding to be got ready daily for such of the poor actors as might choose to partake of it. He also told a story of the great actor's setting off for Bath, accompanied by his secretary, in his private carriage, who, as night came on, fell asleep. Towards morning, and while still at some distance from the town, he awoke, and was astonished to find that Kean had left the carriage. He immediately stopped the post-boys, to inquire if they had seen him get out, but they pleaded ignorance. The secretary instantly left the vehicle, and wandered into the fields, describing Mr. Kean to the few hinds he met, as a little man wrapped in furs, &c., and offering a reward to any one who could give tidings of him. But no one had seen him. The post-boys who had their cue, begged of him to get into the carriage, and drive to the nearest inn, which the terrified young man did, after he had made the fields echo with the cry of—"Oh! Lord Hamlet! What ho! my Lord Hamlet!" the character in which Kean was to make his appearance; but no Lord Hamlet answered. They drove on; when, just as they were about to enter the inn-yard, another carriage and four drove furiously up, and, to the astonishment of his secretary, Kean descended, accompanied by a travelling pedlar, whom he had met on the road. This man

continued with him while he remained at Bath, drinking champagne, and feasting sumptuously every day at his own table. Kean absolutely brought him up to town in his carriage, setting him down in Bow Street, one cold November morning, saying to his secretary, as he did so, "Put your hand in your pocket, and the first thing you touch, give him." The young man did as he was directed, and the result was, the pedlar left them some ten or twenty pounds better off than when they met.

"Yes," continued the barrister, "though Edmund Kean had many failings, he had some good qualities to atone for them, and amongst them great and uncalculating generosity. Ah!" he went on, "I was present at the greatest audience he ever drew—and that was at his funeral. His son was chief mourner, and Macready one of the pall-bearers, and about a hundred of the fraternity followed. It was a very short distance from his house to the churchyard; but Richmond Green was a sea of heads. Some thousands of people were present. Yes, I saw the last of him, both there and on the stage—the demi-negro looked, as he spoke, pathetically—I remember it as if but yesterday. For many years, he and his son had been at variance; but their mutual friends at length succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation. And on the occasion of Kean's taking leave of the stage, they played together; the one as *Othello*, the other as *Iago*. In the first scenes, which are tame; Kean got on very well; but when he came to the words, "Farewell! *Othello's* occupation's gone!" he moved his fingers beseechingly to his son—who stood at the side while he fronted the audience—and as the former came forward he faltered, fell on his shoulder, and was obliged to be taken out, while Ward came on, and finished the part for him. In a few days after, he was no more!"

"It is a fact," he resumed, after a deep sigh, "that Edmund Kean could never play till he was three-parts drunk. Of course," he said, addressing the cadaverous-looking barrister beside him, "you have heard of Fred Cooke, the contemporary of Elliston and John Kemble. His passion for drink was so great that, when he was without money, or means of raising it, he has been known to go to a certain pawnbroker's, where he was in the habit of applying, and to say, "I want five guineas; but I have nothing to pledge but myself. Give me the money, they'll be sure to redeem me when I'm wanted." And having sent word to the theatre of his situation, he has frequently been found seated on the pawnbroker's counter, with a duplicate pinned to his button-hole. On one occasion, when Elliston wished him particularly to be quite correct, he invited him to dinner, and afterwards begged he would oblige him by submitting to one thing, which Fred promised. He, however, looked rather funny when Elliston, drawing him into a small room in the theatre, told him he must content himself there till it was time to dress. As there was no getting off, Cook consented; but after being locked in for some time, he began to long horribly for punch. By and by, he heard a noise of a broom on the stairs. Hope revived; he called, "Mary—Betsy!—whatever your name is, come here, for God's sake!" and he contrived, while curiosity made the maid pause in her labor, to push a crown-piece between the door and the floor—"There, that's for you; and Mary, (pushing through another,) go like a good girl, and

get me a pint of brandy, and a clean pipe, with this!"

"Oh, sir, I dare not! Master desired that I should n't come near the door, sir; nor speak to you upon any account."

"Pshaw! Go; do as I tell you, and you shall have another by and by."

"The girl was not proof against the bribe. The brandy and pipe were both brought; and the tube of the latter being put through the key-hole, the bowl was filled on the outside, and in this way the liquor was sucked up as the Americans drink sherry-cobbler. It is hardly necessary to say, that on Elliston's coming to let him out, Fred was found on his back: but a plentiful supply of soda water enabled him to go through his part as effectively as ever."

A sort of inarticulate growl from the lean barrister, informed Mr. Mulligatawny Jackson, that he had ridden his hobby of theatrical reminiscences too far. The little fat lady was already asleep, and I, very soon after, followed her example; but the novelty, or uneasiness of my position, did not admit of absolute repose.

I awoke with a feeling of weariness most painful. Raising my head, therefore, once more, I gazed round upon my somnolent companions. The cabin looked as if the fog had penetrated through the closed door and windows, so dim and hazy was its aspect; the half-burnt tallow candles, un-snuffed for the last two hours, appeared to glare without light. And there was an expression almost awful blended with the comedy of the scene around me, that made me feel as if I stood with the fisherman of the story, in the midst of the still citizens of Kilstheheine.*

The whist party illustrated the word better than their game had done. One of the naval men lay stretched on the hearth-rug, the other occupied a corner of the opposite sofa. The ensign—to whose anxious senses the voice of offended duty, terrible as that of conscience to the Thane of Cawdor, cried, "Bleep no more!"—was pacing to and fro the deck. The ladies' heads drooped heavily upon the tables, or rested against the side of the cabin, calm and still; but the gaudy display of heads turbaned with all sorts of colored handkerchiefs—of ugly faces, and open mouths—and the tremendous sounds that issued from some of them, completed a tableau that I shall not easily forget.

It was with a feeling of real relief that I beheld the faint light of a winter's morning, shortly after, gleam through the hoar-frost that clung to the cabin-windows, and delightedly availed myself of the first sign of life in the stewardess, to obliterate the traces of sleeplessness and fatigue.

One after another my companions followed my example, till the "lady's cabin" presented a knot of as yellow, yawning, dissatisfied-looking females as ever stewardess looked upon. Headaches were partial: pains in the bones predominated. Bonnets were crushed, cloaks crumpled; in fact, there was no end of complaints. And, to add to the misery, there was but one towel amongst the entire assemblage, while hot water was at premium, as the jug froze in bringing it from the fore-part of the vessel to the cabin.

These were the list of casualties. The only one of the party missing was the ensign, who, fearful of the fog's continuing, had returned to town, in order to take the coach for Chatham.

Though all complained of having lost their rest,

* A legendary city, beneath the river Shannon.

none appeared to have lost their appetites, (judging from the work of demolition at the different breakfast-tables,) and shortly after this necessary affair had been discussed, the fog began to clear away, and we steamed onwards to our destination.

THE EVIL EFFECTS OF TIGHT LACING.

BY H. WHITFIELD, ESQ., M.R.C.S.

ALLOW me to call the attention of your readers to the enormous evil resulting from the use of stays. These instruments of torture inflict on the fair sex a great degree of suffering, and tend, moreover, to deteriorate the human race. The chest is the seat of organs whose functions are necessary to life, viz., respiration and sanguification. For the due performance of these functions, it is essential that the chest be of full dimensions, and free in its motion.

By actual measurement, the waist of well formed women, of the average height, varies in circumference from twenty-seven to twenty-nine inches; and there is scarcely any difference in its proportional size between male and female. But such is the power of fashion, that the waist is seldom permitted to expand to the dimensions of twenty-five inches; the majority are within twenty-four; thousands are compressed to twenty-two; and some even to less than twenty inches; and by the aid of wood, whale-bone, and steel, the capacity of the chest is very often reduced to less than one-half. The penalties attending this infringement of the organic law are as follows:—shortness of breath;* palpitation and oppression of the heart; cough, and pain in the side; headache, with a feeling of weight at the vertex; neuralgia of the face, and eruptions; œdema of the ancles; dyspepsia, and chlorosis. The temperature of the body partakes of the extremes; there is generally a chilliness of the whole surface; the viscera of the pelvis are liable to derangement; and, in married women especially, prolapsus uteri occurs. The lateral curvature of the spine is a consequence, not uncommon, of this pernicious practice.

The frequency of this deviation in females has been attributed to their sedentary habits, but without sufficient grounds. It is well known that thousands of females in Switzerland, and even in our own country, who are occupied during the whole day in a sitting posture, but who wear no stays, remain free from this deformity. But this is not the worst effect of tight-lacing; thousands of victims are annually doomed to the tyranny of this fashion, ere they have yet passed the first years of womanhood. What is the cause of so frightful a waste of life! Simply the opposition between the laws of nature and the laws of society; the former are disregarded, while the latter are submitted to without a murmur. It is mere empiricism to prescribe quinine or iron, wine or porter, to relieve a general debility, with shortness of breath, palpitation of heart, and faintness, when the lungs are denied their fair play. It is scarcely necessary to detail cases, in illustration of that which is so self-evident; but a short account of four may not be altogether useless.

C. R., æt. 23, consulted me in June, 1843. Had not been well for more than two years, and had been under medical treatment for fifteen months; her figure and countenance indicated her sufferings. The symptoms were shortness of breath, distress in the region of the heart, cough, indigestion, great debility, cold perspirations, with a chilliness of the whole frame, and disturbed sleep; in addition to which she had not spoken beyond a whisper for nine months. She was naturally a tall and well made woman, and her waist should have been twenty-eight and a half inches in circumference, but was reduced to twenty-three inches, though *not*, as she assured me, “*tight laced*.” She was directed to enlarge her *stays* and *dress* as much as two inches, and after a fortnight one inch more, and to abolish the busk as quickly as possible. She recovered her voice in five weeks, and in three months she was restored to good health; no medicine was prescribed!

Mrs. B., æt. 30, naturally healthy and of good figure, has not been well for three years; is now much reduced in flesh and strength; has had a troublesome cough for many months; the appetite is small, and digestion weak; and she suffers much from palpitation of heart and pain in the side. Has been five weeks in the country without benefit. The chest was compressed to the extent of two-fifths of its natural capacity. The treatment was similar to the first case. She steadily progressed towards recovery from this period, and in a few months her health was restored.

A young lady, æt. 16, had a slight lateral curvature of the spine, accompanied with debility and general ill health; her stays were of the same dimensions as when they were first worn at seven years of age. She was directed to throw aside the stays, and to substitute flannel and other warm loose clothing; to take moderate exercise in the open air, and to divide the fatigues of the day by lying down for a couple of hours on a hard mattress. Her general health soon improved, and in five months the deformity was removed.

Mrs. B., æt. 44, has been suffering much for four months with prolapsus uteri; she was naturally of a stout, robust make, but had attempted to model herself in accordance with the laws of society. She was directed to enlarge her stays and dress as much as three inches, and to remove the whale-bone, and to lie down for three hours during the day. Her improvement was immediate, and she was quite well in six weeks.

The simplicity of treatment is the chief point of interest in these cases.

The want of due expansion of the chest in young persons, at a period when every other portion of the body is increasing in dimensions, must be attended with serious consequences. The organs of women cannot be duly developed, if the organs within the chest are circumscribed within the proportions of infancy. As it is ordained that punishment shall not always immediately follow the transgression, but often after an interval of years, so many having hitherto escaped, and being ignorant of natural philosophy, will oppose these views, and comfort themselves with the idea that they shall pursue the same course with impunity. This idea is, however, erroneous, and has often led to fatal consequences. For Mr. G. Combe truly remarks, that “Nature may be said to allow us to run an account current with her, in which many small transgressions seem at the time to be followed by no penalty, when, in fact, they are all

* An anecdote of a Scotch physiologist, some twenty years ago, had almost put an end to tight-lacing, from its placing, in a very prominent point of view, two of its most dreaded ill effects. “Tight-lacing,” said he, quaintly, “stinks the breath, and reddens the nose.”

charged to the debit side of the account, and after the lapse of years are summed up and closed with a fearful balance against the transgressor." Lord Bacon observes, "that it is not so safe to say, I find no offence of this, therefore I may use it; for the strength of nature in youth passeth over many excesses, which are owing a man till his age." The fondled animal on the hearth-rug can trace effects to their cause, so long as they are immediate, and in its wisdom avoids the heated embers. But more than this is expected from rational beings.—*Medical Times*.

From the Britannia.

MR. SHEIL.

SOME names exercise an influence over the mind almost amounting to fascination. You have but to think of them—to touch the chord of association with which they are linked—and you become predisposed to a species of indefinite admiration. A kind of fellowship seems at once to be established between the men who are identified with those names and the whole species to which they belong; they are at once singled out for esteem or regard, even by those who have no positive knowledge of their worth, but have only heard the echo of their fame. It is one of the redeeming features of the mechanical, working-day life we lead in the world, this subtle process by which a great name becomes thus consecrated, until it acts as a talisman on our imagination. A very little effort suffices, if the power be inherent; for it is not the quantity, but the quality, that secures the fame. No merely vulgar influence will avail. We have among us, at the present hour, some one or two men of "great intellectual activity"—men who have achieved triumphs in the senate, and who have raised themselves to almost the highest worldly honors—but they do not bear the stamp of genius. They attain to a kind of comparative greatness which is within the grasp of all men of sufficient industry and perseverance; they become talked about; and they wield a certain degree of power; but they never rise to that brilliant height at which, like stars living in their own light, they are discernible by all—recognized as objects of idolatry even by those who are themselves unable to comprehend their nature. Notoriety, prominence before the world, are not absolutely necessary to the success of men of genius; nay, they rather retard it. The world finds them out. Their light cannot be hidden. Their intellect, glow-worm like, bears about with it a precious lamp by which it discovers itself. A few lines of genuine poetry emerging from the obscurity of the fens of Lincolnshire will, in the lapse of but a short period of time, raise on behalf of the young and unknown writer an interest scarcely surpassed by that felt by the most gifted of his contemporaries. One gallant action by a brave but neglected soldier, in the deserts of the East, places him on a par in the affection and respect of mankind with those whom time recognizes as heroes for their martial courage. One speech in the senate, marked in a preëminent degree by refined thought or burning eloquence, instantly raises the new orator to a level with his most successful predecessors. In each case it is the order of intellect that decides the position of the individual. Once raised by common consent above a certain height, and he is never again degraded. Even the promise of greatness suffices, where the features of the

rising intellect are fully marked, and a degree of maturity has been reached which defies retrogradation.

The name of Sheil has long occupied this high position. He has long stood forth among his contemporaries as a man whose genius has achieved the highest triumphs of the orator. His name has long been associated with a style of eloquence, burning yet brilliant, powerful yet beautiful, the creation of his own mind, not formed on any apparent model, an eloquence which has communicated its influence to contemporaries, and made them the slaves of its power, whilst the spell was upon them.

We are fond of calling this an age of mediocrity. Perhaps posterity will see fit to reverse the hasty verdict. Among those whose talents will contribute towards that end, Mr. Sheil will rank as one of the foremost. Unlike so many orators and poets who will aid in illustrating the century, Mr. Sheil's fame is of comparatively late date. The time is not long past when his reputation amounted to no more than a promise of future successes. The tragedies he published between the years 1816 and 1819—"Evadne," "The Apostate"—were read with pleasure in the closet, and acted with success upon the stage. They prepossessed the public highly in favor of the young author. Those who were in his intimacy were aware that he was in the habit of communicating with the periodicals of the day; and from his writings, and the means they then had of judging of the frame and temper of his mind, they did not hesitate to prophesy that he would ultimately become one of the most distinguished men of his day. But, although he had thus, at two and twenty years of age, already inspired hopes of a brilliant future, if as yet undefined in its course, he was still very far indeed from holding the position to which he has since attained.

A very few years sufficed to point out the natural sphere of his genius, and at the same time to provide a field of action. The course of events in Ireland was slowly but surely tending towards a crisis. The pertinacity with which the whig party, for the furtherance of their own ends, advocated the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, had invested that cause with a degree of political importance and (so to speak) respectability in England. It began to be looked to as being "on the cards." The question had long acquired a kind of meretricious interest, independent of its own merits, from the remarkable eloquence of the men, chiefly natives of Ireland, who had undertaken it. But of late years the eloquence had been altogether on the English side. With the exception of Plunket, there was no Irishman who stood forward on behalf of the Catholics whose eloquence entitled him to aspire to the highest rank among the orators of the day. But the thunder of the Catholic Association began to be heard. From small and even insignificant beginnings that body grew rapidly in numbers and local influence, derived from the blind forbearance of the government and the skilful organization of the people. The leaders of the Association soon drew general attention upon them. Two men were conspicuous before all the rest. They presented a marked contrast in their intellectual development and especially in their eloquence, by which last alone the great mass of their fellow-countrymen could judge of their powers. Daniel O'Connell and Richard Lalor Sheil were the life and soul of

the Association. Looking back to the proceedings of the body, one can trace a species of natural antagonism between the two from the very commencement. O'Connell had even then known what it was to wield power—even at that time, when men who are now his slaves were almost on a footing of equality with him, we see symptoms of that overbearing disposition, that reckless disregard of the personal feelings of opponents, that importing of the cunning of the lawyer into questions of constitutional law, that keen eye to the pecuniary department of the agitation, which have since become the monster vices of his career. On the other hand, we see also that indomitable energy and that determination of purpose which, in spite of all the obstacles raised to his progress by the effects of those monster vices, have enabled him to play so conspicuous a part in the contemporary history of his country. We see, too, in full sway, that coarse but nervous style of speaking which has so often been misnamed eloquence, but which, with all its faults, is yet so powerful over the minds and hearts of the Irish people.

In the harangues of Sheil, on the other hand, there was a luxuriance of style and a fervor of patriotism that arrested the attention and charmed the imagination of the most indifferent, nay, even of political enemies. True, the boldness of his language sometimes verged on sedition. Sometimes the man born in '94 would give almost unconscious echo to the wild spirit of '98. But it was the passionate vehemence of the moment that led him thus into the track of danger; and all such appeals—all preference for mere brutal force—were so palpably foreign to the genius of his mind, that his transient violence was forgotten in the ardor of his eloquence and the exquisite language in which his ideas were clothed. His boldest and most anti-English speeches were redeemed by the nobleness of their style, and the spirit of patriotism—if mistaken, still sincere—by which they were animated. As compared with his companion on the platform of the association, Mr. Sheil was seen to great advantage. Mr. O'Connell's field is action; Mr. Sheil's intellectual activity and eloquence. He, therefore, shone conspicuously; and his harangues, imperfectly rendered as they were, created a considerable sensation in England. Intellect respects intellect all the world over. Men the most opposed to Mr. Sheil in politics paid tribute to his powers. It was at once seen that his speeches were not the mere harangues of a vulgar demagogue—that there was something in them more lasting than the mere art and cunning of the moment. There was mind in them. Report told of a new style in his eloquence; but still it was only report. Some years elapsed ere those who were prepared to admire had the opportunity of judging. All are familiar with the progress of the Catholic Association, its suppression and revival, and its ultimate attainment of the object of its labors. All those events are too deeply engraven in the history of the constitution. To follow Mr. Sheil's career from 1825 to 1829, when the relief bill was carried, would be but to repeat the history of the later years of the Catholic question. He was identified with every movement.

The emancipation bill having opened the doors of the imperial parliament to the Roman Catholics, their leaders were not long in availing themselves of the privilege. Among the rest was Mr. Sheil, though he was not elected till 1830. After

having unsuccessfully contested the county of Louth in 1830, he was, in 1831, elected for Milborne Post. Great curiosity was evinced to see and hear him, for his fame had gone before. Those who were acquainted with him now saw in his person peculiarities as marked as those in his speeches. Small in stature and make, like so many men of genius, he bears the marks of a delicate organization. The defects of a figure not disproportioned, and yet not strictly symmetrical, are overlooked in the play of the all-informing mind, which keeps the frame and limbs in rapid and harmonious motion when in action. The body, though so small in itself, is surmounted by a head which lends it dignity—a head, though proportionately small in size, yet so full of intellectual development—so wide-browed—that, while it seems large in itself, it raises the apparent stature of the wiry frame on which it rests. The forehead is broad and prominent; but at first sight it rather contradicts the usual development of the intellectual; though really deep and high, it seems to overhang the brow. Under it gleams an eye piercing and restless even in the repose of the mind, but indescribably bright and deep-meaning when excited. The mouth, small, sharp—the lips chiselled fine till, under the influence of passion, they are almost transparent, like a shell—is a quick ally in giving point and meaning to the subtlest ideas of the ever-active brain—apt in its Kean-like expression, alike of the withering sarcasm, the delicate irony, or the overwhelming burst of sincere and passionate vehemence. The features generally are small, but, under the influence of ennobling emotion, they seem to expand until at times they look grand—almost heroic. Yet, when the baser passions obtain the mastery over this child of impulse—as they will sometimes over the best in the heats of party warfare—these features, so capable of giving expression to all that elevates our moral and intellectual nature, become contracted—the paleness of concentrated passion overspreads them. Instead of the eloquent earnestness of high-wrought feeling, you see (but this is rare, indeed) the gloating hue of suppressed rage—the tremulous restraint of cautious spite. In place of the dilated eye, and features flushed with noble elevation of soul, or conscious pride of intellectual power, you have a keen, piercing, adder-like glance, withering, fascinating, but no longer beautiful. Yet the intellect, though for a time the slave of passion, is the intellect still. For the rest, Mr. Sheil's external man is that of one absorbed in intellectual pursuits. He is singularly careless in dress. His clothes badly cut, chosen without regard to fashion or even harmony of color—his nether garments without straps, and often half way up his boots—his hair rough, luxuriant, and straggling—and a hat not remarkable for shape or gloss—these oddities of manner serve to give him an untidy air. Though always scrupulously clean, he nevertheless often looks "slouchy." He looks like a bookworm, or a chamber lawyer who has just started up from his papers, and rushed out to take a breath of air. There is no affectation in this carelessness; and withal there is an air of *fierté* in his carriage—an instinctive sense of power, without the slightest dash of arrogance—that carries off all these little negligences of style and attire, and impresses you at once with the idea that you are in the presence of a man of intellectual eminence.

Such was Mr. Sheil when he made his first speech in the house of commons, and such he still continues, except that fourteen years of anxious political strife have left their traces upon his features, at the same time that they have confirmed and strengthened his habits of mind.

He took his station at once. The practice he had had in Ireland had prepared him for success; and his plastic mind soon acquired all those little conventionalities of form and expression that were requisite in order to enable him to shine in his new sphere of action. To convey a vivid impression of his style of eloquence, and of its effect upon his hearers, is no easy task. His oratory is unlike that of any other man in parliament—the language and ideas different, the tone of thought different, and, above all, the manner of delivery—so peculiar, yet at the same time so perfect. He absolutely stands alone among the public speakers of the day. The impetuosity of Lord Stanley is mildness to the vehement torrent of his eloquence; the studied diction of Mr. Macaulay prose itself in comparison with the flood of metaphor, imagery, and happy illustration which that torrent bears along in its rapid course. Knowing no paucity of words, and uttering them with a rapidity surpassing belief, he is yet sparing in their use. All his words are ideas, and they come forth—flash! flash! flash!—till you are dazzled at the quick succession, and almost baffled in your comprehension. In American phrase, he thinks lightning. A steam-gun discharging its hundred shots in continuous succession is not more sudden, sustained, or certain. Keep up the discharges for three quarters of an hour unintermittingly, and you have some faint type of the physical effect of a speech of Mr. Sheil. These physical attributes of his oratory are what strike an observer first. Imagine the little, mercurial, wiry, bright-eyed man who has been described; suppose him under the influence of strong and overmastering real or rhetorical passion. He has already dashed into the full tide of his theme; his sharp, clear voice—pitched in alto certainly, but modulated as exquisitely as if it were as full and sonorous as Denman's, or as mild, deep, and soft as Peel's—has been gradually rising in tone from the low, musical, half-mournful undertone in which it began; it grows more clear, round, ringing, as the orator advances with his subject and warms in the atmosphere of party, stimulated by the cheers of his friends as he ably makes a rapier-thrust aside from the straight line of his course, taunted by the irony of his opponents at some involuntary admission, or stung by a scornful sneer on the lip of some personal antagonist in debate. Still the stream of sound pours on—continuous, ever flowing; still the same clear, sharp, expressive voice is heard, now low and tremulous in tones of thrilling pathos, now mounting wildly into what, were it not still musical, would be a scream—its wailing note, as the voice dies for a moment on the ear, heard amidst the bursts of cheering around, like the shriek of the seamew in the storm. Ere you have recovered from the excitement into which the last burst of passionate eloquence has hurried you, he is away again on fresh wing to a new theme, or following up with renewed energy the old, and you hear the same voice, tremulous this time with triumph no less than with passion, soaring again on the full tide of eloquent declamation, the orator bearing your sympathies with him more by the example of his own passionate excite-

ment, and the stirring impulse communicated by his own fervid soul, than by any absolute identity of feeling between you. Look at him! He appears possessed. His gleaming eyes—his meaning smile, sardonic, exulting, or ironically bland—his face instinct with intensity of thought, the living soul almost burning under the pale transparent countenance! See his wild action! His arms raised aloft, as though in imprecation of the evil, which, if words were things, his burning tongue would pour on the enemies of his country. His head, deep set in his chest, is like a glaring ball, so does it glow; and its elf-like locks are shaken in the deep stir of passion. Anon, and he is bending low in mock humility as he utters some deeply-barbed insult on the religion or the policy of his opponents; and now he is leaning forward, his whole body prone upon the desk before him, his keen features gleaming like a polished razor, his small, thin, extended fingers close-pointed, as the restless tongue darts the envenomed sarcasm at an old antagonist—one who, perchance, has made him writhe himself ere now, and who is now receiving in full payment the long-treasured-up spite! And then how magnificently he works up a peroration, or, when opportunity offers, introduces some sudden outburst of eloquence extraneous to the matter actually in hand. Perhaps the finest instance of this was in 1837, after Lord Lyndhurst's much-misrepresented speech in which he was said to have called the Irish "aliens." The noble lord (who is a great admirer of Mr. Sheil) happened to be present in the house of commons during the speech, when the orator broke out thus:—

"Where was Arthur Duke of Wellington when those words were uttered? Methinks he should have started up to disclaim them.

'The battles, sieges, fortunes that he passed'

ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies were filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the athletic arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeples and filled the moats of Badajos? All, all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory; Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse—and, last of all, the greatest—Tell me, for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (pointing to Sir Henry Hardinge,) who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast;—tell me, for you must needs remember, on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers upon them; when the artillery of France, levelled with the precision of the most deadly science, played upon them; when her legions, incited by the voice, inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the contest;—tell me if for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the 'aliens' blanched? And when, at length, the moment for the last decisive movement had arrived; when the

valor, so long wisely checked, was at last let loose; when with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain exclaimed, 'Up, lads, and at them!'—tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of your own glorious isle precipitated herself upon the foe! The blood of England, Scotland, Ireland, flowed in the same stream, on the same field; when the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green arm of spring is now breaking on their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave! Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not participate? And shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our lifeblood was poured out?"

The effect of this burst was thrilling. The impetuosity of the speaker—the exquisite intonation of his voice—his remarkable action—all combined to make it a fine piece of rhetorical declamation. And the memory can dwell on the effect of such passages. It retains the echo of his eloquence like a remembered strain of music.

So much for the physical effect of Mr. Sheil's oratory. There the praise must end. All these bright effects—or nearly all—were obtained too often at the expense of what makes oratory truly valuable. While listening to Mr. Sheil you are so carried away by the eloquent declamation that you do not perceive the total want of argument in his speeches, or how often he is content to sacrifice truth itself to the turn of a sentence. But this is the badge of all his tribe. He cannot help it. He is a rhetorician, and thinks truth or consistency a secondary consideration. After one of these impassioned harangues, in which he had absolutely carried the house with him, Sir R. Peel, knowing the weak point of his adversary, rose and very gently said it was now his duty to strip the tinsel from the honorable and learned gentleman's speech, and discover the real metal of which it was composed. And this is his inviolable fate. Every antagonist has attacked him in the same way, and thus neutralized his most powerful efforts. This is really paying him off in his own coin; for his art as a speaker is much greater than would be supposed. His passion is very often stimulated. He is not mentally restless, though that is the character of his oratory. Many of his bursts of enthusiasm have been prepared and rehearsed for weeks.

Mr. Sheil's parliamentary life has been a very simple one, affording few materials for biography. During the last few years he has become a regular member of the whig party. Unlike O'Connell, he has chosen rather to be one of a constitutional opposition than to attempt to remove the battleground beyond the jurisdiction of parliament, and appeal to democratic agencies. Mr. Sheil rather prefers to appeal to historical associations, and to those which are open to all mankind, and not so much to the narrow prejudices of sectarian feeling or exclusive nationality. His politics are those of the whigs, with a slight dash of radicalism, and a strong infusion of Roman Catholic Hibernicism.

The whigs, in return for his services to their cause in the house, made him first a commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, which he resigned, and afterwards vice-president of the Board of Trade, and judge-advocate-general—offices of which he was deprived by the resignation of the party. He

married, in early life, a niece of Sir William M'Mahon, Bart., and afterwards, in 1830, the widow of Mr. Power, of Long Orchard, Tipperary.

LORNETTE.

From Hunt's London Journal.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A MONOMANIAC.

"My little daughter died, the sweetest blossom ever mown down by the scythe of death, and my wife in a little time followed her. On her death-bed she desired all to withdraw but myself. 'My dear Charles,' said she, 'I have a last request to make of your kindness. If you grant it, I shall die in peace.' Such an appeal could not be resisted. I answered that the request should be fulfilled if it was within the compass of human power. 'It may cost you some effort,' returned she, 'but you will make it, I am persuaded, both for my sake and your own. Promise me that you will keep a strict watch against that severity and impetuosity of temper which make you less useful and less beloved in the world than the qualities of your mind and heart would otherwise make you.' I made the promise in sincerity of heart and in tears.

"Her remains were laid beside those of her little daughter, and I was left the prey of a grief which I will not attempt to describe. So strong was the feeling of desolation which took possession of me, that it sometimes actually seemed to me as if it was I who had died; and that I had been translated to another world, strange, cold, and lonely, and haunted by the tormenting remembrance of enjoyments fled forever. The proud, stern manners of my prosperous days at first prevented any sympathy with my affliction; but mankind are good-natured; I at least have found them so, since they bore so patiently with my caprices and sallies; and at last, when they saw the sincerity, the depth, and extremity of my sorrow, their behavior towards me became visibly kinder and more considerate. For a while this sorrow absorbed every other feeling, and the usual violence and haughtiness of my temper seemed to be subdued; but life has its duties and its cares, which none of us are at liberty to decline, and to which we must all return from the seclusion of mourning. As I again came forth into the world, I began to assume my former manners. Before my late calamity I had consented to become a candidate for a public office. I was now attacked in a newspaper with that coarse invective, too much indulged in by the press of this country; allusions the most unwarrantable and unjustifiable were made to my personal character and history; and actions the most innocent were, by an artful mixture of truth and falsehood, perverted into crimes. I was fiercely indignant. I knew that the shaft came from the hand of a rival candidate, and I resolved that I would send it back to his bosom with tenfold force. I went into my study, and, with the obnoxious article before me, sat down to pen a reply which my adversary must feel, if the sense of indignity were not extinct within him. I had already written part of an article, intended for publication, in which I briefly and explicitly disclaimed the charges brought against me, and I now proceeded to retort the attack. Already thoughts and feelings of supreme and intensest scorn filled my mind; the fitting words came crowding to my pen—phrases of the bitterest derision, coined by my very heart—when I felt a

touch softly laid on my right arm. I started, and looked round me, but saw nothing. Again I began to write, and again the touch was felt—more strongly than before. Again I started, rose, and surveyed the room; but it contained no living thing except myself. A third time I began, and a third time I felt that mysterious pressure. The table at which I was writing stood not far from the window, but at such a distance that I could not easily be reached by an arm from without. The door was closed, and there was no furniture in the room under which a person could effectually conceal himself. Going to the door, I opened it, and looked in every direction, but saw no one. I listened attentively for the sound of retreating footsteps, but heard only the chirp of grasshoppers in the summer-noon. Returning to my study, I carefully scanned a second time every corner of the apartment, removed the table further from the window, and again set myself down to write. I mused a while to recover the train of ideas which the interruption had caused me to lose; and when I had done so, again attempted to proceed. Before I had finished a single sentence, I felt on the hand which was employed in guiding the pen a distinct, palpable pressure, but at the same time a gentle and delicate one, as if the fingers of a female hand were laid on my own. It was impossible to resist the inclination to turn my head and to inspect narrowly the room around me, in order to be certain whether any person was standing by my side, or behind me. There was no one—all was silence and emptiness. I strove again to write—the pressure grew firmer. I brought my left hand over and passed it along the back of my right—my hair rose on end—and my blood grew cold in my veins, when I seemed to feel an invisible human hand lying closely on mine. With a convulsive start I dropped the pen, and my hand was instantly released. You may well suppose that I was now in a state of mind which unfitted me from proceeding with the article, even if I had not been restrained by the dread of that mysterious interposition.

"The more I reflected on that incident, the more it embarrassed me. I labored to convince myself that the sensation I had experienced was owing to some outward cause, independent of the state of my mind; but I was unable satisfactorily to account for it in this manner. That it was an illusion arising from the state of high mental excitement in which I was while writing the article, was a supposition which, independent of other considerations, my pride would not suffer me to embrace. I determined, therefore, to settle the point for myself, by the fullest and most deliberate examination. The next day I went again into my study, closed carefully the door and windows, looked under the table and examined the room thoroughly, to satisfy myself that no person was concealed there. I then sat down to the table, took up the unfinished manuscript, and beginning where I had broken off the day before, proceeded to complete it. In a moment I perceived the well-known pressure of the arm, slight and gentle at first, then firmer; but I disregarded it, and continued to write. Then came the sense of compression and restraint on the fingers of my right hand, which I had experienced the day previous, and which now impeded their motion. Applying my left hand to the investigation, I found a set of fingers passing over and clasping my own. I subjected, to the examination of the touch, finger after

finger, and joint after joint of that invisible hand; it was delicately moulded; the fingers were tapering, plump, and soft; the articulations small and feminine; and it was joined to a round and slender wrist; but beyond that I could feel nothing. I attempted to scrutinize it with my eye, but the sight could not shape for it even the faintest and most shadowy outline. I bowed my forehead towards it, and touched flesh that was not my own. You may judge of the feeling of awe which filled my mind while I was making this investigation. At length, with a shudder, I quitted my grasp of the pen, and immediately I perceived that the invisible hand was gone.

"My perplexity was now greater than ever. I had hoped that a deliberate and careful examination would have dispelled the mystery; but it ended in setting the evidence of my senses, or rather of one of them, in opposition to the conclusions of my reason. Was I to believe or to distrust that evidence? Was not what I had experienced a reality to me, a substantial verity, whatever it might be, or appear, to the rest of the world? Then, as to the agent in this mysterious interposition, could it be that the spirit of her to whom I had given the solemn promise of watching over my temper, was permitted to remind me of the obligation I had taken, by this appeal to my outward sense? Must I believe what was so repugnant to the whole tenor of my previous opinions? I determined a third time to make the experiment, and it was followed by precisely the same result as in the instances I have already related. Taking the unfinished paper in my hands, I tore it in pieces, and abandoned my design of replying to the attack which had been made upon me.

"For several days the strange event which had happened afforded me food for reflection—reflection deep, continual, absorbing. Firm as were the convictions of my reason, that the spiritual part of our nature cannot, without the help of material organs, act upon the perceptions of one to whom it does not belong, I could not, I would not believe, that what I had witnessed was owing to a cause above nature. Still, the uniform recurrence of the same sensation, under the same circumstances, perplexed and confounded me. To divert my thoughts from this subject I took my fishing-rod and strolled out to the fine noisy brook that flows through my farm. It was a beautiful day in July; the sun was warm, but not powerful; and clouds were now and then floating lazily over his orb. As I approached the stream, which hurried from one clump of softly-waving trees to another, I thought of the lines in the Castle of Indolence—

— softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brooks, the crimson spotted fry
You may delude—the while amused you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
Attuned to the birds and woodland melody.

"I felt a sort of relief from the images of mingled motion and repose, of activity and ease, of change without effort, which belong to a fine day in this fine season of the year; and my mind began to partake, in some sort, of the serenity of the scene around me. Standing on the green bank, in the shade of a thicket, I dropped my line into the water. It was a clear and glassy little pool of the brook, save at the upper end, where it was agitated with the current that fell into it

over a mossy rock, and I saw the fish playing in its transparent depths, noiselessly, and with that easy, graceful motion which belongs to most creatures of their element. I was leaning intently forward, waiting for one of them to approach the fatal hook, when I felt a touch, a distinct touch, laid on my right arm. So unexpected was this, in the silence and quiet and utter solitude of the scene around me, and in the pursuit of amusement which I had never regarded as otherwise than innocent, and so irritable had my nervous system become in consequence of the late extraordinary incidents, that I started at the sensation with the quickness of lightning, wheeling suddenly to the right, and jerking involuntarily the line from the water. There was nothing in sight that could have touched me, and the only living sound to be heard was my own hard breathing through distended nostrils, mingling with the murmurs of the water and the sighs of the wind. For a while I stood lost in astonishment, but at length recovering, I searched the thicket, in the shade of which I stood, to discover whether it concealed any person who was idle enough to amuse himself in this manner at my expense. In this search I was, as usual, unsuccessful.

"I sat on the bank a while to recover my composure. 'I must not,' said I to myself, 'leave the cause of this interruption in uncertainty. I will, if possible, discover whether it be accidental, or whether it be of the same nature with what I have experienced in other instances.' Accordingly I arose and again swung the bait over the stream, and suffered it to sink into the water. At that instant I felt the monitory touch on my right arm just above the elbow. Turning my head in that direction, I suffered the butt-end of the fishing-rod to press against my breast, keeping firm hold of it with my right hand only, and applying my left to the spot where I felt the pressure. There I found the same invisible hand which I had so closely examined the day previous, the same delicate and tapering fingers, gently yet firmly grasping my arm. I threw away my fishing-rod, and have never attempted the sport of angling since. The admonition I had received, whether real or imaginary, induced a train of reflections which brought me to the conclusion that, however justifiable it may be as an occupation, it cannot be defended as an amusement.

"It was at this time that a view of the subject occurred to my mind which at length, more than anything else, decided my opinion. Of all our senses the touch is the least liable to delusion or mistake. It is the most direct of all our channels of perception; it brings its objects to the closest and minutest scrutiny; it is the least under the control of the imagination, the least liable to be acted upon by delicate and evanescent influences. I never heard of an instance in which the touch became subject to an illusion, while the eye remained faithful to reason and the truth of things. In all the idle and silly stories of ghosts and apparitions, in which I believe as little as you do, the supposed supernatural visitor always addresses itself to the eye or the ear; the haunted person sees its form, or distinguishes its voice; he rarely ever feels its substance. The spirit is generally said to elude the touch; a blow passes through it as through empty air; the arms stretched to embrace it, meet in the midst of its shadowy outlines. The touch is the test by which we prove the truth of the information furnished us by the other

senses, and in its decisions the mind acquiesces with undoubting confidence. So universally and fully is this axiom admitted, that some of the commonest phrases in our own and other languages are founded upon it. When we speak of palpable truth, or truth demonstrated by the touch, we mean reality which admits of no dispute; while to the unsubstantial pictures of the imagination, which impose upon us by the mere semblance of reality, we give the name of visions, or things apparent to the sight only.

"True it was, that, in my own case, I had the testimony of but one of my senses, but it was that sense which corrects the errors of the others, and which is never deceived alone. Had the others concurred with it, my perplexity, I thought, would have been less. Had those fallible organs, the eye and the ear, presented to me, the one a definite form, and the other an audible voice, I might have concluded that what wore the appearance of a supernatural interposition, was but the hallucination of disturbed nerves, or the phantom of a disordered mind, and I might have inferred that the touch was deceived by a natural sympathy with the other senses. But now my case admitted of no such explanation.

"I again recurred to the arguments which were familiar to me, and which had hitherto appeared to my mind conclusive, against the sensible interference of the spirits of the departed in matters of human action. Shall I confess to you that they appeared to me to have lost somewhat of their force, when I considered the question as one of experience and testimony? The moral purposes which such an interference might serve were apparent; and was it not, I asked myself, as presumptuous in the philosophers of this age to say that they were contrary to the laws of nature, as it would be, in a generation during whose existence a comet had never appeared, to deny that such bodies, eccentric as were their courses, belonged to the system of the universe. I see that you do not agree with me; well, I pray that you may never have reason to do so from your own experience. Do not mistake me, however; I did not immediately pass from disbelief to credulity. I was determined to keep my opinion in suspense until the number and uniformity of instances should leave me no other way of accounting for what had happened than by ascribing it to a cause above nature.

"The incidents I have related took place in solitude, in places and at moments when there was no one to witness the effect they produced upon me; but I was now to experience the same extraordinary interposition in the midst of a crowd of my fellow-men. In the election to which I have already alluded I had been unsuccessful, principally, I believe, on account of the unpopularity of my manners. My antagonist, the writer of the attack on me in the public prints, who was all smiles and suavity, was returned by a large majority. I had some friends, however, who adhered to me firmly, and who wished to give me a testimony of their respect by the customary compliment of a public dinner. This I declined, alleging, as a principal reason, my late domestic calamities, but offered to meet them in another manner at any time they might appoint. A day was fixed upon, and I made my appearance before an assembly of those who had given me their suffrages. If you have never been a candidate at a country election you can have no idea of the warmth of

that feeling of good-will and confidence which subsists between the candidate and his supporters—the hardy, intelligent, independent masters and cultivators of the soil. I looked round on their strong-featured, sun-burnt, honest faces, and shook their hard hands with a pleasure which I cannot describe.

"In obedience to the general expectation, I addressed the meeting. I thanked my friends for the zeal they had shown in my behalf. Fruitless though it had been, it gave them no less a claim on my gratitude than if it had been attended with the accident of success. I alluded to the accusations which had been brought against me—slanders worthy, I said, of the source from which they had proceeded. I vindicated myself from them briefly and concisely, for I was anxious to arrive at a point in my discourse on which I intended to dilate more at length, namely, the conduct of my antagonist and his party. Having come to this topic, I felt myself inspired by that degree of excitement which gives force and fluency of language, and the power of moving the minds of others; and I thought to utter things which should be remembered, and repeated, and felt by those against whom they were levelled. I had already begun my philippic, and was proceeding with a raised voice and some vehemence of gesture, when I felt myself plucked by the sleeve. Pausing for an instant, I looked round, but saw no one who touched, or appeared to have touched me. I proceeded, and the signal was repeated. It occurred to me that there was probably some creature of my adversary near me, who wanted to interrupt and confuse me, and I cast brief and fierce glances to the right and the left, which made my worthy friends who stood near me recede, with looks of anxiety and almost of alarm. Again I began, raising my arm as I spoke, but at that moment it seemed clogged with the weight of a mill-stone, and fell powerless to my side. Eager only to proceed, and careless from what quarter the interruption might come, provided I got clear of it, I made a strong effort to shake off the incumbrance, raising at the same time my voice, and attempting to finish in a full sonorous tone the sentence I had begun. Instantly I felt at my throat a cold rigid grasp, as of a hand of iron—a grasp, quite different from the gentle and apparently kind pressure I had sometimes before experienced, choking the voice as it issued from my lungs, and forcing me down into my seat. So completely had I been absorbed in the subject of my harangue, that I did not, until the moment that I found myself in my chair, conjecture the real cause of the interruption. The idea then flashed upon my mind, that this was an interference of the same nature with that which had withheld me from replying to the newspaper attack of my antagonist. My emotions of awe, alarm, and discouragement at this stern and mysterious rebuke were overpowering, and it was with difficulty that I collected myself sufficiently to whisper to a friend who was near me, requesting him to apologize, as well as the case would admit, for my inability to proceed. He arose and attributed what had happened, I believe, to a sudden indisposition, while I retired hastily from the assembly.

"Arriving at my house, I gave myself up to various and distracting reflections. I asked myself whether I, who had ever prided myself on my superiority to vulgar prejudices and superstitions, who had scoffed at stories of supernatural visita-

tions, must now surrender myself to the belief that the ordinary laws of nature were daily broken for my sake, and that I was the object of constant solicitude and care to a being of the other world, who was disquieted for me in the midst of that eternal repose prepared for the spirits of the good? Was not this interference of such a nature as to destroy all liberty of action, and to reduce me to a state little short of servitude? Was I to be withstood even in obeying the instinct of self-defence, which forms a part of the moral constitution of all the nobler animal existences, and which was so emphatically a part of my own? Could it be the will of the Supreme Father, could it be the desire of the loved and lost one, whom haply he permitted to return to this world in order to watch over and admonish me, that I should be reduced to a pusillanimous, passive being, submitting tamely to every injury, and leading a life of mere suffering and inaction, like the plants of the soil, or the animals who are but a degree above them?

"I did not at that time reflect—I did not even know, how little the utmost malice of slander avails against an established reputation for integrity—how the plain tale of the honest man, related without passion, puts down the foul calumny of the unprincipled—and how little it gains, or rather how much it loses, by being coupled with a retaliatory attack, with words of anger and phrases of vituperation.

"This restraint upon what seemed to me the necessary liberty of a rational being, this hindrance in the way of actions, which I esteemed justifiable and laudable, raised by impatience to a tremendous pitch. I walked my room rapidly until the sweat started from every pore: I chafed like a wild beast caught in the toils. What is life, said I to myself, if it is to be held on these conditions—to suffer every indignity from your enemy, and when you strive to repel him, to be smitten with impotence, and to retire with defeat, disappointment, and shame from the contest—nay, more, to be bound hand and foot, and thrown in his path to be buffeted and trampled on, without escape, and without redress? Even if the interference were to a good end, of what value is the virtue which is the fruit solely of coercion? what merit is there in not doing what I am continually struggling to do, and find myself restrained?

"Several days and nights passed away in a state of sleepless dejection from wounded pride, impatience of restraint, and the perplexity arising from the unresolved mystery of my condition. When I went out, I observed that men seemed to look at me with an air of curiosity, as upon one to whom something extraordinary had happened; and it was manifest that my appearance furnished them with a new topic of conversation. I was wasted almost to a shadow, and I started when I saw myself in the glass, so pale, emaciated, and hollow-eyed. My friends entreated me to take exercise, and I was persuaded to provide myself with a horse, a fleet animal in the harness, which the man who brought him to me assured me, honestly enough, was the best creature in the world, bating some caprices of temper, which only required a little wholesome castigation. 'When the horse refuses to go,' said he, 'you have nothing to do but to take a whip and whip the devil out of him.'

"The horse was put into a light sulky, and I drove out daily. The rapid motion, and the quick succession of objects, were a sensible relief to the

gloomy monotony of my reflections. My excursions comprehended a considerable extent of country, lying in the sober and mature beauty of September; and the deep hush of the scene and the season began to communicate somewhat of a correspondent tranquillity to my feelings. My horse had as yet shown none of the caprices of which the seller had given me notice, and I began to think that they were occasioned merely by unskillful management on his part; when at length, one day as I was returning in some haste from a morning drive of greater length than usual, he gave me a specimen of his humors. All at once he stopped short in the middle of the road. I shook the reins over his neck, cracked the whip about his ears, touched him with the end of the lash, spoke to him, chirruped, whistled, and used every means of encouragement and stimulus usual in such cases, but in vain. The only effect they had was to make the animal break, at times, into a short bouncing gallop, which he performed with such a wonderful economy of space, as not to get forward more than a rod in a minute. I had engaged a friend to dine with me that day, and remembering the prescription of the owner of the horse, I got out of my carriage in no little indignation to 'whip the devil out of him.'

"I struck him smartly with the lash, and as I did so I felt the monitory pressure on my arm; but I paid no attention to it at the time, thinking it occasioned by some accidental entanglement of the reins which I was holding. The animal answered the blow by running a few steps backward. Taking the whip in my left hand, I wound the lash spirally round the handle, and restoring it to the right, I raised it to deal a series of heavier and severer blows with the stock, but immediately I perceived a force which I could not resist pulling it down to my side. Shuddering, I desisted from my intention, and after a pause of a few moments, to recover from the shock caused by this new interposition, I took the animal by the bridle to lead him forwards; he obeyed the motion without hesitation, and after leading him a few rods I again got into the carriage, and he proceeded at his usual pace.

"After this I took little pleasure in my rides, in consequence of the perpetual apprehension of a check from my invisible monitor, fearing as I did to urge my horse beyond his voluntary speed, lest I should incur a repetition of these ghostly admonitions, of which I now entertained a kind of nervous dread, and which, instead of becoming more indifferent to them as they grew more frequent, I only regarded with greater terror. Instead of driving out, therefore, I began to take long walks, wandering into unfrequented places, traversing forests, and climbing mountains. It was a fine season, about the beginning of October; a few light early frosts had fallen, the days were soft and sunny, and the woods glorious with the splendors of their annual decay. My walks, begun at early sunrise, were often protracted to nightfall. Sometimes I carried a fowling-piece, but I had not yet thought of using it, when once straying into a deep unfrequented wood, I observed, not far distant from me, sitting on the prostrate trunk of a tree, a partridge or pheasant, as it is differently called in this country, though like neither of the birds known in England by these names. The shy and beautiful bird, unaware of my near approach, yet roused to attention by the rustling of the leaves, stood with its crested head and ruffed

neck erect, as if listening to the sound, in order to determine whether it boded danger. I raised my fowling-piece to my eye and levelled it, and immediately I felt the muzzle drawn towards the ground as if loaded with a sudden weight. I raised it again, taking fresh aim, but before I could discharge the piece, it was drawn downwards a second time. Was this the effect of an excited imagination, or of my own want of skill, or was it in fact a supernatural admonition! The worst certainly could not be so painful as this state of doubt; and in conformity with the habit and inclination of my mind, I instantly resolved that I would obtain all the certainty of which the case admitted. Kneeling down, therefore, I rested my fowling-piece on a log which lay before me, and placing my hands, one on the stock, and the other under the lock, with its forefinger on the trigger, I directed the muzzle towards the object. Before I could take accurate aim, I felt my right arm suddenly pulled back, the piece was discharged, and the ball passed over the head of the bird, which, spreading its mottled wings, rose with a whirr from the ground, and flying a few rods, alighted and ran from my sight.

"Here was what appeared to me a clear interposition of some external power, which had caused me to discharge the piece before I was prepared. But who or what was the agent by whom I had been restrained? In the present case it was an interposition of benevolence, and effected its end by mild methods. But what was I to think of the chill and iron grasp which had stifled my utterance, and nearly deprived me of the breath of life when I strove to speak in my own defence? And in what light should I regard the force which but a day or two previous had struck my arm powerless to my side? Could it be that the gentle being who once shared my fortunes was the agent of such violence; or was another employed in the ungrateful task of subduing my more obstinate moods, while to her was left the care of admonishing me by light pressures and soft touches of her own delicate hand?

"There was nothing less fitted to awaken or keep up the idea of communication with the supernatural world than the aspect of nature around me. The woods were all yellow with autumn, or rather the prevailing color was a bright golden tinge, here and there interspersed with flushes of crimson, purple, and orange. There was no shadow throughout this wide extent of forest, at least there appeared to be none, for the light came through the semi-transparent leaves, or was reflected from their glowing surfaces, with the same golden hue as when it left the orb of the sun. It was a scene of universal warmth and cheerfulness. In the broad glare of the common sunshine, to an imagination excited by the idea of a spectral visitant, the sight of one's own shadow keeping pace with him, and mimicking all his actions, has something in it actually frightful. The wild motions of the clouds also, on a stormy day, have the same effect; and from the uncertain outlines of things seen by a feeble light, the alarmed fancy shapes for itself images of terror. But here was no shadow, no dimness—all was brightness and glory around me. Yet even here, said I to myself, alone as I seem, I have my companions. Invisible beings are ever at my side; they glide with me among the trunks of these trees; they float on the soft pulsations of the air, which detach the yellow leaves from the boughs; they watch every motion

of my frame, and every word of my lips. Never was prisoner, suspected of having formed a plan to escape from his captivity, so vigilantly guarded and observed.

"As I walked slowly homeward, I came to an opening in the forest, on the top of a little eminence, where I stopped and turned to take a last look of the sun as he descended. His mild golden rays were streaming with a sweet and sleepy languor, as if the lids of that great eye of heaven were half-closed over it, softening but not veiling its brightness; while, beneath, the earth slept in Sabbath-stillness, as if yielding itself up to the sole enjoyment of that genial splendor. I sighed, as I thought of the contrast thus presented between my own enthralled and agitated spirit, and the repose and liberty of everything around me. As I proceeded, sunset came on, and twilight stole over the woods. Sometimes I passed through a gloomy thicket of evergreens; and as darkness always heightens the feeling of the marvellous, I almost expected to descry some dim, half-defined form in the shadow, the visible presentation of my ghostly attendant. I saw, however, nothing: powerfully as I had been affected by the incident I have just related, my imagination refused to body forth a visionary shape from the indistinct outlines of things around me; but I reached home in a state of extreme excitement.

"I went to my chamber, but I was too much agitated to think of sleep. For hours I paced the floor, revolving in my mind circumstances of the mysterious visitation of which I was the subject. I watched the moon as she rose, and saw her climb the zenith; and I said to myself, though half ashamed of the thought, 'Will not the dead of night, the witching hour at which our forefathers believed the dead were permitted to leave their graves and walk the earth visible to men, show me the form of that being which keeps perpetual watch over me? Must even the light of the moon, powerful as it is to endure things with strange shapes—that light which the Mantuan poet called malignant, from its being peopled with terrifying phantoms—show me only the accustomed and familiar objects of day? Shall I never be permitted to behold the external shape of the mysterious existence, which so often manifests itself to another of my senses, that I may determine with more certainty its nature, and whether its interposition be for good or evil? But it must be for good, for it interposes only to prevent some act of cruelty or passion.' These reflections, it will easily be imagined, did not dispose me to slumber. It was not until the stars began to grow pale that a sense of fatigue compelled me to throw myself on the bed, nor even then were my eyes soon closed in sleep. It was late, however, very late when I awoke; the light streaming into my windows pained my eyes as I opened them. My black man, an honest, faithful creature, who had grown old in the family of my wife's father, and whom, at her request, I had taken into my service, was just opening the door.

"'What o'clock is it?' said I; 'look at my watch on the table.'

"He took up the watch, but appeared to find some difficulty in distinguishing the hour.

"'Hand it to me, you stupid creature,' said I, 'and let me see for myself.'

"I looked at the dial, which informed me that it was half-past ten o'clock.

"'Rascal!' exclaimed I, 'have you not been

positively directed never to neglect calling me at seven o'clock, if I were not already up?'

"'Yes, master, but I thought you might have need of rest. I am certain that I heard master walking his room till very late, and I was afraid he would not like to be disturbed.'

"'What business had you to set your thoughts or your fears against my orders? How did you know that I had not some appointment to keep, or some important business to transact before this hour? I had actually an appointment, and your negligence has caused me to break it. But I will take care to teach you a lesson that you will remember. Leave the room instantly, call again in half an hour, and I will pay you your wages, and you shall —'

"I was going to add that he should immediately quit my service; but at that moment I felt the bed-clothes, which lay across my shoulders and the lower part of my face, pressed over them so tightly and closely, and with such a prodigious weight, as to smother my voice, or at least to reduce it to sounds choked and inarticulate. In vain I struggled to free myself; the sheets seemed, as we sometimes fancy them in a fit of the night-mare, to be thick plates of the heaviest and hardest of metals, and lay upon me with an immovable rigidity. The black man retreated from the room with a face of blank astonishment; but as soon as he was gone, the enormous weight ceased to press upon me, and I again breathed freely. I arose and put on my clothes; in a short time the negro presented himself, and I paid him his wages up to that morning. He looked surprised, but I sent him about some ordinary service, without entering into any explanation.

"It might be thought that these successive admonitions, manifest as their design had become, would have made me cautious of transgressing the bounds of a just moderation of temper, and have restrained me from every act bordering on inhumanity. I was not yet, however, wholly cured. One day, as I was returning from one of my usual walks, I chanced to pass by a farm of which I was the proprietor. I had been of late so entirely absorbed in other matters, that I had not visited it to inspect its condition; but I now observed that the house was in bad repair, the shutters dropping from the hinges, the windows broken and patched with rags, and the fences everywhere falling down. The tenant had taken the farm on condition of rendering me half the annual product. The portion I had already received was not equal to my expectations; and the autumnal crops, then ready for gathering, exposed as they were to the depredations of animals, I thought would be little or nothing.

"I sent for the man as soon as I got home. He made no haste to come; but in a day or two after a second message, he deigned to make his appearance: he was a stout, broad-shouldered, dark-complexioned man, with a blackguard cast of the eye, and a resolute demeanor.

"'Johnston,' said I to him, 'I fear you do not keep your farm in the best order.' 'I do the best I can, squire,' was the laconic answer. 'But I saw the fences down the other day, and observed strange cattle feeding in my meadows and spoiling the next year's crop of grass.' 'I have nothing to do with the next year's crop, squire, till I know whether I am to stay another year on the place.'

'That you may know from this moment. Your term is from the twentieth of November to the

twentieth of November; so you may make up your mind to leave the premises the very day your lease expires, for I am determined that so worthless a tenant shall remain on the farm no longer.' The man laughed in my face. 'I rather guess, squire,' returned he, 'that you will be troubled to get me out quite as soon as you expect. I believe there was no writing in the business; and as for the law about them matters, I know what it is as well as you, for I heard the judge lay it down once in court. No, squire, I thank you; I shall not budge a foot; I shall stay in that house for the winter. I will not be turned out, wife and children and all, in the cold weather, just because you ha'n't made so much money by me as you meant to do; and what is more, you can't turn me out. I know what the law is as well as you.' I was provoked beyond measure at the man's insolence. 'Scoundrel!' said I; 'do you set me at defiance? Did I not put you on that farm out of charity?' 'And now you would turn me into the street to starve, out of charity, I s'pose. There is just as much charity in one case as in the other. I was needy, and you thought to take advantage of my situation for your own profit; you have been disappointed, and now you want to be rid of me.' 'Fellow,' said I to Johnston, 'your dishonesty and ingratitude are bad enough, but your ill-manners are past all bearing. Leave the house instantly.' I shall never forget the look of cool impudence which the man gave me, as he answered, that, having come at my request on a matter of business, he should not think of taking his leave until it was settled; that he was no lackey of mine, to come and go at my bidding; and that having entered the house by my special invitation, he should take his own time for leaving it.

"Then I must endeavor to quicken your speed," said I, reaching my hand to the wall near me, where hung a large horsewhip; with which, in the extremity of my anger, I resolved to chastise the insolence of the plebeian. Immediately I felt a soft pressure on the wrist, as if a gentle hand strove to detain my own. This was no time, however, nor was I in a mood to be withheld from my purpose by anything short of irresistible force. There stood the insolent and ragged rascal who had provoked me; he had thrown off his great coat, and stood in the only garments left, a tattered shirt and pantaloons, placing himself in an attitude of defence, looking as if ready to spring upon me, and watching me with a quick eye and a determined look, which, however, indicated no more passion than might give firmness to his purpose, and vigor to its execution. I broke impatiently from the soft restraint which impeded me, raised my hand to the whip, seized it, and had already lifted it over Johnston's head, when I felt my arm suddenly arrested by a firm, rigid, painful grasp. I strove to move forward, but could not; it seemed as if every part of my frame was imprisoned with bars and shackles of iron; I felt them on my breast, my sides, my arms, and my thighs. No words can describe the tumult of feelings in my bosom—indignation, surprise, disappointment, all wrought to the highest pitch, and all subsiding into horror. Johnston, who was waiting to repel and return my blow, and who evidently intended to fell me to the earth, if possible, had I struck him, grew pale as he looked at me, and walked away, turning once or twice as he left the room to fix his eyes upon me. I heard afterwards that he had acknowledged that, fearless as he was, the

expression of my countenance daunted him—with such a frightful and demoniac energy did it speak of the violent passions which raged within me.

"I was now left alone; but not as formerly was I released as soon as the occasion for restraint had ceased. On the contrary, the rigid pressure still continued to impede my motions on every side. My left hand, however, was at liberty; and as somewhat of my presence of mind returned, I began to investigate the nature of the strange invisible shackles which confined me. That powerful grasp was still on my right arm. I searched it—it was not a hand of flesh—I felt the smooth, cold articulations of a skeleton. The gentle being who had given me the first admonition, had resigned me for the time to severer guardianship. I endeavored to move my hand forward and towards either side; it was obstructed by a kind of irregular lattice-work, which, on examining it closely, proved to be the bones of a skeleton. I felt the parallel ribs; I passed my hand through them, and touched the column of the spine. Words cannot describe my horror. I did not swoon; I did not lose consciousness; but with dilated eyes, and erected hair, and cold shudders passing over my whole frame, I explored the mysterious objects which surrounded me; I continued the examination until not a doubt remained, and I came to the conclusion that I was surrounded by a group of skeletons, one of which held my arm, and another clasped me in its horrible embraces. Shortly afterward my arm was released, the stricture around my chest was gone, and I could move my limbs without difficulty. In a state of extreme exhaustion, I sunk down upon the nearest seat.

"My incredulity with respect to these interpositions had previously to this, as I think I have intimated, been overcome; and it now remained for me to consider, whether I would incur a repetition of such admonitions as the last, administered doubtless, in that terrible manner, because it was manifest that milder means had no effect upon me. I began to watch all my actions and words, to abstain from the utterance of everything unkind or angry, and from the doing of everything which could give pain to a living creature. I have in some measure reaped the reward of my circumspection in the complacent feeling which attends the overcoming of temptation, or, in perhaps better phrase, the sense of gratitude at having been preserved from odious and mischievous actions. My life has since been passed with great tranquillity, though still saddened with the memory of my loss. Yet I confess to you that, with this perpetual restraint upon my actions, this sense of a presence which checks and chastises what is wrong, I am far from happy. I feel like a captive in chains, and my spirit yearns after its former freedom. My sole desire and hope is, that, by a patient submission to the guidance appointed me, I may become fitted for a state where liberty and virtue are the same, and where, in following the rules of duty, we shall only pursue a natural and unerring inclination."

After some conversation on different topics, I parted from Medfield. In the month of June afterward, as I was looking over the columns of a newspaper, I saw announced in the obituary the death of Charles Medfield, of —, aged 36 years.

From the Colonial Magazine.

THE NOVA SCOTIA FISHERIES.

We have been handed the following interesting report on the fisheries of Nova Scotia, by Captain Stephens, for several years commander of a colonial cruiser for the protection of the fisheries of that colony. The captain seems to be quite a practical man, and well calculated for such a service, and his report contains a good deal of information.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, LORD VISCOUNT FALKLAND.

May it please Your Excellency—

Deeming it a duty I owe your Excellency, in consideration of the trust reposed in me, as commander of one of the vessels for the protection of the coast fisheries, I beg leave to lay before your Excellency the following particulars compiled from information collected while cruising along the eastern section of the province.

The mackerel fishery at the opening of the season was such as to discourage the operations of the fisherman who expected to draw succor from it, after a long and severe winter. It however proved before the close to be most prosperous, the catch having exceeded that of many years. If continued to be fostered by your Excellency's government, it may enable a class to emerge from difficulties that seem incident to the mode of life they are engaged in.

The past year has shown an increase over the year 1839 of 52,727 barrels—that was immediately previous to the cruising vessels being put in commission.

On the causes which led to the decline of this important branch of trade various are the opinions that prevail, but one may be fairly ascribed to the privations endured by many, in consequence of the inroad made on the people's well-defined rights by the United States fishermen, who not only entered the harbors at pleasure, destroying the people's nets, but trailed the fish from the shore. This obliged many to abandon Nova Scotia, and seek employment in the United States. In some instances such persons entered their vessels, and conducted them back, to carry on a contraband trade with the people of the province.

In the year 1815, the fishing tonnage of the United States was only 15,000 tons, and in 1835 it had increased to 113,817 tons. Their encroachments on the coast could not be repressed by those bulky ships-of-war, whose lofty canvass gave timely warning of the coming danger. In the year 1840, the complaints of the people were heard in the legislature, and vessels of suitable size and force were appointed for the protection of the coast. At this period, American fishermen mustered in large fleets in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, placing themselves on the shores of Cape Breton, intercepting the fish, whose habits are to skirt the shores and drop into the bays in their migration west. In the year 1839, the exports out of the port of Halifax were only 19,127½ barrels—in the year 1843, they amounted to 71,857 barrels. This increase may be fairly attributed to the visits of the fishermen of the neighboring republic being less frequent—mackerel, when in full season being seldom taken any distance from the shore. The fishery was at one period very profitable to the people of the United States. In one year 308,000 barrels were inspected in Boston, but by the check

they have received, their fishing tonnage has been diminished 47,147 tons, as appears by a return from the Treasury Department, Washington, dated in June, 1843.

This fishery commences with the Americans in May, at the Capes of the Delaware, (where, it is supposed, the fish bed themselves during the winter,) and ends in October in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but continues with the native fishermen whilst the season continues open, the fish then going west.

Of the quantity exported, to the amount of £50,000 has been taken for the United States, and where a market can be had for all the "fall fish" that can be caught, the West Indies awaiting those taken in earlier season; so that this branch alone is capable of giving profitable employment to the shore population of the province, and may be preserved to them by the joint co-operation of Canada and Prince Edward Island with Nova Scotia, if they keep United States fishermen from the shores, which would ultimately oblige them to discontinue their fishing operations in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

From the success last year, and the belief that the protection will be continued by your Excellency's government, preparations on a large scale are making, in the purchase of boats, nets, and other gear, and farmers' sons from the back settlements, it is said, intend engaging in the business: many expectations are entertained respecting the approaching season, should Providence bless them as heretofore.

The present capital in nets alone, is said to fall little short of £75,000, and these are owned by the poorer class, whose limited means will not allow them to engage in the deep-sea fishing.

The annexed returns show the progressive increase since the appointment of the government schooner referred to.

Export of mackerel out of the port of Halifax for the

Years	Barrels.
1839	19,127½
1840	25,010½
1841	35,917
1842	54,118½
1843	71,857

Markets for herring being latterly difficult to be found, owing, it is said, to the ability of the United States to furnish the West Indies with animal food at a low rate, the shipments made of this article are at present very limited, scarcely exceeding 20,000 barrels, and with the exception of 10,000 barrels put up in prime order for Canada, are hardly worth shipping. They are chiefly brought in bulk from Newfoundland, and remain often three weeks without being packed in barrels, having only a little share of salt strewed among them whilst conveying hither. They should be cured from the net, according to the Dutch mode, and which makes those in Holland so much esteemed from the care taken in putting them up for market.

To the cod fishery, I cannot advert with any degree of satisfaction, from its inoperative state, owing to long-continued causes.

Much has been said about the prolific fishing banks, that gave such extensive employment to the French during their occupation of Louisbourg. History tells us that there were then in the trade 564 ships, besides other class of vessels, and

27,000 seamen; and its export in fish and oil, nearly one million sterling. The tonnage and labor of Nova Scotia do not produce over £400,000 in the currency of the province.

When the French had left Louisbourg, the trade by a few merchants was followed up in a limited way, whose mode of action amongst the Acadian French tended not to foster the business. The sad effects of this are at present felt. Having no natural connexion for their welfare, they obtained control over their labor by the credit system, and high prices, and thus ruin to many resulted. Their paternal inheritance became mortgaged, and they were left only in the option of continuing in protracted thralldom, or of seeking relief on a more friendly shore. This then may be deemed one of the causes why our cod fishery is so limited, although having the advantage of an earlier market each year than Newfoundland. The fisherman, being in many instances unable to catch what will pay for his proper supplies, is obliged to confine his operations to what he can catch in a boat, the diminutive size of which confines him to the vicinity of the shore.

A short time since, in order to trace this evil to its source, I applied myself to the taking of the fishing census, including the number of shallops and boats employed in the districts on which I cruised. After the labor of two successive seasons, I was enabled to put myself in possession of some important facts, which will plainly show the unprofitable manner this fishery is carried on, and the amount of labor thereby lost to the Province.

East of Canso, and around Cape Breton in this province, there are 400 miles of seaboard, having only 4,700 fishermen; now, this is capable of manning 870 shallops, while the fishermen possess only 120. The fishery then is carried on in boats, which number 1,660. The shallops catch about 250 quintals, the boats 35 each, in the season, making about 8,000 quintals; whereas the 870 shallops, if properly appointed, are capable of catching at least 53,800 quintals, showing a loss to the province from what might be caught, of 273,000 quintals. From the experience of five years, I draw these conclusions.

A better state of things exists in the western section, as appeared to me on a visit to that part before the close of the last season. This visit did not, however, extend beyond Liverpool, as I was prevented by the weather from proceeding further. I intended to prosecute an inquiry that would enable me to report more at large on this important branch of provincial industry.

The proximity of the part just referred to, to markets where supplies can be advantageously obtained, makes a great difference in favor of this locality, and has added an energy to their industry. A clog is attached to the former from the poor requital for their labor. Thus the western inhabitants appear more industrious, and they may be fairly put down as a valuable class of settlers, particularly those of Lahawe.

The past season has been one of unprecedented success to the fishermen of the Province; many have been raised to a comparative state of comfort. The merchants of Halifax say they have not been better paid by their fish-dealers for many years than during the one just gone by. Two circumstances have added much to their good fortune—an advance of twenty per cent. on the price of fish this year over that of last, and a reduction of 5s. per hoghead on salt—the quantity consumed is

supposed to be 40,000 hogheads. From the savings thus effected, they are enabled to lay in supplies on better terms than heretofore.

As boat-fishing is the chief mode by which the fishery is carried on, it may be well to remark how it is interfered with by subjects of the United States. Early in the spring the vessels belonging to that country are placed on the fishing banks off the shores, from Cape Sable to Cape Canso, and there the fish are kept from coming into shoal water, for the benefit of the native fishermen. They also make it a practice, under various pretexts, to come into the harbors east of Halifax for bait. By these early operations they are returned with their first fare before our fishermen commence. It is pleasing, however, to remark that, from unexplained causes, since the year previous to the coast rights of the province being protected, their foreign exports of fish are 270,000 dollars less than at previous periods, a circumstance which must have a favorable influence on the trade of the province with tropical climates.

On the seal fishery I would make a few closing remarks to your Excellency. This business was commenced in Cape Breton, encouraged by the aid of a small provincial bounty, conducted in vessels of not over forty tons and eight men. In Newfoundland vessels of double that size, and of a crew of forty men, are employed in the business, and seem to add an important item to the trade of that colony.

About twenty-two vessels went to the ice from Chetecamp and Margerite, returning with near ten thousand seals, which seem to have amply requited those engaged in it, their fit-out being on a very circumscribed scale. A vessel was fitted out by an enterprising merchant of Sidney on the Newfoundland principle, which, in the short space of three weeks, had cleared the round sum of fourteen thousand pounds! This, it appears, encouraged many to embark in the business during the coming season.

The foregoing remarks on the fisheries are humbly submitted to your Excellency, as an endeavor to contribute all the information I can collect respecting the service in which I am employed.

I have the honor to be, your Excellency's very humble and obedient servant,

ANDREW STEPHENS.

Halifax, February, 1844.

LIVE INSECT VOIDED BY THE NOSTRILS.—Miss —, ætat. 19, strong constitution, affected for the last two years with a supra-orbital cephalalgia on the left side, at first slight, but gradually increasing in intensity; all the remedies prescribed failed in giving relief. On the 31st December, 1842, after a violent fit of sneezing, she felt something move in the left nostril, and, on blowing her nose, a live insect escaped; the pain ceased immediately, and did not return, and the general health soon became perfect. The insect, which lived seventeen days, when examined, proved to belong to the order of Myriapodes of Latreille; the genus Scolopendra, and the species *Scolopendra electrica*, of Linnæus; it was of a pale red colour, with a brown ray on its back; its body was one-tenth of an inch in breadth, and one-fifth in length. The author concludes that the ovum was accidentally deposited in the fossa nasalis, and there developed itself, undergoing its various metamorphoses, until violently expelled.—*Medical Times*.

From Hood's Magazine.

"THE SHIP-BREAKER'S YARD."

THE following narrative is taken from a ponderous manuscript, bequeathed to me by a great-uncle, who demised about the commencement of the present century. The compilation was entitled the "Old Express," and appears to have been the history of an expedition which my worthy relative made, when a young man, from London to Dover in the old night-coach, in which the ordinary duration of a journey, of from sixteen to twenty hours, was prolonged by a snow-storm, and other casualties, to a period of twice that time. Hear this, ye patron spirits of railroads, of steam-boilers, and aerial velocipedes!

As my worthy relative is somewhat prolix in his introduction, giving at length the description of the inside passengers, and the dreary horrors of the snow-storm, I shall take the liberty of extracting his first story without further preamble than the observation, that its narrator was a very worthy gentleman, who had volunteered to amuse one of his fellow-passengers, a sharp-featured, somewhat diminutive, but very inquisitive female, whom my uncle denominated the "Curious Lady." The characters of the other passengers appear to be developed as they occasionally comment upon the progress of the story. So, let us fancy ourselves inside the "Old Express," the coach dragging heavily through the snow at the rate of one mile and three-quarters per hour, or attempting to move at no progressive rate at all. One of the passengers, an individual of vast proportions, enveloped in great-coats and shawls innumerable, a man of few words but many oaths, is asleep in one corner of the coach; while a little spiritual-looking, narrow-visaged, animated gentleman, sits opposite to him, watching every word of the speaker, and enjoying every syllable he utters, since it necessarily imposes a restraint upon a disposition, which has already obtained for him, in my uncle's manuscript, the epithet of the "Talking Gentleman."

"THE SHIP-BREAKER'S YARD."

MANY years since there was an old public-house on the banks of the Thames, called the "Black Robin." It was somewhere in the vicinity of the "Pageants," at Redriffe, and stood detached from all other buildings. A narrow and dirty lane, fenced in on either side by pieces of old ship-sheathing, standing lengthwise, which made it dark and unwholesome in the brightest summer's day, connected the inn with a populous, but poor and mean neighborhood. It was indeed a melancholy-looking place; every retiring tide of the river left a long dreary waste of yellow mud, which seemed to infect the very constitution of the old house itself; for whenever the chilly northern blasts came off the water, its badly-fastened, and ill-conditioned doors and shutters swung to and fro, and banged together, and flew open again, as though the old building was shaking in every limb, and chattering with all its teeth under a violent fit of the ague. There was something dark and ominous about its name, too. Who "Black Robin" was, or had been, no one knew;—pirate, smuggler, or highwayman? Everything connected with his history was shrouded in grim obscurity. Various conjectures were at times hazarded, concerning his identity with some notorious character, who a century or two since had

flourished in that neighborhood, and with whose fame, tradition had connected many a fearful deed. Still nothing certain was known; and the usual guests, sailors, watermen, and shipwrights, so long as the landlord's ale was good, rarely troubled themselves with inquiring into the character of the founder of his dynasty. It was a strange old place that house; it was a wonder indeed that any one took the trouble to go out of their way down that dark lane to visit it. Still it had a tolerable share of custom; and many a waterman, as he rowed up alongshore, after having discharged his fare, grounded his boat for a quarter of an hour at the stairs close by, to take a whet, and see what was going on at the "Black Robin." It was an "elling" place, as we say in Kent, at least it was in those days, for wharf upon wharf since then has accumulated, till there is scarcely a rood of earth unoccupied, between London Bridge and the "Dog and Duck."

Many a dark and secret deed has been done upon the banks of that metropolitan Thames, and within half a mile of the densest population. Many a midnight shriek has the sullen wash of the river mocked and stifled; and many a victim of outrage and murder has its deep bosom buried forever from human ken.

The "Black Robin," on one side, overlooked the waters of the Thames, the rest of its prospect extended over—nay," said the narrator abruptly pausing, as he ominously refreshed his olfactory organ with a substantial dose of rappee; "I will not trespass on your time by minute particulars, but come at once to the events of my story—"

"Indeed, sir," said the curious lady, "I am dying to hear you complete your description of the old place—you were just about to say, that the prospect extended over—"

"Ah, my dear madam—a most melancholy lookout. I trust you will not press me upon a subject which—" "Certainly not!" we all exclaimed, with the exception of the lady passenger, who after a moment's hesitation, said—

"Really, sir, I think I could make a guess. Could it be a church-yard in which you had buried some dear friend; your wife, perhaps?"

"My wife!" exclaimed the narrator, with the oddest expression I ever beheld portrayed: "One a great deal more melancholy than that."

"Impossible!" said his fair interrogator.

"More melancholy by far," continued the gentleman. "In a churchyard, ma'am, the dead are concealed, shrouded, confined, buried; there is nothing but their tombs or their head-stones visible; but in the place I speak of, the dead are unshrined and exposed, stuck up to view in all their ghastliness, nay, their very bodies mangled and distorted, and divided limb from limb, joint from joint, exhibited to all eyes and in all weathers."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the lady passenger. "What, joint from joint?"

"Ay, ma'am—knees and back, and leg and foot—stem from stern, ma'am, saving your pardon."

"Scandalous!" said the lady, looking a little flushed. "But how! have we a government that can endure, a king that can tolerate, this outrage?"

"Yes, and an admiralty that sanctions it. Nay, the noblest defenders of our laws, the bulwarks of our independence, are there exposed; their limbs, piecemeal, wrenched asunder, their sinews blackening in the wind, and the deck which a Vernon trod, or the gallery from whence a Rooke issued

his orders to fire the enemy's fleet——It was a ship-breaker's yard, ma'am."

"Bah!" said the swearing gentleman, rousing from his sleep.

"Bah! say I too," rejoined the narrator, "and I should like any one that laughs at me to undergo the horrors of that locality for one night only——only one night. Let there be a little moonlight, and let him find himself, as I did once, after a deep carouse, lying upon the cold ground, and let him suddenly awake and come to his senses! Bah! indeed;——it would be enough to send him off to sleep forever. There they were, those grim mysterious figure-heads, of colossal size, rising among the wrecks of men-of-war and Indiamen, like the degraded but incensed deities of a heathen world, grim as Egyptian gods, silent as Eternity! How they looked out on me with their great, broad, lack-lustre eyes, chilling my very blood, and making a pagan of me in right earnest; for I verily believe, in my consternation, I went down on my knees to one great idol, which I thought was Nemesis, but which proved to be Queen Elizabeth, with one leg missing."

"You were a little elevated, no doubt?" said the talking gentleman, impatient to edge in a word or two.

"Elevated! Ay, I might have been at the early part of the evening, but I was depressed enough then, I assure you. I had been that afternoon with some companions to Greenwich, and in the warmth of my heart, I had narrated the history of 'Black Robin.'"

"Returning home by water, they made me rather tipsy with champagne, the good fellows! and put me ashore to sober myself upon that most desolate of all localities, the dissecting ground of the British Navy."

"It was too bad—I paid them off shortly afterwards. However, to continue, nothing could equal the melancholy appearance of the place. Independent of the ominous presence of the 'Black Robin,' there was a meagre-looking building of a warehouse, or mould-loft, on one side of the yard, looking over the tall feathery sheathing-boards torn from the sides of our proudest navies. Standing for the most part erect, were the knees and timbers of all descriptions of vessels garnered up with old blocks, and 'dead-eyes,' and rusty anchors, and worn-out cables, which were writhed about like maimed serpents, in strange confusion. Close to the water's edge, stripped of masts, and deck, and planking, lay the gigantic hull of the Medusa frigate, its figure-head awfully grinning,—a burlesque upon Horror itself,—as the timbers of the ship, like the ribs of some antediluvian monster, rose before me in dim and supernatural perspective. Oh, it was a fearful night indeed! now and then the lights of some vessel in the river, or the sullen glare of a furnace on the opposite shore, glimmered through the timbers of the 'Medusa' like so many Jack-o'-lanterns! Truly, I thought I was in the other world, suffering for my sins: how long I lay I know not. Presently, toll, toll, toll, a mighty bell sounded through the darkness; a number of ghosts or devils, I did not care which, for I felt quite hardened, appeared shortly afterwards gliding about the yard with lights; and then I heard a confused din, as of a hundred hammers, and a clapping, and hacking, and such a riving, and ringing of iron staples and bolts!

"Verily, thought I, I am dead, but through some infernal mistake, my credentials as a Christian

not being properly made out, I have got into the heathen place of punishment, or else I am classically damned along with Vulcan and the Cyclops. The more I reflected upon this, the more I became convinced of its reality, or how could I have taken to worshipping that heathen idol, as I did when I first awoke?

"However, as day gradually dawned, I returned to my senses, recollected where I was, and after making my respects to Queen Elizabeth and her family, I emerged sound and well from the 'Ship-breaker's Yard;' but to proceed"—

"Pardon me," said the lady, "but the awful bell, sir, the mysterious shadows, and supernatural lights!"

"The bell, ma'am, was the yard bell; the shadows were the workmen returning at seven o'clock of a winter's morning to their occupations, and the lights were the lanterns by which they worked till day-break."

By this time we had arrived at Welling; the coach stopped to change horses, and the historian of the "Black Robin" alighted and went into the bar of the inn. He immediately ordered a stiff glass of brandy and water, hot.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER a considerable delay on the united part of coachmen, passengers, and horses, for one of our wheelers was a notorious jib, and refused to start from the inn door, we once more proceeded on our journey. The narrative of the "Ship-breaker's Yard" was immediately continued:—"Some forty years since, the 'Black Robin' was kept by a man named Blakemore, or as he was familiarly called, 'Old Blakey.' He was a strange hand, a perfect nondescript, just fitted for the queer old house itself. His costume, for it must have been in the time of William and Mary, or Queen Anne, partook of the peculiarities of his character. He wore a great over-coat with high collar, and immense pockets which flapped over his knees, and his feet were lost in great high-heeled shoes with buckles. He was rather a short man, but he crowned himself with an immense broad-brimmed high-peaked hat, so that he looked quite top-heavy. There was no superabundance of urbanity about his disposition: nevertheless, he had a deal of company. His guests, indeed, were mostly from foreign parts, for never a queer built, outlandish bark, moored in the river, but her boat's crew were sure to pay the Black Robin a visit. Indeed, his guests at times were such as no other landlord would have put up with—such blustering, roaring fellows, who with their oaths and quarrels threatened to shake the old place about his ears—such fighting, and contention, and now and then, such a murder!"

"A murder!" exclaimed the curious lady.

"Ay, ma'am, so tradition goes—many a murder—sometimes there was a coroner's inquest on the body, and a verdict. Sometimes there was no body, so there was no inquest, and no verdict; but the old Thames could tell many a tale, and some of those old figures in the yard close by—if they had tongues as well as ears."

"Well, but if people were missing," observed the talking gentleman, "surely there would be some inquiries."

"Missing!" replied the narrator, "why, there were plenty that never went home again; but as they were mostly in the seafaring line, if any inquiry took place, there was always the same

answer—"They were washed overboard in the night," that was all!"—

"Shocking!" said the curious lady—"but Mr. Blakey?"

"Old Blakey, ma'am—O, he got rich, nobody knew how, not exactly in money, but in gold and silver, and all sorts of chattels. Such curious old watches and rings had he, and antiquated tankards, and cups which might have served King Pharaoh, and seals which might have hung at Solomon's girdle, and rich Dutch pipes, and foreign snuff-boxes! Some of them left in pledge for drink, others retained for money advanced to some poor devil of a mate or boatswain, which they never returned to claim, or returning could not redeem. However, they were not all sailors who came by water, and landed at the little stairs just below Blakey's house. Many a plash of oars was heard under his window at an hour or two past midnight, as at the concerted signal he secretly hailed some expected guest, who threw his well-loaded bag upon the floor with a fearful curse, 'that it was so heavy!'—Then commenced the bargaining and haggling for its contents, as one by one the spoils of midnight rapine and outrage were exposed to view by the light of an old lantern in a little dark room at the back of the house, which Blakey called his den. Pirates, smugglers, land-rats and water-rats,—every species of every agent of iniquity that prowls the river, or the ocean, found an asylum, if not a welcome, at the 'Black Robin.' Hard were the bargains which old Blakemore drove, and over many an article purchased with blood, and acquired by loss of peace of mind by the wretched being who offered it for sale, our landlord would contend, until he had screwed the poor devil down to the lowest farthing, and sent him forth in madness and despair, the sooner to do another deed of blood, since the fruits of the last crime had availed him so little.

"One dark tempestuous morning, after Blakey had barred the inn door, as his last riotous guest staggered down the murky lane, and groped his way, either towards the houses in the distance, or to the banks of the roaring river, Blakey cared not which—one dark morning, after closing the gate of his den, and raking out every ember of fire from the tap-room grate, the landlord of the 'Black Robin' crept up stairs. He had himself been drinking freely, as he had made a good bargain over some schiedam, the flavor of which was doubly heightened by its being both smuggled and stolen. The wind moaned, the river roared, and as the old sign, on its rusty and weather-worn hinges, swung backwards and forwards, it creaked in a peculiar and dismal manner. Now and then, a tile came rattling down, for there was an awful gale aloft, bounding and whizzing against the roof, while the very yard-bell, as the ropes swung to and fro, like the cord of a murderer's gibbet, gave forth by uncertain fits a low dull sound, as though it were tolling a murderer's knell.

"Old Blakey closed the shutters, crept between the blankets, and tried to go to sleep. Not a wink of rest could he obtain. He tossed and turned for an hour or two. No wonder; he little knew what was going on in the ship-breaker's yard. Though the night was obscure, there was still a moon, at least a part of one, shining at intervals through the broken masses of the dark clouds. The wind howled and moaned, swinging backwards and forwards the old ropes and cordage in the yard, and

playing all manner of tunes among the timbers and skeletons of the old ships. As it lulled occasionally, it was succeeded by a deep murmur, like nothing earthly or human,—a strange sound, not exactly sepulchral, or ghostlike either, but a peculiar muttering,—'nought but itself could be its parallel.'

"The poor drunken fellow, who had been thrust out of the 'Black Robin,' after groping about for some time in the lane, managed to make his way into the ship-breaker's yard, through a side entrance, the door of which had been blown off its hinges. Here he staggered about for some time, over pieces of timber and piles of sheathing, until he blundered down close beside a mutilated figure of old Admiral Benbow, which stood adjoining a shed that covered an old sawpit. He received a rather severe contusion by his fall, which stunned him for a time. As he came to his senses, he thought he heard a strange deep muttering, especially in the pauses of the wind. He listened; and presently a sound was heard, which was answered by what appeared a shriller voice, from the other side of the yard. He rubbed his eyes and pinched himself; however, he found it was no delusion. Again, he heard the sound: it came direct from the lips of Old Benbow. At first it was so strange that he could not understand it. However, in a little time he became more familiar with the phraseology, and was shortly aware that all the figures in the yard were holding a conversation. Nevertheless, owing to the roaring of the wind, and the confusion of tongues, (for there were a vast majority of lady figure-heads who all spoke at once,) it was some time before he was able to ascertain the subject of conversation. At length there appeared a sudden calm. It was evident some important question had been put to the vote, for it was followed immediately by a tremendous noise, like the threshing of corn, or the beating of hemp, which he supposed was a clapping of hands, at the question being carried by a vast majority. Suddenly, from a distant part of the yard, where he recollected having seen a half-length effigy of the 'Vixen,' sloop-of-war, a shrill voice exclaimed, 'In the name of his most Catholic Majesty, James of blessed memory, I protest against the appointment!' 'Protest and be d—,' growled out Old Benbow, just above. 'Order, order, order!' exclaimed several figures; while a naked figure of Apollo shouted out 'Shame!' at the tip-top of his voice, probably at Benbow's ungentlemanly interruption of a lady. The whole question appeared about to be reopened.

"'Try it again,' exclaimed the 'Judge Jeffries.' 'Silence,' roared out the 'Thunderer.' 'Turn her out,' shrieked the 'Impartial.' 'The Princess Royal held up her left hand!' lisped the 'Flirt' frigate. 'You lie,' said the 'Princess Royal.' 'I lost it at the battle of Harwich, where you run away from a Dutch dogger!'—The confusion seemed to be increasing, when a most commanding and domineering voice was heard, which seemed partly to silence, if not appal the meeting, and 'Queen Elizabeth,' scorning to notice the small knot of partizans of 'James the Second,' a poor old battered figure-head without a crown, proceeded to return thanks for the honor conferred upon her by the meeting, and stated, that, without further delay, she should immediately carry their wishes into operation. Thus speaking, she came down from the pile of

timber, upon the top of which she had been throned, and with a gigantic stride, without so much as asking his leave, she snatched a trident out of the hands of the figure-head of the 'Neptune.' The poor old sea-god could not make much resistance, certainly, for he was lying on the ground, his legs and back parts having been shot away, when the bold Drake laid him along-side the 'Santa Trinidad,' when he captured the Spanish galleons. However, it was an unkind cut on the part of Elizabeth; but away she strode, and the whole assembly relapsed into silence. All this time, Blakey lay trembling and tossing in bed. The more he tried to sleep, the more the hideous phantoms of his ill-gotten gains, and mis-spent life, appeared to haunt him. Presently, he thought he heard a noise at the window-shutters; he listened; again the shutters shook violently, and a loud voice was heard, which called upon him, 'in the queen's name, to get out of bed, and open the window.' Trembling at the summons, for he knew by instinctive fear it was none of his old companions, he felt compelled to obey. He drew open the shutter, and then, by a sudden glimpse of the moon, he beheld the great figure-head of Elizabeth standing before him, brandishing the trident of Neptune in her hand,—he knew it at a glance. He instinctively rubbed his eyes; it was to no purpose—his very flesh appeared to creep. He endeavored to recall his faculties, and consider how the figure-head had got on that side of the house; but her majesty left him no time for reflection.

"'Blakey,' she said, in a hoarse, deep voice, 'you have entertained many a strange guest in your time, but have never once paid us the compliment of an invitation.'

"'Us,' exclaimed Blakey, his teeth chattering in an awful manner. 'Who are ye?'

"'Who are we?' said her majesty, as she swung her trident with such a velocity that it seemed to set the air on fire, within an inch of Blakey's nose. 'Who are we, fellow!—why, your next-door neighbors, the presiding spirits of the British navy, the victor deities of the battle and the breeze! We have had dull work of it lately in these piping times of peace; so, as to-morrow is the anniversary of the battle of Solebay, we have bespoken an entertainment at your house.'

"'An entertainment at my house?' exclaimed Blakey, in horror.

"'Ay, a sort of free-and-easy,' said her majesty, with a swaggering air of *nonchalance*. 'And I have been deputed to tell you that we expect a supper in your best style.'

"'The Lord forgive my sins,' said Blakey internally. What answer to make he knew not; where to entertain such gigantic guests he could not guess; at length, stammering out an apology, he begged most emphatically to 'decline the honor'—

"'Decline the honor, caitiff!' shouted Elizabeth, waxing wroth, and advancing still closer to the window, with a most majestic air, 'by my crown and trident, proud landlord, I will unrobe you!'

"'Unrobe me!' exclaimed Blakey, looking down with consternation upon his almost uncovered person.

"'I'll unshirt you!' roared her majesty.

"'For heaven's sake spare me! spare my license.'

"'By the pope's teeth, proud landlord, I will

take it from you. Nay I will do more,' shouted Elizabeth; 'I will take away your sign.' With that she struck the painted effigy of 'Black Robin,' such a blow with the trident that the beam snapped asunder, and away went the old sign in a hurricane, turned over and over by the fury of the wind until it was lost and borne away forever in the eddying waters of the Thames. Blakey now went down upon his knees, and so great was his consternation, that he swore to perform all that his fearful visitor demanded; and since he had not a room in his house capable of containing his new guests, he pledged himself to have a fitting entertainment provided in the old mould-loft not far distant, by the midnight of the following day.

"Upon this, Elizabeth, with uneven but majestic stride, for she had lost a foot and part of a leg in battle, stalked away, and disappeared in the darkness.

"The eventful night arrived. It was just such an evening as the last; indeed, if there were any difference, the wind raged more fiercely, and the waning and melancholy moon gave up any attempt to pierce through the obscurity of the storm. At one o'clock a full red glare, like the reflection of a furnace in a lime-kiln, was seen in the direction of the old mould-loft. Strange shadows appeared from time to time to cross its windows, and then a clap of thunder was heard, or else a peal like an explosion of unearthly laughter, that seemed to shake the building to the very ground. Strange—that night there were no guests in the 'Black Robin,' but many of the neighbors were at their windows or in the streets, looking towards the building, kept from home by a curiosity they could not define, bound as by some spell to the spot where their attention was first rivetted, and not daring to approach the scene. Yet there was one human being a witness of the proceedings of the revellers—Blakey himself. How he came there he knew not.

"When the terrific figure-head had left him, he crept into bed, and falling at length to sleep, awoke not till the sun had mounted high and looked in joyously at the window. Blakey arose and went down among his guests; by degrees he recovered his confidence, and long before evening, he not only disregarded the promise he had given, but considered his night conference with the figure-head but a delusion. He went to bed at his usual hour,—slept, and suddenly awaking, found himself in the old mould-loft, surrounded by all the fearful spectres of the 'Ship Breakers Yard.' At the head of the board sat his old friend Elizabeth; ranged on either side were grim, and ghastly, and fearful figures,—some shadows only, others limbless and headless trunks; nay, all varieties of all fearful shapes were there, from uncouth blocks, on which the features of humanity could scarcely be detected, to figures, in which the minutest expressions were delineated with a life-like fidelity. Some had heads, others had none; many were without limbs, and some were nothing but symbols, such as scrolls, and cornucopias, gifted with vitality. Besides these corporeal presences, a vast number of shadows seemed to be flitting about, outlines, as it were, of beings who had existed ages back:—admirals, sea-kings, pirates, and rovers of all descriptions. Time and distinction seemed alike confounded, as the navigators of the black fleet of 'Neroway,' and old Danish thieves, fraternized with Sir Patrick Spencer and Sir

Andrew Barton. The room was hung with torn and blood-stained banners of all times and nations, which waved to and fro to a deep lashing sound like the angry murmurs of the ocean, when it drags the shingle along the shore, as the wind every moment deepens in its tone, and betokens the coming storm. The table was the main-deck of a first-rate, after action; a ghastly board, smeared with blood and brains, and splintered and torn with cannon-shot; shreds of canvass and bunting were thrown over it, and old sails, which made but fearful table-cloths. Cutlasses and boarding-pikes lay scattered round, with which the guests appeared to help themselves to invisible viands; but whether in derision of him and his broken promise, or in the actual enjoyment of food which escaped his grosser vision, the terror-stricken landlord could not decide. All this time the building rolled and swayed like a ship in the wild ocean, now plunging head downwards, now rising up like a rearing charger, and now rolling over and diving down, as into a deeper deep, and yet lower still, into another deep! Then came a calm so fearful, it was more awful than the uproar of the elements, and—boom! a silent, solitary, signal-gun sounded, as from a wreck, echoed by a wild hurricane of shouts, and clamor, and laughter, as if all the fiends were in contention.—And then there was a cry for music; for instantly a tempest of all fearful sounds swept over the assembly, compassing the deepest base of the storm and the battle, to the shrillest and most piercing treble of human agony, cleaving through, and sounding above, the artillery of a hundred battle-ships. Yet, every moment the burthen of the music changed—wildly, indeed,—now was the leading theme the roar of the ocean rising up in its maddest fury—now it was a cadence, lulling and dying away, to let a note break in like the last sigh of mortal agony; and now, the guests started from the board, cutlasses and boarding-pikes were clashed together, and some strange diversion seemed proclaimed, as shot, and shells, and red-hot cannon-balls, filled the room, hurled at each other by the guests, and parried with unearthly dexterity. Impelled to join in this revelry, Blakey, amid shouts and laughter, danced wildly and madly, now springing into the air to avoid a chain shot that seemed destined to cut him in two, now bobbing his head to avoid a red-hot cannon-ball hurled at him by some spiteful fiend.—Fiercer and fiercer plied the shot, and wilder became the action of the revellers. At a certain interval there was a change in the music; yet Blakey never found the entertainment become one whit pleasanter.—Barrels of gunpowder were now rolled about the room, it being a practical joke with Benbow, and a dozen other sea-kings, to place them under the seat of some unsuspecting guest, and blow him up with a lighted fusee in the bung-hole! No sooner was this diversion concluded, but it was succeeded by another equally *recherché*; a kind of hunt-the-slipper; lighted bomb-shells being sent round with a comet-like celerity, the great zest of the game consisting in each guest getting rid of the playthings to his neighbor before they exploded! Explode they did; and amid wild and fiendish uproar, the splinters of the old figure-heads flew about the room; Queen Elizabeth, however, in some respect, took Blakey under her protection, and warded off many a missile, which must have sent him, sheer out of the old mould-loft over the roof of the 'Black Robin,' into the Thames.

"Again, the music changed; the flags and banners flapped and waved tumultuously; the dull red glare of light which had filled the room and illuminated its festivities, was concentrated into a fierce and furnace-like blaze at the further end of the apartment: and in the midst of it appeared, by some strange devilry no doubt, the hull of a ship on fire. One by one her shotted guns exploded, and as the forms of wretched beings were seen scorched and writhing in the flames, the old sea-kings and queens shouted and laughed more wildly than ever. And now came the concluding scene of the entertainment. The further end of the room appeared to amplify into a stage as extensive as the ocean itself. It was the representation, nay, rather the reality of a sea-fight, in which the leviathans of the deep, gun to gun, waged desperate and mortal combat. All the flags and navies of the world appeared therein engaged. It was indeed the reality of battle; the boarding cries, the shouts of victory, or the yell of human agony, rose on the ear, mingling with the surging roar of the ocean, the thunder of artillery, and the raging of the winds. Again, all was silent. A ghastly darkness overspread the banquet-room, and the wild and terrific guests, the old and mutilated figures of the Ship-breaker's Yard, began dancing and crowding around the terror-stricken Blakey. They came so near that they appeared to crush him. He saw their dim and lustreless eyes; their great broad wooden foreheads; while their shadows seemed to give the darkness a deeper gloom, as they stood around in a circle, and with beakers full of foaming and simmering liquor bade him with a shout to pledge them! That instant there came a flash of light through that strange darkness, that tinged the countenances of the figures, and the very gloom itself with vermilion, made the liquor look like blood! The figures, the spectres, reiterated their demand. Impelled by a power he could not resist, Blakemore grasped the proffered cup, he drained it to the dregs! A peal of thunder burst over his head—the floor seemed to yawn beneath his feet—the room was again enveloped in darkness: and as he fell crushed and senseless on the floor, a wild shout of laughter rang with its mocking echoes upon his ears. That night the old mould-loft was struck by lightning, and burnt to the ground.

"Blakemore was found at an early hour on the following morning, lying before the threshold of his own door.

"Apparently he was lifeless. He was carried to his room; his unconsciousness was succeeded by a fierce delirium, in the lucid intervals of which he related the particulars of his banquet with the grim old figures; and then died, as an awful sinner dies—blaspheming!"

"But the figure-heads! What became of them?" said the curious lady.

"Nothing that I ever knew, ma'am. They were found the next morning as near as possible to the places where the workmen had left them over-night."

"And is that the end of your story?"

"Of the first part of it."

A SPLENETIC HABIT.—Such a state of mind is fixed and matured through a long course of querulous emotions. The person may easily go on from bad to worse, until complaint shall become blasphemy.

From Hood's Magazine.

THE PHANTOM OF PETER SCHLEMIHL.

THOUGH many years have elapsed since I first perused the admirable narrative in which Chamisso makes us acquainted with the fate of Peter Schlemihl, I have not forgotten the feeling of awe that took possession of me on reading his marvellous adventures. A circumstance that lately occurred brought it in its most vivid colors before me. I relate it, in the hope of interesting, not only those to whom the story of Schlemihl is familiar, but also others, who, being as yet in ignorance of his history, may be induced to make themselves acquainted with it. To render myself intelligible to this latter class, it will, however, be necessary to give a slight sketch of his story.

Peter Schlemihl barter his shadow for riches, and a life of misery is the consequence of the unholy bargain.

"His shadow!" cries every one, astonished.

So it was; and a little reflection will show the value of this neglected follower, and the evil that would attend his loss.

The shadow, like the original sin, was born with man, and has in like manner been his inheritance for thousands of years. All the ills incident to mortals leave him unharmed. No sword has ever reached him; no flame burnt him. Neither hunger, pestilence, nor poverty can annihilate him. Unrefined by education, he is equally bound to the barbarian and the civilized man; to the fool and the wise; the negro and the white. With all has he struggled on, through difficulty and danger, a true and faithful companion. Learn, then, to honor thy shadow!

For those who do not feel convinced of his worth, I will quote the words of Schlemihl himself.

"I looked around, but as far as the eye could reach nothing was to be seen save the wide extending monotonous plain. No bush, no tree, not a stone on which to lay my weary head; no sound broke the death-like stillness; nothing was stirring; no lowering cloud to remind me of my distant enemies, nor fluttering bird to recall my forsaken friends. I felt that I had no longer any connexion with my fellow-creatures; that I was alone—deserted—lost. The sun was setting as I rose, when, lo! a second figure rose before me, an old friend—a faithful companion—my shadow. The same that had formerly glided with me over verdant meadows and through flowery vales; that had been reflected in the moonlight on the marble pillars of palaces, and stretched itself at my feet as, by the light of some expiring taper, I waited at the given rendezvous. In joy and in sorrow, in prosperity and misfortune, it had ever clung to me. I eagerly stretched out my hands; the shadow followed my example. I raised them towards heaven, and it imitated my movements. I threw myself on my knees, and with me knelt my shadow. I was comforted; and when to others not a shade of hope would have appeared, I drew immediate consolation from my shadow, for it had forsaken all, smiling landscapes, stately halls, and luxurious palaces, to follow me, and now lay quiet and contented by my side on the hard sand of the desert."

We will suppose that by some chance a man should lose his shadow. Would it be possible to repair the loss of this second self? Never! A leg may be carved, a finger turned, but who can create an artificial shadow!

In an unguarded moment Peter Schlemihl parted with his; but had he known the friend he was resigning, he would as soon have signed away his soul. No sooner did his fellow-creatures perceive the loss, than they averted their faces from him, and none would hold communion with the shadowless being. It was then that, after the most desperate expedients to repair this loss, Satan, observing his despair at the failure of his efforts, cunningly offered to return the dearly-prized shadow in exchange for his soul. Happily he had strength to resist this temptation; and retiring from the world, he dedicated himself to the study of nature, assisted by the wonderful seven-league boots, which were probably bestowed on him by some mighty power that approved and protected him. But to my tale.

My luggage had preceded me to the diligence; and as I hurried into the coach-yard, I could hear the conductor calling over the numbers of his passengers.

"Number eight!"

"Here, here!" exclaimed I.

"Cabriolet, left-hand corner," said he.

"How delightful!" thought I, "the very place I should have selected; for besides being insured against more than two unpleasant companions, I shall be able to see the country." The conductor opened the door, and I got in. Good heavens! the whole coupé was crammed with handboxes, from the largest to the smallest sizes, round, square, oblong, blue, black, and white, a perfect chaos of pasteboard. But my attention was not long fixed upon the boxes, for in the opposite corner, nearly buried under them, sat a female, whose pretty face soon attracted my admiration. A delicately-formed Grecian nose, a complexion of dazzling fairness, added to large blue eyes, with long silky lashes, formed a picture that reconciled me in a moment to the obnoxious handboxes. It was completed by two long braids of dark brown hair that fell from under the snowy cap, and contrasted delightfully with the brilliancy of her complexion. "I wonder what she is!" thought I. "Either a lady's maid or a milliner," I answered to my own question. Arranging my features into their most insinuating expression, sinking my voice into its softest tone, and pulling up my shirt collar, I said—

"Shall I have the pleasure of your company as far as F——?"

"Yes," she replied, "I am going to F——, where I hope to arrive this evening, as I have much to do there."

"Indeed?" I said, glancing at the heap of packages, "the business is urgent, no doubt?"

"Oh yes," she returned, "I am taking the last fashions to the Countess of C——."

I was about to reply, but the postilion was already mounted and blowing his horn; and everybody knows that when a German postilion blows his horn, his hearers bless themselves, and wait in silence till he has finished. The conductor sprang to his seat, the horses moved on; when, just as I was congratulating myself on being alone with the pretty milliner, the door was suddenly opened, and there appeared—Good Heavens! Could it be a man? Did ever mortal see limbs of such outrageous longitude? While I gazed at him with doubt and astonishment, he, not even giving himself the trouble to wait till the steps were let down, made but one stride from the pavement to the middle place in the cabriolet; and while one long spindle-shank still rested on the

ground, his old white hat actually touched the window at the opposite corner. The question where he was to find room in a coupé, already half-filled with band-boxes, seemed for the first time to occur to him; but he did not suffer it to embarrass him long, for, stretching out his arm, he quietly began to stow them away in the pockets and under the seat. He then packed the rest neatly together, and gradually drawing his lengthy limbs into the coach, took his place between me and the milliner. How he got there, Heaven only knows! but, without causing the least inconvenience to either of us, there he sat, doubled together like a bat with folded wings.

A general silence followed his entrance; the conversation had been interrupted, and no one seemed disposed to commence a fresh one. I threw several side glances at the new comer. He was an elderly man, on whose fallow face time had ploughed many a furrow. His long aquiline nose almost concealed two small eyes so deeply sunk in his head, that it was impossible to judge of their color, while the wrinkles that surrounded the corners of his large, ill-shaped mouth, gave a disagreeable expression to his countenance, that was by no means diminished by a long chin covered with a scanty red beard. A shabby hat, only partially concealed a head of bushy hair of the same unpleasing hue. His dress consisted of a dark grey coat, the cuffs of which did not reach to within six inches of his wrists. Trousers of the same material, and as short as the coat-sleeves, completed the costume of this strange figure. A small steel chain induced me to suppose he possessed a watch, the only visible luggage he had brought with him.

The reader will easily imagine that this was an apparition little calculated to create a favorable impression on a young and handsome woman, and yet, seated between me and the fair occupant of the other corner, I might as well have had the Chinese wall in his place. Had he been one of the handsomest men living I could not have felt a more thorough detestation of him than I did. There was a something, too, in his appearance not entirely strange to me; and although I could not recollect that I had ever seen his face before, its expression seemed familiar. This circumstance perplexed and annoyed me. At length the stranger looked hard at me, and seemed desirous of breaking the long silence; but, meeting with no encouragement on my part, he turned to the milliner, and asked, in a drawling voice, from whence she came?

"From R——," was the answer.

"No offence, I hope," continued the stranger.

"Are you going to F——?"

"I am," she replied.

"On business, I suppose?" was the next question.

"Yes. And where do you come from?" she continued, with a view as it seemed of avoiding further questioning.

"Where do I come from?" he replied, with a chuckling laugh. "I have just left Hamburg. Have you ever been at Hamburg? Fine city," he went on, "large city—rich city. I made a good thing of it at Hamburg," rubbing his hands together, as if recalling some pleasant recollections.

"From Hamburg!" I repeated to myself. "Why, it was in Hamburg that——" I wonder what sort of business he had in Hamburg!

At this moment the postilion began to curse and swear, as postilions alone know how. His rage was certainly excusable, for the lash of his whip having entangled itself in the harness, he had, after ten minutes spent in trying to disengage it, at length lost his patience, and given a sudden jerk that had broken the whipcord. He could no longer crack his whip, and after a fruitless search in his pockets for a new lash, he turned as a last resource to the coupé, and asked if any one could give him a piece of string. Before I had time to recollect whether I could assist him, my long neighbor had unbuttoned the three top buttons of his coat, and, taking a small roll of whipcord from his breast pocket, offered it to the postilion. The latter seemed to receive it as a matter of course, and, cutting it into two equal parts, he put the one by for some future emergency, and having mended his whip with the other, commenced cracking it with redoubled energy.

We were now commencing the descent of a steep hill, and the conductor sprang from his box in order to put the drag on, when his foot slipped and he fell with some violence on a heap of stones at the roadside. Shocked at the accident, I jumped out of the coach to offer my assistance. Fortunately, he had received no other injury than a slight cut on the face, from which the blood flowed pretty freely.

"Has anybody a piece of sticking-plaster?" said he.

No sooner was the question asked, than the stranger again opened his shabby coat, and drawing forth a large black leather pocket-book, took a sheet of court-plaster from it, and offered it to the wounded man. He tore off a piece, applied it to the cut, and thrusting the remainder into his pocket, quickly mounted his seat, and at the word "Forwards!" the coach rolled on.

"You have torn your cloak," said the milliner, as I regained my place. On examination I found she was right. There was a large rent in the blue lining.

"If I had a needle and thread, I would soon mend it," she continued.

Scarcely had she finished speaking before our companion once more opened his coat, drew forth the pocket-book, and, taking out a small packet of needles and some blue silk, offered them to her.

We now stopped to change horses, and my pretty companion had only just time to finish her task before we were once more in motion.

"How tiresome not to have scissors," said she.

That the scissors immediately made their appearance out of the same coat, the same pocket, and the same pocket-book, now caused me no astonishment. I thanked the pretty sempstress, assuring her that I should look on the darn in my cloak as a souvenir. She blushed, and to hide her confusion, commenced praising the needles. My neighbor assured her that they were English, and requested her to accept them, which she did without further remark.

"The incarnate fiend!" thought I; "he has everything at his command, he serves everybody, and yet no one thanks him."

Each moment I became more uneasy at his presence. The air, which had been so cold as to force us to keep everything closely shut, now seemed thick and sultry. I opened the window, and wished for a storm, rain, wind, thunder, anything, in short, to change the atmosphere.

"I will smoke," thought I. After asking the

pretty milliner if she objected to the smell of tobacco, and receiving a negative answer, I began filling my pipe. Like most smokers, I generally carry a flint and steel with me, but on the present occasion I had lost or mislaid the former. While I was vainly seeking it, my mysterious neighbor handed me a piece of ready-lighted tinder, which he took out of a small box drawn from his fathomless pocket. I hesitated to accept it; but he quietly placed it in my pipe, and I began smoking without even thinking of thanking him for the civility.

Suddenly the small window which communicates with the interior of the coach was opened, and a voice asked if anybody had a smelling-bottle, as a lady was taken faint. What could be expected but that our friend should plunge his hand into his pocket and draw forth a large bottle of salts, which disappeared like magic through the opening. The irritation of my nerves became so intolerable at these proceedings, that, to divert my attention, I attempted conversation.

"Do you know," I said, addressing myself to the milliner, "that we shall have the opportunity of seeing a magnificent exhibition of pictures at F——?"

"Would you like to look over the catalogue?" interrupted the gray-coat, at the same time placing one in my hand. I had in vain endeavored to procure one at the town of R——.

"Nothing is impossible to him, that is certain," thought I.

"Will you be able to find your way in the bustle of a large commercial town?" I continued to the milliner.

"I believe it will be difficult," she returned, "as it is my first visit to F——."

"In that case you should get a plan of the town," I remarked.

"It gives me great pleasure to be able to offer you one," said the stranger, with his peculiar laugh, while he presented her with the map in question.

"Oh! here is the theatre," she exclaimed, as her eye ran over it; "I wonder what is to be performed to-night?"

"That you may easily see," said the unknown, handing her a play-bill, that appeared still wet from the printing-press.

The face of the young milliner lighted up with pleasure; but as for me, my very flesh crept, and I resolved to remain silent, lest some inadvertently expressed wish should give this limb of Satan an opportunity of laying me under some new obligation. I had already seen enough to make me certain he was no mortal. Whipcord, court-plaster, needles, silk, tinder, smelling-bottles, catalogue, map, and playbill, all had come out of his pocket, and that, before the wish to see them had been well uttered. I felt certain, that, if a wheel had broken, a horse fallen, or an extra chaise been required, he would, with the greatest facility, have provided for the want out of the same pocket. There was no longer any possibility of doubt—it was the evil one—Satan himself, lurking within the uncouth form of the traveller.

I was interrupted in my reverie by the diligence suddenly stopping. I jumped out, and making an inward vow that nothing should induce me to take my place again next this dangerous being, I called the conductor aside.

"Who is the tall gentleman that was in the coupé with me?"

"Can't say; he came too late to be entered on my way-bill."

"But is there no name on his luggage?"

"Luggage!" repeated the conductor; he has got it all on his back. He has no extra weight to pay for, like you."

Everything seemed to confirm my suspicions. He could not be a merchant, and come from Hamburg without luggage. I sat down on a small bench before the post-house. The sun was already sinking, and shot its rays horizontally from under a cloud, shedding a soothing warmth over me, and throwing my shadow in dark outline on the newly whitewashed wall behind me.

As I remained resting my chin on my stick, lost in thought, I was roused by a well-known voice. I looked up, and saw the owner of the gray coat approaching. Much as I wished to avoid him, I found it impossible to move away. I felt nailed to the spot where I sat, like a bird under the fascinating gaze of the rattlesnake. Advancing to within four paces of me, the stranger raised his hat, and mumbled some sort of salutation. Summoning all my energies for a last effort,

"What is it you want with me?" I asked, in, I believe, a somewhat unsteady voice.

"I beg pardon for interrupting you," he replied, with a low bow; "but if you would only allow me—"

"Allow what, in the devil's name?"

The stranger advanced another step, pointed to the wall, and muttered half aloud, "What a very beautiful shadow!"

I shrank back upon my seat. My blood froze, and I remained for a moment incapable of speech, but motioning him away with my hand. There was now no longer any doubt that he was the same evil being who had cheated poor Schlemihl of his shadow in Hamburg. And should I continue to travel with him?—Never! I would die first!

I wiped the sweat from my forehead, and entering a coach-office, placed a thaler in the hand of the conductor, with a request that he would remove my dreaded companion to the interior. He smiled as he cast a sly glance at the pretty milliner. Heaven knows, he attributed my conduct to any but the right cause. My object was, however, gained, and I once more took my place, with lightened heart, in the coupé, where I passed the rest of my journey in agreeable conversation with my fair neighbor.

Having imprudently named the hotel where I intended stopping, and feeling no wish to be followed by the owner of the gray coat, I determined on changing my plan; and although the house I now made choice of was at some distance from the coach-office, I preferred any inconvenience to the risk of again meeting him. Accordingly, after waiting some time for my luggage, I proceeded to the hotel. The rain-descended in torrents; I had heated myself in walking, and was drenched to the skin; this, added probably to the excitement I had undergone in the day, made me feel restless and feverish, and I retired early to bed. Heavens, what a night! Shall I ever forget it! There I lay, tossing and tumbling from side to side, vainly endeavoring to sleep; and when at length I closed my eyes, the most fearful images presented themselves to my heated imagination.

At one moment I was followed by Peter Schlemihl in *propria persona*; at another the gray-coated stranger, with his chuckling laugh, was persuading me to sell my shadow to him. Then

came shadows without owners, followed by the shadowless beings themselves, and amongst them my own figure. Then, again, as I walked, it seemed that my shadow was restored, while the dreaded stranger following appeared as if watching an opportunity to pilfer it from me.

On awaking in the morning I found myself so indisposed as to be compelled to send for a physician, who wrote a prescription and ordered me to keep my bed. This I did for two days, but, on the third, finding myself considerably better, I rose and dressed myself. The first person I met on entering the public room of the inn was the waiter, who informed me that during my illness a gentleman had frequently inquired after me, and had been anxious to see me; which, however, had not been allowed, in consequence of the physician's orders that I should be kept perfectly quiet and undisturbed.

"Did he leave his name?" I asked.

"He did not, sir, but will call again to-morrow; he is a very tall, thin gentleman, and wears a gray coat."

It was clear! Satan was following me, determined not to lose his prey.

The coach started at seven o'clock every evening—how fortunate! I secured a place, sent my baggage to the office, and waited in trembling till the hour should come that would see me safely out of the town of F——. As the time approached I became uneasy. I locked the door, and every footstep made my heart beat with redoubled violence. Could I escape him? Ha! a quarter to seven. Thank God! I flew to the office, scarcely daring to look round for fear of seeing the accursed gray-coat; nor till we were fairly outside the town, and the horses proceeding at a brisk pace, did I feel sufficiently secure to un-muffle my face, which I had concealed in the folds of my cloak.

How greatly was I surprised, in glancing at the only person who, besides myself, occupied the coupé, to recognize the pretty features of the milliner. She seemed equally pleased at the meeting, as it gave her an opportunity of talking over everything she had seen during the three days passed in F——.

What a difference in our recollections of the same place! She had visited theatres, exhibitions, tea-gardens, everything, in fact, that could render her stay agreeable, while I had been in bed with a raging fever. The time passed quickly as she related, and I listened, to all she had heard and seen, till at length (there must be an end to everything, even to a pretty woman's conversation) she had nothing more to tell. We had remained silent for some time, when, suddenly recollecting the gray-coated stranger, "Have you ever seen our former travelling companion?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" replied she, "he has been with me often; but we only concluded our business this morning."

"What!" I exclaimed, as dreadfully shocked, I involuntarily looked round for the thoughtless shadow. But it was already dark, and I was forced to remain in painful uncertainty.

"Yes," she continued; "he is very clever; he took my shadow in a minute."

"Your shadow!" I exclaimed, almost beside myself; "how horrible! and could you allow it to be taken?"

"Why not?" said she, seemingly much astonished.

"And do you know, unhappy girl, who that gray-coated monster is?"

"To be sure I do," replied the modiste, looking at me as though she entertained some doubts of my sanity. "I have got his card;" and at the same time fumbling in a coquetish little silk reticule, she held out to me a small piece of paste-board, some three inches square. I hesitated a moment before taking it, and vague ideas of burnt fingers passed through my mind; but observing that my companion's pretty digits were unsinged by the contact, I at length took the card. The following words were engraved upon it:—

J. ZEIZELE, from Hamburg,
Takes profiles by the shadow.

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, ESQ., M. P.

It is a rare thing to hear of an eminent father with an eminent son. Greatness in the father too often impedes, rather than helps forth, the excellences of the son. Like trees that are thickly planted, they stand too near one another—the shadow kills the growth. Our poets have derived all their poetic sensibilities from their mothers; and a book has been written to prove that the father has very little to do with the education of his own children. It is not our intention to condemn or elucidate this inquiry. There are noble exceptions to the rule; nor have we any better exception in our own age than the two D'Israelis, the father and the son. Both have attained a high station in the world of letters, and both in distinct ways. The elder D'Israeli deals in facts, the younger D'Israeli delights in fiction.

Benjamin D'Israeli was born in Bloomsbury Square, in the year 1805; he is, therefore, in his fortieth year.

"At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plans."

So says the witty Dr. Young in a passage which we think particularly applicable to Mr. D'Israeli. We recollect him before the suspicious period of thirty years had well arrived. He was then a real coxcomb in his dress; indeed a coxcomb in everything but his conversation. He was all fur at the neck, and all lace ruffles at the wrists. But thirty came, and he began to give up the folly of affectation—to dress, as he spoke, in a manly and unaffected manner. His writings had something of affectation in their style; but this has gone by, for the certainties of forty have at length arrived, and we see in his "Coningsby" a new generation in his style—proper words in proper places.

To our thinking, Mr. D'Israeli has never done his best. His "Vivian Grey" awakened five hundred expectations unrealized as yet. His "Contarini Fleming" was chiefly remarkable for its appearance in four duodecimo volumes; his "Revolutionary Epic," for its large quarto pages and its enormous margins. We ran through them when they first appeared, and have never seen a copy of either of them since. Nor do we care to see them again; let them lie undisturbed in the British Museum for some future D'Israeli the elder to describe among the curiosities of literature.

Mr. D'Israeli's best work was his speech on the Ferrand and Graham squabbles. It is the only speech we have read through a second time for these ten years. It is full of wit, of happy

home thrusts—caustic withal, and most gentlemanly throughout. It gave, moreover, the fairest view of the real differences of any speech spoken on either side. It chided and corrected all parties, raised a laugh at the expense of Peel, and read a lesson to Lord Stanley. His speech, this session, on the condition of Ireland, was full of just inferences derived from the present and past history of Ireland. It was too historical, however, for the house, but drew a well-merited encomium from the un-encomiastic mouth of Mr. Macaulay.

The letters of "Runnymede," attributed to Mr. D'Israeli, are unquestionably his. They appeared in the "Times" newspaper in 1835, and made a stir and ferment—noisy at the time but silent now, the common fate of all matters the mere topics of a day. We recollect with pleasure the letter to Lord Melbourne—quite a masterpiece of its kind. These letters have been since collected, and the future historian of the Melbourne administration will do well to refer to them. The younger D'Israeli is a married man, having married in 1839 the widow of Mr. Lewis, many years member for Shrewsbury, the borough which Mr. D'Israeli represents in parliament.—*Pictorial Times*.

SPORT.

UNDER this head the Paris journal *La Presse* publishes an article of which the following translation, made for the London Morning Post, can hardly fail to amuse every class of readers, if it do not open the eyes of some of them to the folly of some of those pursuits which pass for "sport."

Let me not be accused of singularity, or *Anglo-manie*, for having selected a title which many persons will deem as pretending as it is English. But the word *sport* has no equivalent in the French language, and fragments of phrases would be required to explain what it explains so well. *Sport* means horse-races, steeple-chases, coursing, and fowling. *Sport* means also pigeon-shooting, *attélages de chevaux*, dog and cock fighting, losing and bets of every description. In short, by the word *sport* are meant all bodily exercises, all fatiguing and dangerous pleasures, requiring strength, boldness, and vanity. And now, have we a word of such varied signification—a word so universal? Is not the borrowing such a term of a foreign language very innocent? Could I have recourse to another title—I, who am about to dwell as well as I can on the feats of which horses and dogs, pigeons and men, are the victims or heroes?

Every country has its own sort of national *sport*.

In Spain the *sport* is bull fights—sanguinary but grand *fêtes*, bequeathed by the Moors to the Spaniards.

At Florence and at Rome it is the races of horses without riders.

Among the Russians the *turf* is the frozen water of their river and lakes; their *sport* consists in the art of skating with gracefulness, boldness in driving a swift sledge, the splendor of their equipage, the magnificence and profusion of furs, the noise of the little bells, and, above all, the *coquetterie* with which the horse in hand casts his head aside as he gallops.

In Germany the waltz, pipe, and beer.

In the East the Djerrid exercise.

In Holland, hawking.

In Africa, lion-hunting.

In Bengal, guinea-hen catching, an ingenious exploitation of the taste those poor birds have for rum. In other parts of India they have, together with gigantic combats of elephants, tigers, and panthers, pitched battles of thrushes against thrushes, and quails against quails.

In France the taste for *sport* has always been very lively, but it has not been directed to any particular object. We handle the sword, pistol, gun, and carbine as well as any other nation in the world. We are neither less dexterous, less intelligent, nor less bold than so many others. On horseback our temerity is sometimes folly. What, then, do we lack to become complete *sportsmen*? Money, and the perseverance of vanity.

Our fortunes are too narrow to admit of our indulging in the way of hunting and racing—a prodigality which would be ruinous to us, but which the heaps of gold of our neighbors do not even notice. In England there are, certainly, as many as two hundred packs of hounds; of that number a hundred, at least, belong to private individuals, who are as rich as the heroes of the Arabian night tales. The other hundred belong either to purses which have clubbed together, or to *industriels*, who get up a hunting association just as a theatre is got up at Paris; and almost always the English speculation, which buys four-footed artists, fares better than the theatrical speculation, which engages biped performers.

During three or four of the winter months the cities are deserted and abandoned in England, and townspeople become country people. The woods and fields ring with the sounds of the horn, the barking of dogs, and the shouts of the sportsmen. All—the rich and the poor—may take their share of the pleasures of the finest chases, and that by going to the mere trouble of asking a newspaper the day before what hounds are to be turned out on the morrow. The Duke of Grafton, Marquis of Hastings, Earl of Chesterfield, and Earl Ducie display a princely hospitality in their ancient and splendid mansions. To their numerous friends they tender French cooks and wines, and matchless horses. What magnificence! What a distance between such splendor and the economical receptions of our *vie de château*! As regards money, we are, therefore, necessarily inferior to the English, and money is the sinew of *sport*.

With respect to vanity, although nobody has, as yet, reproached us with being in want of it, if there be in this world an undeniable truth, it is, that, compared with the English, we are mere myrmidons and Lilliputians. The English are not vain from Englishman to Englishman; they are vain from nation to nation. Whatever be their station, and whatever they do, they always stand champions of their country; in short, they have a perseverance of vanity which we have not. Let two travelling Englishmen be surprised by a robber who is a countryman of theirs, they will not even attempt to defend their purses; they will suffer themselves to be plundered without resistance; but if an Englishman be attacked by a band of French robbers, he will fight like a lion, and rather die than yield, because he will not let Frenchmen boast of having intimidated an Englishman.

We Frenchmen have personal vanity and individual *gloriole*, but not the least national feeling. We care little whether the witness of our rashness

be a Russian, Englishman, or Frenchman; provided we have two eyes fixed upon us it is all we want; and, at that moment, we are fellows to fight a whole army; but as soon as the two eyes cease to look on us, our ardor vanishes and our passion is extinguished. Such is the *nuance* between the characters of the two people. Both are proud and proud to excess; one of his country, the other of himself; but the Frenchman has but fits of vanity, and with the Englishman the fever is a permanent one. With the Englishman there is no petty satisfaction of *amour propre* that is not worth conquering for his country. He will be the first everywhere and in everything, in small as well as in great matters. It is to that national pride of her children that England is indebted for the undeniable superiority of her horses. They said to themselves, "We must have the finest and best horses; we must be the first riders in the world;" and, under Charles II., in order to obtain possession of the most valuable Arabian breeds, they lavished their gold; to become the glory of *sport* they have lavished their lives.

For a long time past this vanity has become a passion; they love *sport* with phrensy; they live and breathe only for *sport*. And, indeed, what is to be done on those dull winter days beneath such a gloomy and veiled sky! Since English habits have reserved for the first rays of the vernal sun, and for the summer flowers, all the delicate and *coquet's* amusements of music, the theatre, and the ball, one must be a *sportsman*. Besides, the hand and fortune of a young fair enthusiast of *sport* have often rewarded and enriched the merit of a bold sportsman, and a great reputation in that way marries as easily as the heir to a peerage was wont to do under our Restoration.

But let it not be fancied that *sport* recruits its adepts only among rich and idle men. The most celebrated statesmen, Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Richmond, Marquis of Normanby, and so many others, ministers as they have been, are, or will again be, have not the less continued the heroes of *sport*. English lawyers arrive at their courts on horseback, duly spurred and whips in hand. Their names daily figure in the racing bets. What would Monsieur Le Premier President of our Cour Royale say, if a lawyer presented himself at his sittings to argue a cause, after winning the day before the royal prize in the Champ de Mars? What jokes have been lavished on M. Thiers' gray horse? What was there not said of the equestrian pretensions of M. Cousin, when, in the grand costume of Minister of Public Instruction, he rode in the king's *cortège*? In France a statesman cannot be a horseman, and a lawyer must move about only on foot or in a hackney coach. In England, on the contrary, statesmen and lawyers must be *sportsmen*, on pain, as regards the former, of being less popular, and, as regards the latter, of having fewer causes to plead.

From these Britannic exaggerations to habits less eccentric the distance is infinite. But the English never can keep within just limits, with them *du sublime au ridicule*, and *du bien à l'excès du bien*, there is not even a *pas*. Some furious *Anglomane*s would in vain seek to hurl us into servile and impossible imitations. I defy them to naturalize among us customs and notions too extravagant; not to remain eternally English. In proof of this originality and unexampled singularity, I will adduce but the classification adopted by *Bell's Life*, the journal of English sport.

The place of honor belongs to the race horses, and between them there is a line of demarcation. The horses that are to contend at Epsom for the Derby Stakes are the first named; after them come the champions of the Saint Leger, at "Dun-castle," and the horses that are to run at Newmarket, Goodwood, and Ascot. *Bell's Life* gives us a year before the names of the horses, jockeys, and owners. Every day it records the variations and fluctuations of that *Bourse du Sport*, which is held every Monday and Thursday, at Tattersall's, a celebrated vender by auction of horses and carriages. It initiates us in the caprices which on one day dethrone the favorites of the day before. It tells us of the enormous bets depending upon the head, or rather the legs of a horse. Thanks to it, we know to-day that the presumed winner of the Derby is Attila; to-morrow it will be Chatham; next week, perhaps, Palinurus; and so on, until at length the decisive trial of the race comes, and gives this year, as in all others, a complete denial to the conjectures oftener founded upon the reputation of the owners than upon the qualities, as yet little known, of the horses. Two years together Lord Jersey won the Derby, and all the bets were long in favor of his stables. The luck then turned, and he has since been constantly beaten. Almost always it is an unknown horse, scarcely honored with a quotation at the Tattersall Bourse, that has been the winner. Thus, in 1840, it was Little Wonder; in 1838, Amato; in 1837, Phosphorus; in 1831, Spaniel was, at the moment the race took place, at 30, 40, and 50 to 1.

The Derby is a national *fête* in England. The Derby! Where is the Englishman who will not sacrifice to it his dearest interests, his most sacred duties, and the presence even of the woman he loves most? The Derby! Where are the bright eyes, the delicious smile, that have ever made so many hearts beat, and kindled more passions! For, see you, the day the Derby stakes are run for, the rapture is general, and one thinks and dreams of nothing but the Derby. That wizard is potent enough to wrest, for a whole day, every Englishman from his lethargic gravity, and, to be candid, without sharing in such fanatical enthusiasm, justice must be done to that marvellous *spectacle*. Thousands of vehicles cover the plain, a whole world intoxicated with joy, elegant and lovely women, the court, which on that day honor the people with the exhibition of its gala equipages—the Queen with her dazzling toilet and beauty—the greatest names of England treating as their equals the grooms and jockeys—the bets crossing one another—every vehicle converted into a dining room—the hawkers—the numberless booths styling themselves *Frascati Française*, *Roulette Française*, where one may beforehand double or recover the loss which one will realize after the race. Oh! the admirable, astonishing sights, even to eyes not English! The starting signal is given, the horses rush forward; silence then becomes general, for the moment is a solemn one. There is more *recueillement* at Epsom for a race, than there is at the Barrière St. Jacques when a regicide is executed. The horses fly; they would not be so light if they carried all the gold staked upon their swiftness. For some seconds they are lost sight of behind a little eminence, but they soon reappear. A whole arsenal of opera glasses and telescopes is directed upon them, seeking to follow the various stages and fluctuations of a drama more rapid than the wind. The green jacket is fore-

most, but the red cap has the rope; at the first turning it will have the advantage, but the turning is passed, and the green jacket still prevails. The nearer the horses approach the goal, the more animated and desperate is the struggle. Silence has ceased; some excite by gesture and voice the horse that carries with him, perhaps, their fortune. The cries raised by the others, though more disinterested, are not less violent. Twenty horses have started—only two or three return. What a dearly bought victory! But the conqueror has often won 30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.*

The race being over, vehicle races begin on the road; amidst an awful confusion they cross, meet, strike against one another, and break down. The roads are covered with shattered poles and wheels; no obstacle stops the tipsy drivers; they pass everywhere, and overturn everything; one would fancy it a *débâcle* of the Neva, an avalanche of Mont Blanc, a tempest on the ocean!

The race chapter being concluded, *Bell's Life* conducts us to the ground where the more or less celebrated steeple chases it knows of having taken place. In the hierarchy of *sport*, steeple chases occupy but a second rank, though the riders were almost always *gentilhommes*, or at the very least gentlemen, and though the danger is greater. But the steeple-chase horses are not usually of so pure a blood, and of so noble a breed as the race-horses, and, before all, respect to blood, respect to breed!

After steeple-chases come, ever in compliance with the hierarchic order of *sport*, greyhound racing. More fortunate than the race-horse, who triumphs only to enrich his master, the winning greyhound finds his reward at the end of his career. In those races which are much in fashion in England, considerable sums are staked, won, and lost.

Next comes stag, hare, and fox-hunting, with its fatigues, emotions, and perils. I have asked myself why that noble exercise occupied but the fourth rank in the estimation of sportsmen, and I think I have found the reason of that unjust classification, which is, that in the chase there is no possible betting, and that the English reduce everything to bets.

Then comes pigeon-shooting—the other *chasse* in slippers and *robe de chambre*, and favorite pastime of folks who reject all that is adventurous and fatiguing in *sport*.

Without a transition, we reach bull dog fights. Those animals send one another challenges from province to province. Suppose the laurels of a Yorkshire bull-dog have prevented a Northumberland victor from sleeping, he challenges and provokes his rival in *Bell's Life*, appoints a rendezvous, and, as a true Englishman that he is, proposes a bet. On the day agreed to, at the appointed place, before a numerous assembly, the fight takes place—a fight intermixed with the swearing of the betters, and the growling of the combatants. Already does the *sport* begin to degenerate, but we shall see it presently fall lower still.

From bull dogs let us return to horses; but now we have races of *quadrupeds* against *bipeds*; four legs against two, horses against human beings.

In the way of interludes, we have proposals more or less singular, and bets more or less extraordinary.

Thus, a Woolwich lieutenant offers to play a

game at tennis against anybody for a sum of 50*l.*; a singular accomplishment for an artillery officer!

An individual announces that, on the 15th of January, at noon, he will throw himself dressed into the Thames, from the top of Waterloo bridge; for £5 he will treat himself to that cold bath; really it is too cheap to deny ourselves so lively a pleasure, and all hasten to carry their contributions to the appointed place.

Another engages not to touch any food for ten days, if a subscription of 10*l.* be filled up, which he opens to his profit at the Crown tavern. One pound sterling for every day of fasting! It is not too much.

After horses, greyhounds, foxes, pigeons, and bull-dogs, we at length come to boxers—that last class of *sport* which holds brutes in greater esteem than man; for do not fancy that this classification is the effect of chance, and of a sense of shame or disgust. Not so; the English do nothing without an intention; they never blush at what they do, and are enraptured with delight at the hideous sight of two desperate boxers. Thus the last rank allotted in the hierarchy of *sport* to those ignoble fights proves only that if they tremble when their horse has caught a cold, they have somewhat less feeling when they behold a man's ribs knocked in. In those combats everything is opprobrious and repulsive, ay, everything, from the toothless mouth, and the brutal looks of those degraded beings, to the preparations and precautions destined to prolong the combat. Each *parrain* brings his champion a pail of water, a large horse sponge, and a bottle of brandy or wine. The heroes are stripped to their waist, and, at first, totter as much from fear as from drunkenness; but the murmurs of the spectators soon warn them that they have not come to witness mere childish play. Vanity then prevails over fear, and the combat becomes serious. At every tooth that drops, at every rib that breaks, at every eye that falls out, there are voices that shout *bravo!* and hands that applaud. The struggle has already lasted an hour; the boxers are exhausted; they can scarcely stand; their faces are bruised, and covered with blood; their bodies present but a huge sore. But they have not yet rested and assailed one another above fifty times, and a *beau combat* must be renewed at least sixty or seventy. Their *parrains* apply the sponge to the flowing blood, wash their eyes, noses, and ears, pour wine or brandy down their throats; and the blows resound again, until one of them, exhausted, panting, almost dead, falls down to get up no more. And yet the crowd is often dissatisfied; often does it cry that there has been treachery or cowardice—instead of one corpse, it would have two. This is the ugly side of *sport* in England, for it is not the populace only that is avid of these loathsome spectacles; the most elegant men blush not to witness them, and to speculate upon the fists of a boxer, with the same *sang froid* as they speculate upon a horse's legs.

In this department of *sport* we shall never be on a level with the English, and we can but congratulate ourselves upon it. Let us learn from them to rear and train our horses; let us borrow their racing regulations; let us turn to account their experience and knowledge; let us be English, if need be, even in the denominations of our races; but when their manners stray into cruelty, let us remain of our country. Let us leave them in possession of their bull-dog fights, but let the taste

for coursing be propagated among us, and that taste will yield us horses and riders. We are still very far from having their two hundred hunting *équipages*; but already are our *chasseurs* numerous and bold. The Prince de Wagram, M. Henry Greffulhe, the Duke d'Arenberg, the Marquis de Vogue, and the Prince de Chalais, are inferior to none in science and spirit. The bright deeds of the Marquis de Macmahon, the most intrepid and boldest sportsman in France, have perhaps no rivals even in England. But by the side of those illustrious names M. de N— shines with quite another *éclat*. His hounds, without breath, voices, noses, or legs, his hares without swiftness, and his peasants disguised as huntsmen, are not destitute of reputation. This year he would celebrate Saint Hubert's *fête* with pomp; he had it trumpeted thirty leagues around that on that day there would be a grand hunt at B—. Company hastened up from all the neighboring *châteaux*; at the *rendezvous* the crowd was immense; but at the hour of setting out all the horses were of wood, all the hounds of pasteboard, all the horns of chocolate, and all the sportsmen were in slippers and morning-gowns.

There was in the neighborhood of Paris a *chasse*, kept by Johnson, an Englishman, who, for twenty-five Louis a year, gave you, during the winter, a fox to hunt every week. This *chasse* was compelled to sell its dogs that it might not see them starve to death.

Within the last ten years, thanks to the Société d'Encouragement, *courses* have assumed in France a decided character of public utility. Horses have improved in beauty, elegance, and fleetness. Our Epsom is Chantilly, and our Derby the prize given by the Jockey Club. This year the prize amounts to 25,000 francs, and twenty-six horses will run for it. Already are bets opened and reputations quoted.

From Hood's Magazine.

THE MARY.

A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.

LOV'ST thou not, Alice, with the early tide
To see the hardy Fisher hoist his mast,
And stretch his sail towards the ocean wide,—
Like God's own beadsman going forth to cast
His net into the deep, which doth provide
Enormous bounties, hidden in its vast
Bosom like Charity's, for all who seek
And take its gracious boon thankful and meek?

The sea is bright with morning,—but the dark
Seems still to linger on his broad black sail,
For it is early hoisted, like a mark
For the low sun to shoot at with his pale
And level beams:—All round the shadowy bark
The green wave glimmers, and the gentle gale
Swells in her canvass, till the waters show
The keel's new speed, and whiten at the bow.

Then look abaft—(for thou canst understand
That phrase)—and there he sitteth at the stern,
Grasping the tiller in his broad brown hand,
The hardy Fisherman. Thou may'st discern
Ten fathoms off the wrinkles in the tanned
And honest countenance that he will turn
To look upon us, with a quiet gaze—
As we are passing on our several ways.

So, some ten days ago, on such a morn,
The Mary, like a seamew, sought her spoil

Amongst the finny race: 't was when the corn
Woo'd the sharp sickle, and the golden toil
Summoned all rustic hands to fill the horn
Of Ceres to the brim, that brave turmoil
Was at the prime, and Woodgate went to reap
His harvest too, upon the broad blue deep.

His mast was up, his anchor heaved aboard,
His mainsail stretching in the first gray gleams
Of morning, for the wind. Ben's eye was stored
With fishes—fishes swam in all his dreams,
And all the goodly east seemed but a hoard
Of silvery fishes, that in shoals and streams
Groped into the deep dusk that filled the sky,
For him to catch in meshes of his eye.

For Ben had the true sailor's sanguine heart,
And saw the future with a boy's brave thought,
No doubts, nor faint misgivings had a part
In his bright visions—ay, before he caught
His fish, he sold them in the scaly mart,
And summed the net proceeds. This should have
brought

Despair upon him when his hopes were foiled,
But though one crop was marred, again he toiled

And sowed his seed afresh.—Many foul blights
Perished his hard-won gains—yet he had planned
No schemes of too extravagant delights—
No goodly houses on the Goodwin sand—
But a small humble home, and loving nights,
Such as his honest heart and earnest hand
Might fairly purchase. Were these hopes too
airy?

Such as they were, they rested on the Mary.

She was the prize of many a toilsome year,
And hard-won wages, on the perilous sea—
Of savings ever since the shipboy's tear
Was shed for home, that lay beyond the lee;—
She was purveyor for his other dear
Mary, and for the infant yet to be
Fruit of their married loves. These made him
dote

Upon the homely beauties of his boat,

Whose pitch black hull rolled darkly on the wave,
No gayer than one single stripe of blue
Could make her swarthy sides. She seemed a
slave,

A negro among boats—that only knew
Hardship and rugged toil—no pennons brave
Flaunted upon the mast—but oft a few
Dark dripping jackets fluttered to the air,
Ensigns of hardihood and toilsome care.

And when she ventured for the deep, she spread
A tawny sail against the sunbright sky,
Dark as a cloud that journeys overhead—
But then those tawny wings were stretched to fly
Across the wide sea desert for the bread
Of babes and mothers—many an anxious eye
Dwelt on her course, and many a fervent prayer
Invoked the Heavens to protect and spare.

Where is she now? The secrets of the deep
Are dark and hidden from the human ken;
Only the sea-bird saw the surges sweep
Over the bark of the devoted Ben,—
Meanwhile a widow sobs and orphans weep,
And sighs are heard from weatherbeaten men,
Dark sunburnt men, uncouth and rude and hairy,
While loungers idly ask, "Where is the Mary?"

From Hood's Magazine.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

BLACK, White, and Brown, were young men; in some respects very young—the two first especially, for they were inexperienced, thoughtless, and giddy, to a great many degrees beyond the average. But they were generous, warm-hearted fellows, notwithstanding, and would rather have had a toothache apiece, than have given pain, wilfully, to man, woman, or child,—to horse, dog, or cat.

The trio lived together in the same boarding-house, more like brothers than friends, united in everything but one—a desperate passion for Miss Theodora Wilmot. That was Brown's secret, in which the two other young men, however, went partners; and many a rallying the lover had to bear on the subject from his heart-whole companions.

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound."

But, like Benedict, the innamorato was too far gone in love for "a whole college of witerackers to flout him out of his humor." With such a flame as he had in his bosom, burning as he did, one of Love's martyrs, he might well despise a few squibs; besides, the wags would give over when he was once married. But there was the rub: he was one of the most shy and diffident of mankind—the most bashful bachelor that ever blushed all the shades of *mauvaise honte*, from a warm flesh color up to a rose damask—the most shrinking of all the race of the Sensitives. How could such a man propose? A thousand times he determined to break the ice, but the ice always broke him. A million times at least he resolved to speak his mind, but first his speech went out of his mind, and then his mind seemed to go out of itself, it was so mad at the failure. At all other times boiling, broiling, frying, burning, piping hot, salamandered till done brown by the warmth of his affection, and eloquent as a young barrister alone in his own chambers, in the presence of the lady his blood ran as cold, and his tongue was as dumbfounded, as if the Circean enchantress had actually transformed him into a codfish. His very passion seemed to have died suddenly, and left him to stand mute at the door.

If Miss Wilmot would but have helped him out with a leading question, such as whether he was ever in love, or, if that was too bold for her delicate nature, how he liked such a song as "Crudel," or "Come live with me and be my love;" if she had only looked at him a little less like the ladies at Madame Tussoud's—had she merely seemed to understand his case—but no; she was either naturally ignorant of his symptoms, or wilfully, like Aberfeldie, when he said to a fanciful patient, who hinted something about ossification,—

"Young man, bring me your heart, on a plate, and I'll tell you what's the matter with it."

In vain he tried the usual expedients with which bashful young men seek to reinforce their resolves; his case was beyond brandy. If he had seen a double Miss Wilmot, it would only have turned him into two codfish, instead of one. In vain, taking a hint from Schiller's "Fight with the Dragon," he dressed up a lay figure of the lady, for his courage to practise on—he never succeeded beyond the rehearsal. When he came on he was damned. Poor Brown!

In the mean time his two friends, whether pitying his condition, or for the sport's sake, tried their utmost to egg him on; but it was anything but egging a game chicken. Like some vicious horses, the more he was urged forward, the more he backed—or jibbed of the road—or turned short round and bolted. They even offered to go with him and help him, in the legal phrase, in delivering the declaration, or to propose for him by proxy; but to both proposals he gave a decided negative. There seemed no chance, in fact, of his ever offering himself to the lady's acceptance, except by a posthumous bequest. Black suggested this course, and White offered, with Black's assistance, to draw up the will, but Brown, as usual, would not accede to the proposition, and determined to die intestate, in spite of the additional duty on the administration.

At last, it occurred to his two backers, that perhaps the appearance of a rival in the field might induce their man to rush into the ring, and accordingly, in the absence of any real competitor, they invented one, as formidable a heart-catcher in personal graces and accomplishments as ever was manufactured for a novel. A six-foot fellow in his stockings—White even estimated his height at another inch taller—and then such black glossy ringlets, and black eyes, with an aquiline nose, and a finely-chiselled mouth, and a capital chin, and such an exquisite complexion, and what a noble bust, and yet so quiet and gentlemanly; for Black and White, to avoid inconsistency, agreed to describe their imaginary hero from a certain figure in a certain hairdresser's window. And the bait took. Brown metaphorically swallowed his rival, ringlets and all—how happy could he have done so in reality.

Poor Brown! If that phantom had been a diabolical one, such as is said to haunt and torture the consciences of guilty mortals, it could not have caused him more perturbation. He thought of him, talked of him, swore, but trembled at him, shot at him, fenced at him, got the best and then the worst of him, and above all, he dreamt of him. His nights were terrible—for go where he would, and especially if walking, rowing, sailing, dancing, singing, declaring his love, or even saluting Miss Wilmot, there was the odious rival, turning the duet to a trio, or taking her other arm, protesting in her other ear, squeezing her other hand—zounds!—kissing her other cheek! That was unendurable; so to it they went, foot and fist, tooth and nail, shovel and poker, hammer and tongs, swords, pistols, and blunderbusses, rugging, riving, kicking, smashing, stabbing, shooting, wrestling on the ground, up and down, over and over, biting each other like dogs, till the brown one's teeth were entangled with the vile ringlets—at least, as he found upon waking, with the fleece of the blanket!

What a life it was! Death at the stake would have been preferable whether the stake was tender or not. Annihilation would have been still better, provided always that the rival was annihilated along with him—like an "infinite deal of nothing!" Why had he ever been at all?

In the mean time a solitary gleam of comfort sometimes visited him. From a cause that may be guessed, Black and White, whilst eloquent in praise of the face and chest of the handsome pretender, were unconsciously rather silent about the rest of his figure, in particular never saying a word of his legs. Perhaps they were bowed, like Bac-

chus', from riding cock-horse on a barrel, perhaps knock-kneed, like the baker's, or unnaturally short—a happy idea! Brown jumped at it, and indulged it, till in fancy he had twisted the lower limbs of his rival into a brace of right and left corkscrews, with a pair of club feet. That decided him. He resolved to walk with his own legs straight to the lady's house, to kneel, to throw himself, if necessary, at her feet, and with as much advantage as possible display his crural members, and hint that there were men who were only fit to approach a fair lady by jumping in a sack. Away he went: but first he communicated a hint of his purpose to his two friends, swaggering not a little, in his utter ignorance of the share they had in screwing him up to the desperate pitch. Of course Black and White laughed in their sleeves; but they said nothing but what was equivalent to a pat on the back, or the policeman's "move on."

"Good bye," shouted White; "remember faint heart never won fair lady."

"Nor a brown one, either," bawled Black.

"She's mine!" shrieked Brown, cutting a caper with his right leg, and flourishing one arm above his hat, like a colonel at the head of the forlorn hope, going to storm a fort—for example, Badajos. And no hero could have borne himself more bravely, for a few rods, poles, or perches—but then he faltered—then rallied—then wavered—and then marched on again. For whenever he thought of Miss Wilmot he lingered, but then he remembered the rival, and that spurred him forward; and sometimes he thought of both together, which brought him to a stand still, that he might stamp a little, and vow vengeance a little, and shake his fist a good deal at some unconscious cow, or innocent donkey, or still more innocent empty air. No man ever went so many paces to the mile, besides occasionally going no pace at all. But the slowest coach, even if you lock one wheel, will get to somewhere at last, or still further, and on the same principle, at so many minutes to what-you-please o'clock, the peripatetic lover arrived at the door of his lady-love, and raised his hand towards the lion's head, his heart, though forestalling him, and with a rapid series of little thumps and big ones, giving as good an imitation as human heart can, of a footman's thundering double knock. His hand tried to copy it, but it was a sad bungle, for after two or three little uncertain, unmeaning taps, as if the wind had done it, and then a pause, he let the iron knob fall with a loud abrupt bang as if it had burnt his fingers. The moment afterwards he repented, and wished there was such a thing as unknocking, as well as unbuttoning or unpicking; but the irrevocable sound went its course through the hall and down the kitchen stairs, and through the ear of John Footman, till it played a tattoo on its drum. And so John went up the stairs, and through the hall, and opened the door, catching Mr. Brown in the very act of turning away, to sneak off, as the mere perpetrator of a run-away knock. What an abominably fast footman! If he had but stopped to yawn, and stretch, and inquire, was that the knocker! through the regular three times of asking—but there he was, and there was no escape from him. So Mr. Brown walked in, or rather stumbled over the threshold, and having stropped his shoes on the mat, from heel to point, for at least two minutes, and hung up his hat twice, for the first time it fell down—without his catching it—

well, after that, having first had a tedious attack of influenza, he pocketed his handkerchief again,—and at last—what a nasty short nervous cough he had, with a sort of an aguish fit from coming over the Flats—at last he got up the drawing-room stair, heard his name announced and a hive of bees swarming at the same time—saw a carpet, then a ceiling and then a table with two candles dancing on it, apparently for the amusement of Miss Wilmot. She was alone, and as he wished to be alone with her, so we leave him.

In the mean time Black and White, over their tea, discussed the chances for and against the success of the wooer, and settled that the odds were something like all St. George's, Hanover Square to a dissenting chapel in his favor. In reality he was rather well looking than otherwise, with an elegant figure, a good address, and pleasing manners—such a person as few young ladies, if disengaged, would be likely to refuse. And as to any rival, they had never heard of or seen any trace of one, except the fellow with the black ringlets, and of him only his figure-head. It was a favorable sign, besides, that Brown's visit was such a long one: hour struck after hour, but he did not return—how could he! Doubtless, having told his love, he had extorted a mutual confession in return, and was enjoying that sweet confidence between young hearts, for which the longest day and a bittock would hardly seem long enough!

Nine! Ten! Eleven! and still he came not—nor yet at Twelve—when the pair determined to wait no longer, but to return to their beds. In the way to their rooms they had to pass Brown's chamber, the door of which stood wide open,—and amongst other prominent objects within, Black's eye was attracted by a very large stout hook projecting from a beam on the wall. The hint was enough. In his own room he kept a stout cord, to escape by from his first-floor window, in case of fire. This rope he fetched, made a slip noose in it, most scientifically, and then fastened the other end to the hook. White looked on, till the apparatus was complete, and then with the burnt end of a stick, inscribed on the wall—

"FOR A REJECTED LOVER."

It was a capital joke, to judge by the amount of their laughter, but White suddenly turned rather grave. "Suppose," said he, "that by any chance she should refuse him—he will perhaps take it in dudgeon—and besides he would be terribly cut up, poor fellow, and I should be sorry to vex him."

"Not he!" said Black. "She is sure to have him, and he will return in such raptures, that the worst joke in the world would seem the best in it, and set him crowing like a cock! But he will want something to throw himself off from"—and with a chuckle he pushed a chair immediately under the rope. The friends then shook hands, bade each other good night, and went to bed—and from bed to sleep, as sound as tops. Black dreamt of nothing; White had a vision of Brown's wedding, and that he fell in love with the bridesmaid; but all the amenities of the dream gradually vanished, till after several obscure entanglements he found himself tied neck and heels with that infernal cord. But that was not the worst—by-and-by the rope seemed to become endowed with life, and began twisting about him like a serpent, now encircling one limb, then another, then tightly

compressing his chest and lungs till he could hardly breathe, and finally coiling round his throat so tightly that he felt all but strangled. In short, he suffered under a terrible nightmare.

It was nearly two in the morning before Brown came home. He let himself in with his key, crept up to his bed-room, and struck a light. What a face it flashed upon! Haggard and pale as death! His eyes were hollow, and his blue lips quivered as if with intense cold. The skirts of his coat were torn; his pantaloons, up to the knees, were stained with mud. Never did human wretch look so utterly forlorn! He had been rejected—somewhat harshly—by the lady; and with a crushed heart had hurried out into the Waste, a type of the wide world to him, over the dreary Flats. He had rambled, at random, through mire, and marsh, and thicket—unable to confront a human face—to bear the sound of the human voice. Poor fellow! What long distracting hours he must have spent thus; darker in hope than the night—colder at heart than its wintry wind. At last some dubious impulse had led him home; perhaps to seek the consolations of friendship; the sympathy of those two, the very two, who had unconsciously prepared for him such a pang! For all at once his eye glanced on the rope, and the mocking inscription

Oh! what trivial things determine the greatest turns of a mortal's destiny! Many a man, doubtless, in the first frenzy of despair or disappointment, has contemplated suicide—but some deliberation on the mode, and the absence of the means, have afforded time for reflection and repentance. If that fatal rope had not been there, ready fixed—the noose prepared; if even the chair had been to fetch—a minute gained, one precious minute might have sufficed for the birth of a better thought;—that petty fragment of time might have influenced the fate of a soul for eternity—but there was, alas! no such saving pause! Unexpectedly probed to the quick in the recent wound, the anguish was too keen for a brain already maddened by mental agony—the doomed man, muttering the stinging motto, stepped on the seat, seized the rope—opened the noose; put his head through it; closed his eyes, clasped his hands; kicked away the chair—and that was a Practical Joke.

From Hood's Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF GIDEON SHADDOE, ESQ.

No. 1.

"We seem to have entered the world of dreams and witchery."
FAUST.

IN these days of revived mesmerism, another, but milder, form of the same intellectual epidemic that raged among our ancestors in the shape of a confirmed belief in witchcraft and demonology in general, with all its attendant cruel persecutions and executions,—when men and women were tortured into confession of impossibilities, and were burnt "quick" for committing them,—it may not be uninteresting to look back at that dark period when witchfires blazed throughout the land, to mark their flickering, their gradual decline, their extinction, and the occasional half-successful attempt to produce their reëpearance, though all the stirring brought forth no more than a feeble glimmer, that sank before the dayspring of education and truth.

The mine of superstition that lies hid in the human heart, ready to be called into requisition by him who watches the favorable opportunity for applying the machinery of hopes and fears, is inexhaustible. The vein of imposture is not less rich, nor are there wanting

"Eremites and friars,

White, black and gray, with all their trumpery,"

eager to work both.

How the keen and cunning Mersburgian* would chuckle to see the delusion again attempted, and its professors wrecked upon the rocks which he was sufficiently sharp-sighted to weather. In vain do we look in these days, notwithstanding the gullibility of John Bull, for a Monsieur d'Esion making one hundred thousand pounds by fees from his patients; but who knows what effect might yet be produced by the magnetic tub and pianoforte?

"What was the magnetic tub?"

The magnetic tub, madam, or *baquet*, as it was termed by our lively neighbors in the last century, was a covered large round oaken vessel placed in the middle of the room, filled with pounded glass, iron filings, and magnetized water in bottles, all arranged in symmetrical order. The cover was pierced with holes, through which issued polished iron rods of different lengths, bent and movable. Around this mystic vase, the patients were placed in rows, each holding one of the rods, which she, or he—I like to be particular—applied to the part of the body supposed to be affected by disease. They were all tied together in a concatenation accordingly, by a cord which was passed round their bodies, and occasionally, to make the charm grow madder, they formed a second connexion by seizing each other's thumbs: thus the adepts, literally, had the Parisian world in a string. Then the pianoforte, which stood in a corner, and had been highly charged with magnetism, was played, and, sometimes, vocally accompanied by a magnetized performer; whilst the chief magnetizer stood with a polished iron rod in his hand, conducting the whole *à la Jullien*;—a scene worthy of Gillray.†

Animal magnetism, homœopathy, hydropathy, and dryopathy—for it seems that a worthy has started up who will not permit his patients to drink, substituting crusts for claret, like brother Peter—are not, however, the only influences of the time; for, even in this matter-of-fact age, and amid this politico-œconomical, utilitarian generation, ghosts are not laid, if we are to believe good and honest witnesses; nor am I of those who will deny that the apparitions have been seen. Some examples will be hereinafter produced, and they

* Anton Mesmer "first saw the light," as the biographers express it, at Mersburg, in Swabia, in the year 1734.

† His "Metallic Tractors" will occur to most of our readers; but some of them may not remember Perkins' instrument for which he took out a patent, nor his publication on "The Efficacy of Perkins' Metallic Tractors in various Diseases of the Human Body and Animals; exemplified by two hundred and fifty cases from the first literary characters in Europe and America. With a Preliminary Discourse in Refutation of the Objections made by Interest and Prejudice to the Metallic Tractors." Bold words these last: but Dr. Falconer and Dr. Haygarth, of Bath, settled the question; for the former made tractors of wood, which exactly resembled the metallic tractors in appearance, and both the physicians operated with them on a number of patients in the Bath Hospital, producing the same effects, precisely, with the real and the fictitious instruments.

who condescend to read these pages, shall judge for themselves.

In common with many others, I, Gideon Shaddoe, flatter myself that I have shaken off the trammels of superstition as completely as any unfeathered biped can; but as very different feelings marked my early years, some account of that portion of my life seems to be a necessary prologue.

I was born, before the last century had run out, I am sorry to say, in one of the principal seaports of the west of England, and in a house where a Guinea captain had committed suicide. It was large, and had, originally, been two houses; but an opulent citizen had bought them both, and, defying the reputation of that part of the house where, to use the town clerk's expression, the captain had entered an appearance *after* suddenly calling on his own trial as a *felo-de-se et alius*, threw them into one, and lived, in credit and comfort, as the principal apothecary of the place. But here, again, was room for people to talk. There were dark hints of the visits of his apprentices to a neighboring churchyard, and of a housemaid having been thrown into fits, of which she never properly got the better, from sweeping, in her excess of cleanliness, too far under one of their beds, and bringing out with the brush a ghastly human limb protruding from a bag—"nothing but an upper extremity," so the trembling apprentice termed it in his defence. Our family succeeded the good apothecary; and I must confess that—in my wanderings down in the spacious cellars, and up in a garret which ran the whole length of the house, used for stowing away lumber, and called "The Herb-room," from the use to which it had been applied by the former tenant—I have seen things looking as if they ought to be in the churchyard aforesaid, dangling in bottles dimmed with dust and smoke, that I shrank from examining, though then on the hunt for zoological and mineralogical specimens, which had been put out of the way there, to complete the series in my father's collection: but I am anticipating.

Among my first recollections is a dear old nurse, the widow of a Welsh master of a ship, whom we all loved, notwithstanding the doses which her duty occasionally compelled her to throw in. Even now I shudder at the vision of the castor oil warming in the well-polished silver pap-boat that reflected the nursery fire, on a frosty morning, in front of our cots. The miserable eyes of four of us, of whom I was the eldest, were fixed on that dread vessel as we all whined in concert at the sight, ignorant, as yet, which was to be the victim, till nurse would say, in a provokingly cheerful tone, "Come, Master Gideon, you shall be the first horse of the team; you shall have the mayor's powders to-day." Loud were my lamentations, while the other three, ceasing theirs, sat up in their little beds, their eyes glistening through their tears, to see the execution. The reader shall be spared *that*, with its strugglings and overflowings, and mouth-and-chin scrapings by a dexterous application of the edges of the spout of the boat aforesaid, so that not one fat yellow drop was lost to the patient. This vile potion was always administered under the above name, we being informed that we were a highly-favored family, and that nobody in all the town, excepting the mayor's children and ourselves, were permitted to take it. The warm oil was bad enough; but when sprinkled with the best muscovado, and forced down our

throats as mayor's powders, 't was too much. I could not swallow the medicine now, if my life depended on the sickening glutinous draught.

My health was none of the strongest, and my good nurse would lift me out of my cot when I was restless at night—informing me, however, that I was like the troubled sea—to rock me in her lap till I was lulled to sleep. Some five years had now passed over my curly head; and, upon these occasions, she and an under-nursemaid, also from the principality, would entertain each other with such ghost stories as I have never heard since. Both were evidently true believers; and, all the time, I used to feign deep slumber, greedily devouring up their discourse, till, one winter night, old nurse told a story of such surpassing horror, in requital of a tolerably frightful one which her companion had just related, that pretty Peggy's ruddy Welsh face became pale as death. She proceeded in her dreadful tale of seduction and murder; and just as she was describing, in solemn accents, the appearance of the slaughtered one in the wake of the murderer's ship, gliding stark and stiff in her shroud swiftly, but smoothly on, over the wild sea, which was calmed in her awful path, whilst all around the waves were lashed to their utmost rage amid the war of elements, and the lightning was seen through her form—old Martha happened to look down into my terror-opened eye, which was glaring full upon her. Instantly she broke off into a confusion of nursery songs about

"Hubbabubbub,

Three knaves in a tub,

And the beggars are coming to town," &c. &c.,

and I pretended to drop off to sleep again in the hope of hearing the end, which I never did.*

* The other day I stumbled upon the following morsel in a curious collection of old ballads, *penes me*. The incidents are not unlike Old Martha's story, as far as it went. "The Sailor's Tragedy" commences with an account of his beguiling "the female sex," with the usual consequences to two, one of whom he made his wife:—

The other being left alone,
Crying "You false deluding man,
By me you've done a wicked thing,
Which public shame will on me bring."

Then to a silent shade she went,
Her present shame for to prevent,
And soon she finish'd up the strife,
And cut her tender thread of life.

She hung herself upon a tree;
Two men a hunting did her see:
Her flesh by beasts was basely tore,
Which made the young men weep full sore.

Straight they went and cut her down,
And in her breast a note was found;
This note was written out at large:
"Bury me not, I do you charge.

"But on the ground here let me lie,
For every one that passes by,
That they by me a warning take,
And see what follows ere too late.

"As he is false, I do protest
That he on earth shall get no rest;
And it is said she plagu'd him so,
That to the seas he's forc'd to go.

As he was on the mainmast high,
A little boat he did espy;
In it there was a ghost so grim,
That made him tremble every limb.

Down to the deck the young man goes
To the captain his mind to disclose:

After this, not entirely abandoning hope, I frequently affected restlessness, and was as often taken up and nursed by the kind old woman—but no more ghost-stories.

I had, however, learned, in the course of these stirring narratives, all about the Guinea captain's death, and how a black man, with fiery eyes, was beheld squatting on his coffin the night after he was screwed down, and how the captain was still visible occasionally, especially when ships in the African trade came into the port, in that house, the blood streaming from a ghastly wound in his throat, with a cat-o'-nine-tails and shackles in one hand, and a bowl of boiled horsebeans in the other; also, how, in one particular room in which none but the male part of the establishment would sleep, a dead man's arm was to be seen, on the nights when the wind blew from the churchyard, projecting from the wall by the light of the corpse-candle which it clutched.

"But Mr. Shaddoe, you are hardly out of your cradle yet; and are you about to drag us through your school and college days, and inflict upon us the history of your whole career?"

By no means, benevolent reader, I respect thee too much to make thee such a martyr; albeit some passages in my life might provoke a smile, whilst others, perchance, might raise a sigh. I have troubled thee with so much to show at how early an age superstitious notions were impressed on my mind. What I suffered in childhood, in boyhood, ay, even in early manhood, from those impressions, none who have not undergone the same terrors can imagine. Do I blame the memory of my venerable nurse for making me their slave? No, dear old soul, much as my spirit was shaken, the thrilling emotions arising from some of those horrors far outweighed the suffering. If a man of acute sensibilities and strong passions feels more deeply the pains of life than one who is gifted with less feeling, he enjoys its pleasures with a keener

"Here is a spirit coming hence,
O captain, stand in my defence!"

Upon the deck the captain goes,
Where soon he spy'd the fatal ghost:
"Captain," said she, "you must, and can,
With speed help me to such a man."

"In St. Helen's this young man died,
And in St. Helen's is his body laid."
"Captain," said she, "do not say so,
For he is in your ship below;

"And if you stand in his defence,
A mighty storm I will send hence,
Will cause you and your men to weep,
And leave you sleeping in the deep."

From the deck did the captain go,
And brought this young man to his foe:
On him she fixed her eyes so grim,
Which made him tremble every limb.

"It was well known I was a maid,
When first by you I was betray'd;
I am a spirit come for you,
You beguill'd me once, but I have you now."

For to preserve both ship and men,
Into the boat they forced him;
The boat sunk in a flash of fire,
Which made the sailors all admire.

All you who know what to love belong,
Now you have heard my mournful song,
Be true to one whatever you mind,
And don't delude poor womankind.

Such was the rhyme and reason that satisfied our ancestors.

relish. He is not so happy, yet much happier. The youthful Johnson could hardly have felt the presence of the ghost in "Hamlet" more forcibly than I did. I very much doubt whether the witches in "Macbeth," *Ariel*, *Caliban*, or *Puck*, ever touched him as they did me. Even *Asnath* made my flesh creep. And how appallingly is the spirit of the Royal Dane introduced: every thought, every word, every accessory in the short colloquy that precedes its appearance so wonderfully wrought up, creating an atmosphere fit for a being not of this world—and all without effort.

"'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed, *Fran-*
cisco."

Fran. For this relieve much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

Barn. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring."

"*Barn*. Last night of all,
When yond same starre that 's westward from the pole

Had made his course t' illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The bell then beating one—

Mar. Peace, breake thee off:
Looke where it comes againe."

At school I absolutely revelled in my dog's-eared Virgil, when I was put on in the sixth book of the *Æneid*. Well do I remember my master—

"I knew him well, and every truant knew"—

who had found out my failing, and had borne with my stammering over the first of Horace's Satires with more than a pedagogue's patience, till I was first considerably basketed, and then regularly planted, exclaiming, "This will never do: try to construe *that*, you incorrigible little witchfinder," presenting me the eighth satire at the fourteenth line, and stopping me at the thirty-sixth. The Rev. Basil Burch, better known among his irreverend and tingling scholars as "Black Cat," was surprised at my fluency; and Canidia saved me.

Could I have relished the Pharmaceutria of Theocritus, or the witch-scenery of Apuleius, "Faust," "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," or "Manfred"—to say nothing of Monk Lewis, "William and Margaret," or "Mary's Dream"—if old Nurse had not taught me how to feel them in the very marrow of my bones? A question not to be asked.

The subjects of the present psychological musings naturally, or, if you will, unnaturally, arrange themselves under the heads of Dreams, Apparitions, and other impressions affecting the mind and body, Witchcraft, and Demoniactal Visitations.

Locke well says, that the dreams of sleeping men are all made up of the waking man's ideas, though, for the most part, oddly put together; and, indeed, nothing can come of nothing. Sometimes, but rarely, the dream of the sleeper—for there are waking dreams—is not only vivid but consecutive, as in the celebrated case of Coleridge. The poet was in ill health and retirement in a wild country, for England; had taken an anodyne, and

* We quote from our carefully-cherished old folio; in the multitude of editions there may be safety; but we are satisfied with the original wisdom.

fell asleep in his chair at the moment when he was reading the passage in "Purchas' Pilgrimage," describing the locality where Kubla Khan commanded a palace to be built, with a stately garden, so that ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed within a wall. Coleridge relates that he continued in profound sleep, at least of the external senses, for about three hours, during which time he had the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if, as he observes, that can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the well-known lines, as musical as ever flowed from poet's pen. It is evident that the impressions, though vivid, were not deep; for, at the moment when the poet was writing, he was unfortunately called out by a person on business, and detained by that person above an hour. On his return to his room he found, to his no small surprise and mortification, "that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast; but, alas! without the after-restoration of the latter." The silver chord was broken forever.

But, far more frequently, the dream is an odd jumble—a thing of shreds, and patches, often, indeed, going on smoothly to a certain point, and then suddenly thrown out of joint—presenting such unexpected images as an enormous kaleidoscope, containing dead men's bones instead of bits of colored glass, might combine.

I dreamed that I lay on the smooth yellow sand of the shore in a calm and lovely summer night, with my face on a level with the unruffled surface of the blue sea. Between me and the full moon, which appeared to rise out of its bosom and rest on the horizon, fleets of paper nautili and Portuguese men-of-war spread their living and brilliant sails as they careered along to the music of the wreathed shells that were scattered around. Ever and anon a distant chorus, as of sea nymphs, would steal over the waters spangled with the reflected stars, and at last I slept soundly.

Again my dream recommenced. The moon had gone down, and a few lingering stars were just beginning to wax pale before the glorious sun which was rising behind me. Out of the sea, just where the moon had previously appeared, gradually arose the completely spread train of a gigantic peacock, every fibre in its gorgeous plumage glittering in the sunbeams till the entire bird appeared to stand upon the edge of the surface of the now green ocean. The peacock quivering its depressed wings, brandishing its train-feathers, and trampling with its feet, ran backwards—and so that brilliant appearance vanished into space.

The sea now became covered with fog-smoke, and, when it partially cleared away, the water changed into a sort of chaotic, thick, slab gruel, out of which human limbs were continually projecting into a lurid sort of twilight. Presently the same light showed the whole surface alive with myriads of human heads of immense propor-

tions. Suddenly these emerged, were reversed, and every one with hideous contortion began to play on a monster double-bass. Whilst I was endeavoring to find out how these topsy-turvy, grimace-making features contrived to play—and a horrible din they made—without hands or arms, I awoke to the bellowing of a great spasmodic street-organ upon wheels.

Now this confusion, in which fancy was busy, uncorrected by judgment, arose from bygone zoological, pictorial, and musical recollections, combined with reminiscences of dissections. I could, on waking, trace every one of the phantasms to their prototypes, distorted though some of them were, and assisted in that distortion by external sounds and the rebellious state of the gastric Archæus, who—thinking fit to take offence at a light supper of lobster-salad, champagne, and Roman punch—had summoned the monstrous assemblage.

CAPTIVE BALLOONS.—Colonel Sabine has been appointed by the British Association to conduct these interesting experiments at Woolwich. A balloon is to be kept at an elevation of 3,000 feet, and by means of the electric telegraph, daily, or, if required, momentary comparisons can be made of the barometric height, the temperature, hygrometric state or currents of the atmosphere in these elevated regions and our own. The balloon, by a beautifully contrived arrangement, can be elevated or depressed at pleasure. Mr. Wheatstone has prepared a self-indicating thermometer, barometer, &c., and although those of the Association who always prophesy failures, express their fears that the complicated machinery can never work, and that it will be deranged by oxydation, we are in hopes that we shall by these balloons obtain some knowledge of the atmosphere, of which we at present know so little.—*Polytechnic Review*.

From Tappan's Poems.

TO MY LITTLE SON,

TWO MONTHS OLD.

THEY said that I should give to thee
The name thy elder brother wore,—
Thy absent brother, whom my knee
Hath dandled, whom I hold no more.
I cannot give thy brother's name
To thee, my little infant son!
In dust he sleepeth, yet the same
He seems as either precious one
Of those that still remain to me:—
I cannot give his name to thee;
The plaything on our parlor floor,
Who with us is no longer seen,—
Oh, no! I call thee not EUGENE!
'T would seem to blot him from his place—
Though he, to fill our bitter cup,
Hath died, I cannot thus efface
His memory. No! I reckon up,
With these dear children, the loved others
Who slumber in their early grave,
As mine. I cite their several names—
The buried, with their living brothers,
And sister, which my Maker gave,
And love as well the absent claims
As those around my fireside seen,—
Oh, no! I call thee not EUGENE!